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BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

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ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

London, Published by R. Bentley 8 New Burlington Street 1838.

A PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE HOLY LAND;

COMPRISING

RECOLLECTIONS, SKETCHES, AND

REFLECTIONS,

MADE DURING A TOUR IN THE EAST,

IN 1832-1833.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

PARIS, CHARLES GOSSELIN.

1835.

Lam/Pi
84846.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO. 13, POLAND STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is here presented neither with an elaborate work nor with a journal of travels: it was never my intention to write either the one or the other. A book, I should rather say a poem, upon the East, we already possess in M. de Chateaubriand's Itinerary. That accomplished writer and great poet passed but transiently over the land of miracles, yet has his genius imprinted for ever the traces of his steps upon the dust which so many centuries have swept. He sought Jerusalem in the double character of pilgrim and of knight,—the Bible, the Gospel, and the Crusades in his hand: I visited it only as a poet and philosopher; and I am returned with the emotions of my heart deeply awakened, and my mind enlightened by sublime and awful lessons. The reflections I there made on religion, history, manners, traditions, and the various phases of human nature, are not lost upon me. Those perceptions which expand the narrow horizon of thought—which exercise the reasoning faculties upon the great problems of religion and history—which compel man to retrace his steps, to scrutinize his convictions by the word of truth, to imbibe new ones, and to reform such as are erroneous; that secret but ennobling education of thought by thought, by places, by facts—by comparison of age with age, of habits with habits, of creeds with

creeds,—nothing of all this is lost upon the poetical and philosophical traveller; they are the elements of his future poetry and philosophy. When he has collected, classed, arranged, cleared up, and recapitulated the innumerable impressions, images, and thoughts which the earth and men respond to those who interrogate them; when he has matured his mind and his convictions,—he speaks in his turn, and gives his ideas, good or evil, just or false, to his generation, perhaps in the shape of a poem, or it may be in a philosophical guise. He speaks his word,—that word which every man endowed with reflection is called upon to speak. Such a moment may one day be mine, but it is not yet come.

As for a book of travels,—that is to say, a complete and faithful description of the countries passed through, of the personal events that have occurred to the traveller—of the general impression he has derived from places, men, and customs—still less has this entered into my design. Moreover, this has been effected for the East: it has been executed in England, and is at this moment executing in France. M. de Laborde has written with the talent of the traveller in Spain, and designed with the pencil of our first-rate artists. M. Fontanier, consul at Trebizond, has presented us with a succession of accurate and breathing portraits from the least explored portions of the Ottoman Empire. And the "Correspondence from the East," by M. Michaud of the French Academy, and by his young and brilliant fellow-

labourer, M. Poujoulat, has completely satisfied all that curiosity, historical, moral, or picturesque, can desire respecting that quarter of the globe. M. Michaud, an experienced writer, an accomplished man, a classical historian, has enriched his description of the scenes he visited with all the lively memorials of the Crusades with which his mind is stored. He examined localities by history, and history by localities: his matured and analytical mind penetrated the past history as well as the habits of the various people he visited, and diffused the salt of his delicate and poignant wit over the manners, the customs, and the degrees of civilization he encountered. He personified the senior of advanced years and intelligence, leading his junior by the hand, and showing him, with the smile of reason and of irony, scenes which to him were new. M. Poujoulat is a poet and a colourist: his style, impressed with the mould and the tint of the spot he describes, has reflected it brilliant and warm with rays of local light. The Reader feels the sun of the East shining and diffusing his vivifying heat through his young and fertile imagination, as he addresses his friend: his pages are blocks from the country's own rocks, which he produces before us all radiant with their native splendour. The diversity of talent displayed by the two, each conducing to the perfection of each, renders the "Correspondence from the East" the most complete fund of information that can be desired upon that interesting country, at the same time that it is the most varied and attractive reading.

Of the geography of these quarters we as yet know little; but the labours of M. Caillet, a young officer of the General Staff, whom I met with in Syria, will no doubt soon be given to the public, and will complete our geographical picture of the East. M. Caillet has spent three years in exploring the Isle of Cyprus, Caramania, and the different districts of Syria, with the zeal and intrepidity which characterize the well-educated officers of the French army: having lately returned to his country, he brings to it information which would have been very useful to the expedition of Bonaparte, and which may prove instrumental in preparing others.

The notes which in this work I have consented to lay before the reader possess none of these merits. I give them with regret: they are of little use except as aids to my memory, and were intended for myself alone. Neither science, nor history, nor geography, nor a representation of the customs of these countries, will be found in them: the public was not in my thoughts when I wrote them. And how did I write them? Sometimes during the repose of noon, under the shade of a palm-tree, or of the ruins of a monument in the desert; oftener at night by the light of a resin torch, under our tent, beaten by the wind or the rain;—one day in the cell of a Maronite convent of Lebanon; another, rocked in an Arab bark, or on the deck of a brig, amidst the cries of the sailors, the neighings of horses, and the interruptions and disturbances of every kind which are incident to a journey by land or by sea. Sometimes I have passed a week without

writing ; sometimes the loose pages of my album have been torn by the jackals, or steeped in the surf.

On my return to Europe I ought certainly to have revised these fragments of my temporary impressions, that by condensing, enlarging, and combining them, I might have composed from them a regular book of travels. But I have already said that it was never my intention to write my travels. The effort would have required time, freedom of mind, attention, and labour: I had none of these to give to it. My heart was in pain,—my mind was elsewhere—my attention distracted—my leisure lost: it was necessary to burn my notes, or to give them to the world such as they are. Circumstances, which it is useless to explain, have led me to adopt the latter alternative: I repent my decision, but it is now too late.

If the reader desires to find in these volumes aught beyond the fugitive impressions of a passenger who proceeds to his object without pausing, he had better close them. For a painter alone these notes may contain a degree of interest; some of them are exclusively picturesque; they are the written glance, the *coup d'œil* of a lover of nature, seated on his camel, or on the deck of his vessel, and who, with a few colourless strokes of his pencil upon the pages of his journal, sketches the landscapes as they fly before him, that he may retain some remembrance of them for the morrow. Sometimes the traveller, wrapt up in himself, in his own thoughts and feelings, forgets the scene before him,

converses with himself, and listens to the enjoyments or sufferings of his own heart: he then commits to paper a few words of these ideas, impressed upon him in a distant land, that the winds of the ocean or the desert may not carry away all the retrospections of his passing existence,—that some traces of them may remain to him at a future time, when, on his return to a solitary hearth, he seeks to recall the past which he has lost, to recover vanished recollections, to relink the chain of a life which events have broken into so many fragments.

Paris,
April 1835.

A

PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE HOLY LAND,

&c.

Marseilles, 20th May, 1832.

My mother had received from her's, on the bed of death, a beautiful copy of the Bible of Royaumont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page; they depicted Sarah, Tobit and his angel, Joseph and Samuel; and, above all, those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primitive nature of the East was blended with all the arts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read with only a fault or two the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open on her lap, shewed and explained it to me as my recompense. She was endowed, by nature, with

a mind as pious as it was tender, and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination; all her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment was an image. Her beautiful, noble, and benign countenance reflected in its radiant physiognomy, all that glowed in her heart, all that was painted in her thoughts; and thesilvery, affectionate, solemn, and impassioned tone of her voice, added to all that she said, an accent of strength, grace, and love, which still sounds in my ear after six years of absence. The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and inclination for biblical lore.

From the love of the things themselves, to the desire of seeing the places where these things had occurred, there was but a step. I burned therefore, from the age of eight years, with the desire of going to visit those mountains on which God descended—those deserts where the angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her banished child, dying with thirst, might derive refreshment—those rivers which flowed from the terrestrial paradise—the spot in the firmament at which the angels were seen ascending and descending Jacob's ladder. This desire grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; I was always dreaming of travelling in the East; I never ceased arranging in my mind a vast and religious epopee, of which these beautiful spots should be the principal scene. It seemed to me

also, that here the doubts of the mind and religious perplexities, might be solved and explained. In fine, I should from hence derive the colours of my poem : for life in my mind was always a great poem, as in my heart it was the breath of love. God, Love, and Poetry, are the three words which I should wish engraved on my tomb—if I ever merit a tomb. Thence arose the idea which impels me, at present, towards the shores of Asia. This brings me to Marseilles at this moment, and makes me so anxious to quit the country of my fond attachment, where I have friends whose fraternal feelings will mourn my absence, and follow me in my wanderings.

Marseilles, 22nd May.

I have hired a vessel of 250 tons, with a crew of sixteen men. The captain is an excellent person. His physiognomy pleased me; there is in his voice that sedate and sincere accent bespeaking firm probity and a clear conscience; and in his eye, a straight-forward, frank, and vivid expression, a certain sign of prompt, energetic, and intelligent resolution; he is, besides, mild, polite, and well-bred. I have studied him, with all the care that we ought naturally to take in the choice of a man to whom we are about to confide, not only our fortunes, but our life, and that of a wife and an only child, in which latter the lives of three beings are concentrated in one. May God protect us and bring us safely back!

The name of the vessel is *L'Alceste*, the captain, M. Blanc, of *la Ciotat*. The owner of the vessel is one of the worthiest merchants of Marseilles, M. Bruno Rostand; he overwhelms us with civility and kindness. He resided a long time in the Levant, is a man of learning, and capable of filling the most eminent appointments. In his native town his probity and talent have acquired for him a respect equal to his fortune, which he enjoys without ostentation; surrounded by a charming family, his only thought is to instil into their minds his own principles of honour and virtue. What a country is that in which such families are found in all classes of society! And what an institution is that of a family which protects, preserves, and perpetuates the same sanctity of manners, the same nobleness of sentiments, the same traditional virtues in the cottage, the country house, and the stately mansion!

25th May.

Marseilles received us as if we were the children of her own delightful clime. It is the country of generosity, of warm-heartedness, and of the poetry of the soul. The people of this town welcome poets as brethren; they are poets themselves. I found persons of the lower order of society, members of the Academy; and, amongst young men just entering on the stage of life, many possessed a fund of character and talent calculated to do honour, not only to their own province,

but to all France. The south and the north of France appear to me, in this respect, much superior to the central provinces. The imagination languishes in the intermediate regions, in the too temperate climates; genius requires an excess of temperature.

28th May.

I shall ever bear a lively remembrance of the kindness of the Marseillese. It would seem, that they wished to augment in me the anguish which preys on the heart when we are about to quit our native country, without knowing whether we shall ever see it again. I shall also treasure up the names of those, who most particularly honoured me with their obliging attentions, and of whom the memory will remain with me as the last and sweetest impression of my natal soil: M. J. Freycinet, M. de Montgrand, Messrs. de Villeneuve, M. Vangaver, M. Autran, M. Dufeu, M. Jauffret, etc., all of them distinguished by eminent qualities of the heart and mind; learned men, public officers, writers, or poets. May I see them once more, and pay them on my return the tribute of gratitude and friendship which it is so sweet to owe, and so sweet to pay!

I composed the following lines, while sailing between the Isles of Pomegue and the coast of Provence. They are a farewell to Marseilles which I give with filial sentiments; some of the stanzas have a deeper purpose.

ADIEU*

TRIBUTE TO THE ACADEMY OF MARSEILLES.

If that I venture with yon rapid sail,
All heaven hath given of happiness and peace ;
And trust the waves of that false element
With two parts of my heart—my wife—my child !
If that I fling to sea—and sand—and cloud
Such dearest futures, and such beating hearts ;
Uncertain of return—my only pledge
A mast the south wind bends :

Yet my heart kindles not with gold's fierce thirst,
It makes its treasures of a nobler kind.
Nor yet consumed at glory's flitting torch
Seek I a vain name yet more fugitive.

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* Si j' abandonne aux plis de la voile rapide
Ce que m'a fait le ciel de paix et de bonheur ;
Si je confie aux flots de l' élément perfide
Une femme, un enfant, ces deux parts de mon cœur :
Si je jette à la mer, aux sables, aux nuages,
Tant de doux avenirs, tant de cœurs palpitans,
D'un retour incertain sans avoir d'autres gages
Qu'un mât plié par les autans ;

Ce n'est pas que de l'or l'ardent soif s'allume
Dans un cœur qui s'est fait un plus noble trésor ;
Ni que de son flambeau la gloire me consume
De la soif d'un vain nom plus fugitif encor ;

I am not forced—the Danté of our time,
To eat the exile's bitter bread and salt,
No sudden rage of faction hath destroyed
The threshold of my father.

No ! I leave, weeping in á valley's depths,
Trees heavy with green shadow, fields, a home
Yet warm with memory—peopled with the past,
That many a friendly eye looks round to bless.
I have a shelter deep in quiet woods,
Where party clamour is a sound unknown ;
I only hear, instead of social strife,
The voice of joy and blessing.

An aged father, whom our image haunts,
Starts at the wind amid the battlements,
And trembling prays the Master of the storm
To temper to the vessel's need the breeze.

Ce n'est pas qu'en nos jours la fortune du Dante
Me fasse de l'exil amer manger le sel,
Ni que des factions la colère inconstante
Me brise le seuil paternel.

Non, je laisse en pleurant, aux flancs d'une vallée,
Des arbres chargées d'ombre, un champ, une maison,
De tièdes souvenirs encor toute peuplée
Que maint regard ami salue à l'horizon.
J'ai sous l'abri des bois de paisibles asiles
Où ne retentit pas le bruit des factions,
Où je n'entends, au lieu des tempêtes civiles,
Que joie et bénédictions.

Un vieux père, entouré de nos douces images,
Y tressaille au bruit sourd du vent dans les créneaux,
Et prie, en se levant, le maître des orages
De mesurer la brise à l'aile des vaisseaux ;

Labourer and servant with no master now
Seek for our absent footsteps in the grass.
My dogs beneath our window in the sun
Howl when they hear my name.

I have sweet sisters fed at the same breast,
Boughs from the trunk, the self-same wind should rock.
Friends—and their soul is life blood unto mine,
Who look within my eyes, and hear me think.
And mine are hearts unknown—where lists the muse
Mysterious friends, to whom my verses speak.
The viewless echoes scattered o'er my path
Bringing me back sweet music.

The soul hath instincts nature knoweth not,
Like to the instinct of those hardy birds.
What makes them, seeking for some other food
Traverse with lonely wing the vast abyss ?

De pieux laboureurs, des serviteurs sans maître,
Cherchent du pied nos pas absens sur le gazon,
Et mes chiens au soleil, couchés sous ma fenêtre,
Hurlent de tendresse à mon nom.

J'ai des sœurs qu'allaita le même sein de femme,
Rameaux qu'au même tronc le vent devait bercer ;
J'ai des amis dont l'ame est du sang de mon ame,
Qui lisent dans mon œil et m'entendent penser ;
J'ai des cœurs inconnus, où la muse m'écoute,
Mystérieux amis, à qui parlent mes vers,
Invisibles échos répandus sur má route
Pour me renvoyer des concerts.

Mais l'ame a des instincts qu'ignore la nature,
Semblables à l'instinct de ces hardis oiseaux
Qui leur fait, pour chercher une autre nourriture,
Traverser d'un seul vol l'abime aux grandes eaux.

What do they ask of morning's rosy clime,—
Have they not moss and nests beneath our roofs,
The fruits of earth all ripen'd by our sun,
The corn-blades for their little ones ?

And I—I have like them my daily bread,
I have like them the river and the hill ;
My humble wishes have no greater thirst,
And yet I go—and I return like them.
Like them towards the aurora am I drawn—
I have not touched it with my eye and hand.
The earth of Cham—the early world where God
First tried the human heart.

I have not voyaged o'er the sea of sand,
Lulled in the hammock of the desert ship :
I have not quenched my restless thirst by night
In Hebron's well, beneath the three green palms.

Que vont-ils demander aux climats de l'aurore ?
N'ont-ils pas sous nos toits de la mousse et des nids
Et des gerbes du champ que notre soleil dore,
L'épi tombé pours leurs petits ?

Moi, j'ai comme eux le pain que chaque jour demande,
J'ai comme eux la colline et le fleuve écumeux.
De mes humbles désirs la soif n'est pas plus grande,
Et cependant je pars et je reviens comme eux ;
Mais, comme eux, vers l'aurore une force m'attire,
Mais je n'ai pas touché de l'œil et de la main
Cette terre de Cham, notre premier empire,
Dont Dieu pétrit le cœur humain.

Je n'ai pas navigué sur l'Océan de sable,
Au brande assoupissant du vaisseau du désert ;
Je n'ai pas étanché ma soif intarissable
Le soir au puits d'Hébron de trois palmiers couvert ;

I have not spread my cloak beneath the tents—
Slept in the dust to which God levelled Job ;
Nor yet, while round the flying canvass plays,
Dreamed Jacob's visions.

One page of the world's seven remains to read,
I know not how the stars appear in heaven,
What weight of nothingness is on the breath,
How the heart beats in drawing nigh to God's.
I know not how, laid at some column's base
The shadow of old time falls o'er the bard—
What voice is in the grass—how mutters earth—
How weeps the wandering breeze.

I have not heard amid the cedars old
The cries of nations gather and resound,
Nor seen the eagles on high Lebanon,
Prophetic at God's finger sink o'er Tyre.

Je n'ai pas étendu mon manteau sous les tentes,
Dormi dans la poussière où Dieu retournait Job,
Ni la nuit, au doux bruit des toiles palpitantes,
Rêvé les rêves de Jacob.

Des sept pages du monde une me reste à lire,
Je ne sais pas comment l'étoile y tremble aux cieux,
Sous quel poids de néant la poitrine respire,
Comment le cœur palpite en approchant des dieux !
Je ne sais pas comment, au pied d'une colonne,
D'où l'ombre des vieux jours sur le barde descend,
L'herbe parle à l'oreille, ou la terre bourdonne,
Ou la brise pleure en passant.

Je n'ai pas entendu dans les cèdres antiques
Les cris des nations monter et retentir,
Ni vu du haut Liban les aigles prophétiques
S'abattre au doigt de Dieu sur les palais de Tyr :

I have not laid my head upon the soil
Where proud Palmyra only has a name.
I have not heard—beneath my lonely feet
The empty state of Memnon.

I have not heard—from out its deep abyss,
Jordan lamenting, raise its mournful voice,
Weeping with tears, and cries, sublime as those,
Where Jeremiah startled its sad waves.
I have not heard my soul within me sing
In that deep cave—where he the bard of kings
Felt in the night, the hymn with hand of flame
Guide his rapt fingers o'er the harp.

I have not walked o'er traces most divine
In fields where Christ beneath the olive wept;
I have not sought his tears amid the roots—
Tears that the jealous angels cannot dry.

Je n'ai pas reposé ma tête sur la terre
Où Palmire n'a plus que l'écho de son nom,
Ni fait sonner au loin, sous mon pied solitaire
L'empire vide de Memnon.

Je n'ai pas entendu, du fond de ses abîmes,
Le Jourdain lamentable élever ses sanglots,
Pleurant avec des pleurs et des cris plus sublimes
Que ceux dont Jérémie épouvanta ses flots ;
Je n'ai pas écouté chanter en moi mon ame
Dans la grotte sonore où le barde des rois
Sentait au sein des nuits l'hymne à la main de flamme
Arracher la harpe à ses doigts.

Et je n'ai pas marché sur des traces divines
Dans ce champ où le Christ pleura sous l'olivier
Et je n'ai pas cherché ses pleurs sur les racines
D'où les anges jaloux n'ont pu les essuyer !

I have not watched throughout long nights sublime,
The garden where he sweat his bloody sweat.
The echo of our griefs, and of our crime
Resounding in one lonely heart.

I have not bowed my forehead in the dust,
Whereon the Saviour's parting footstep prest ;
I have not worn beneath my lips, the stone
Embalmed with tears on him his mother closed.
I have not smote my bosom to its depths,
Where he, the future conquering by death,
Flung open his great arms to clasp the world,
And stooped to bless it.

Therefore it is I part—and therefore fling
A worthless rest of days upon the cast.
What matters it, where winter winds o'erthrow
The sterile tree, that flings beneath no shade.

Et je n'ai pas veillé pendant des nuits sublimes
Au jardin où, suant sa sanglante sueur,
L'écho de nos douleurs et l'écho de nos crimes
Rententirent dans un seul cœur.

Et je n'ai pas couché mon front dans la poussière
Où le pied du Sauveur en partant s'imprima ;
Et je n'ai pas usé sous mes lèvres la pierre
Où, de pleur embaumé, sa mère l'enferma !
Et je n'ai pas frappé ma poitrine profonde
Aux lieux où, par sa mort conquérant l'avenir,
Il ouvrit ses deux bras pour embrasser le monde,
Et se pencha pour le bénir.

Voilà pourquoi je pars, voilà pourquoi je joue
Quelque reste de jours inutile ici-bas.
Qu'importe sur quel bord le vent d'hiver secoue
L'arbre stérile et sec et qui n'ombrage pas !

The madman, say the crowd, themselves most mad ;
All do not find their bread in every place.
The poet traveller—his bread is thought :
His heart doth live upon the works of God.

Farewell, mine aged father—sisters dear ;
Farewell, my house beneath the walnut tree ;
Farewell, my brave steeds idle in the field ;
Farewell, my faithful dog, lone by the hearth ;
Your image troubles me—'tis as the shade
Of my past happiness that wooes my stay—
Ah may it rise less doubtful and less dim,
The hour that shall restore us !

And thou—land—yielded to more winds and waves
Than the frail vessel where my being floats !
Land ! which doth hold the fortunes of the world,
Farewell—thy shore escapes th'uncertain sight.

L'insensé ! dit la foule.—Elle-même insensée !
Nous ne trouvons pas tous notre pain en tout lieu :
Du barde voyageur le pain c'est la pensée,
Son cœur vit des œuvres de Dieu !

Adieu donc, mon vieux père, adieu, mes sœurs chéries,
Adieu, ma maison blanche, à l'ombre du noyer,
Adieu, mes beaux coursiers oisifs dans mes prairies,
Adieu, mon chien fidèle, hélas ! seul au foyer ! !
Votre image me trouble et me suit comme l'ombre
De mon bonheur passé qui veut me retenir,
Ah ! puisse se lever moins douteuse et moins sombre
L'heure qui doit nous réunir !

Et toi, terre, livrée à plus de vents et d'onde
Que le frêle navire où flotte mon destin !
Terre qui porte en toi la fortune du monde !
Adieu ! ton bord échappe à mon œil incertain !

May light from heaven penetrate the cloud,
Now covering temple, people, freedom, throne,
And light again upon thy sacred strand,
The Pharos of thy immortality.

And thou! Marseilles, sat at the gates of France,
As to receive her guests within thy streams,
Whose port amid these waters, bright with hope,
An eagle's nest spreads for the vessels' wings,
Where yet my hand clasps many a cherished hand,
Where yet my step delays in lingering love,
Take, as I leave my land, my latest vows,
And my first welcome on return.

Puisse un rayon du ciel déchirer le nuage
Qui couvre trône et temple, et peuple et liberté.
Et rallumer plus pur sur ton sacré rivage
Ton phare d'immortalité !

Et toi, Marseille, assise aux portes de la France
Comme pour accueillir ses hôtes dans tes eaux,
Dont le port sur ces mers, rayonnant d'espérance,
S'ouvre comme un nid d'aigle aux ailes des vaisseaux,
Où ma main presse encor plus d'une main chérie,
Où mon pied suspendu s'attache avec amour,
Reçois mes derniers vœux en quittant la patrie,
Mon premier salut au retour !

15th June.

We have been to visit our vessel, our house for so many months; it is divided into little cabins where there is room for a hammock and a trunk. The captain has had small windows made, in order to admit a little light and air into the cabins, and which we can open when the waves are not high, or when the vessel does not roll on her side. The great cabin is reserved for Madame de Lamartine, and Julia. The maid servants sleep in the captain's little cabin, which he has had the goodness to give up to them. As the season is fine, we shall take our meals upon deck under a tent at the foot of the main-mast. The brig is loaded with provisions of all kinds necessary for a pilgrimage of two years in a country destitute of resources. A well-selected library of 500 volumes of History, Poetry, and Travels, is the handsomest ornament of the best cabin. Our arms occupy the corners, and I have besides purchased an arsenal of muskets, pistols, and sabres, to arm us and our people. The Greek pirates infest the seas of the Archipelago; but we are resolved to combat to the last, and yield only with the loss of life. I have two lives to defend more dear to me than my own. We have four pieces of cannon on deck, and the crew who knows the fate reserved by the Greeks for unfortunate sailors whom they make prisoners, are determined to die rather than surrender.

17th June, 1832.

I take with me three friends: the first, M. Amédée de Parseval, is one of those men whom Providence has attached to our steps when it foresees that we shall have need of a support which will not bend beneath either misfortune or danger. We have been united since our earliest years by an affection which at no period of our lives has been found to cool. My mother loved him as a son, and I have loved him as a brother. Whenever I was wounded by the shafts of fate, I found him at hand, or saw him hasten to divert a portion of them on his own head—the principal portion, the whole of the misfortune had that been possible. He has a heart which beats only for the happiness or the misery of others. When I was fifteen years since at Paris alone and ill, ruined, despairing, and dying, he passed whole nights watching near my lamp of agony. When I lost some one that I adored, he always hastened the first to convey delicately the fatal news, and soothe my sorrow with the balm of friendship. On the death of my mother he reached me as soon as the fatal tidings, and took me two hundred leagues, even to the tomb where I sought in vain the last farewell she had addressed to me, but which I had not heard! At a later period ——— but my misfortunes are not over, and I shall find his friendship, as long as there is despair to soothe in my heart or tears to mingle with mine.

Two other worthy men, intelligent, well edu-

cated, and of superior minds, have also arrived to accompany us in this pilgrimage; one of them is M. de Capmas, a sub-prefect, checked in his career by the revolution of July, and who has preferred the precarious chances of a painful and uncertain future to the preservation of his place: an oath would have been repugnant to his loyalty, from the very fact of its appearing interested. He is one of those men in whom every thing yields to the scruples of honour, and whose political sympathies have all the warmth and purity of high-mindedness.

The other of our companions is a physician of Hondschvote, M. de la Royère. I became acquainted with him at my sister's, at the time I meditated my departure. The purity of his soul, the naïve and original grace of his mind, and the elevation of his political and religious sentiments, forcibly struck me. I wished to take him with me much more as a moral resource, than as a precaution for health, and I have since had reason to congratulate myself upon my choice. I attach much greater value to his disposition and mind than to his talents, though he has given good proof of the latter. We chat together much more on politics than on physic. His views and ideas on the present and the future state of France are enlarged, and not restrained within the limits of personal affection or dislike. He knows that Providence is no respecter of persons in its great work, and like me he views in human policy ideas and not names. His attention is directed to the

end, without caring by whom or how it is attained. He entertains neither prejudice nor suspicion, not even on his religious faith, which is sincere and fervent.

Six servants, who had nearly all lived long with us or had been born under the paternal roof, compose our household. They are all delighted with the thoughts of the voyage, and take a personal interest in it. Each of them fancies that he is travelling for his own pleasure, and they gaily brave the fatigues and dangers which I have not concealed from them.

In the Roads, at Anchor off the little Gulph of Montredon, 10th July, 1832.

We are on board; the waves are now masters of our destiny; I am no longer bound to the land of my fathers, but by ties of affection for the beings I leave behind, especially for my father and my sisters.

To explain to myself why, verging already on the close of my youth—on that period of life when man withdraws from the ideal world to enter into that of material interests, I have quitted a comfortable and peaceful existence at Saint-Point and all the innocent delights of the domestic circle surrounded by a beloved wife and a darling child—to explain to myself, I repeat it, why at present I venture on the vast sea, steering my course to shores unknown—I am obliged to go back to the source of all my

thoughts, to seek there the causes of my sympathies and my taste for travelling, and find that the imagination had also its wants and its passions! I was born a poet, that is, with more or less intelligence of that beautiful language in which God speaks to all men, but to some more clearly than to others, through the medium of his works.

When young, I had heard this *logos* of nature, this word, formed of images, and not of sounds, in the mountains, in the forests, in the lakes, on the borders of the abysses and the torrents of my country, and of the Alps. I had even translated into written language some of the accents which had moved me, and which in their turn moved other souls; but those accents no longer sufficed to me; I had exhausted the small portion of divine words which the land of Europe furnished to man; I thirsted to hear on other shores accents more sonorous and more brilliant. My imagination was enamoured of the sea, the deserts, the mountains, the manners and the traces of the Deity in the East. All my life the East had been the waking dream of my darksome days, in the autumnal and winter fogs of my natal valley. My body, like my soul, is the child of the sun: it requires light, it requires that ray of life which the splendid orb darts, not from the shattered bosom of our Western clouds, but from the depths of that sky of purple which resembles the mouth of a furnace; those rays which are not merely a glimmer, but which descend burning hot, which, in

falling, calcine the white rocks and sparkling pinnacles of the mountains, and which tinge the ocean with scarlet as if a fire were kindled in its waves! I felt a strong wish to handle a little of that earth which was the land of our first family, the land of prodigies; to see, to wander over this evangelical scene whereon was represented the great drama of divine wisdom struggling with error and human perversity; where moral truth suffered martyrdom to fertilize with its blood a more perfect civilization. Besides I was, and had almost always been, a christian in heart and in imagination: my mother had made me such. Sometimes, indeed, in the less pure days of my early youth, I had ceased to be so; misfortune and love, perfect love, which purifies all that it inflames, had driven me back at a later period into this first asylum of my thoughts, into those consolations demanded alike by memory and hope, when the heart dies away within us; when all the emptiness of life appears, after a passion extinguished or a death which leaves us nothing to love. This christianity of sentiment was become the sweet soother of my thoughts; I often asked myself, where is perfect, evident, uncontestable truth to be found?—If it exists anywhere, it is in the heart, it is in the conscious evidence against which no reasoning can prevail. But truth in the mind is never complete; it is with God, and not with us; the human eye is too small to absorb a single ray of it; for us all truth is only relative; that which will be the most useful to man, will be also the most true.

The doctrine the most fertile in divine virtues will therefore also be that which contains the greatest number of divine truths; for what is good is true. This was the sum of my religious logic; my philosophy ascended no higher; it forbade me both doubt and the endless dialogues which reason holds with itself: it left me that religion of the heart which associates so well with all the infinite sentiments of the soul, which resolves nothing, but which soothes all.

10th July, seven p. m.

I said to myself, "How my mother would have been pleased with this pilgrimage if not of the christian, at least of the man and the poet! her mind was so ardent, and so readily, and so completely imbibed the impression of places and things. How her soul would have been exalted before this solitary and sacred theatre of the great drama of the gospel, of that complete drama in which divinity and humanity each played its part —the one crucifying, the other crucified. This journey of the son whom she loved so much, will make her smile even in the abode of blessedness, where I behold her. She will watch over us— she will place herself, like a second providence, between us and the tempests, between us and the simoom, between us and the Arab of the desert: she will protect from all dangers, her daughter of adoption and her granddaughter, that visible angel of our destiny which we take with

us every where. She loved her so much! she reposed her looks with such an ineffable tenderness, with such a penetrating solicitude on the charming face of this child, the last, and the brightest hope of her numerous generations! and if there be any imprudence in this enterprize which we so often meditated together, she will procure my pardon above in favour of the motives —which are love, poetry, and religion."

Same day.

Politics have assailed us even here. It is delightful to view France in its approaching destinies; a generation is growing up which will, in virtue of its age, be entirely detached from our hatred and our recriminations of forty years. To this generation it matters little whether a person has belonged to such or such hateful denomination of our old parties; it has nothing to do with quarrels; it has no prejudices to conquer, no vengeance to assuage; it presents itself pure and full of enthusiastic vigour at the entrance of a new career; but we have not yet thrown off our hatreds, our passions, and our old disputes. Let us give place to the rising generation; how I should have liked to commence life in its name, to mingle my voice with its voice at that tribune which still resounds only with the past, without an echo in the future! The hour is at hand when the light of the pharos of reason and morality will pierce through our political tempests,

and we shall frame the ever-social code which the world begins to foresee and to understand; the symbol of love and charity amongst men, the charity of the gospel. I do not at least reproach myself with any egotism in this respect. I would have sacrificed to this duty even my travels—the dream of my imagination at the age of sixteen! May Heaven regenerate men, for our politics are a disgrace to us, and make angels weep. Destiny gives an hour in a century to humanity to renew nerate itself; this hour is a revolution, and men it by tearing each other in pieces; they give to vengeance the hour assigned by God for regeneration and advancement.

The same day still at anchor.

The revolution of July afflicted me deeply, because I loved the old and venerable race of the Bourbons; they had possessed the love and the blood of my father, of my grandfather, and of all my family; and they should have had mine had they wished it. This revolution has not, however, soured me, because it has not astonished me; I saw it coming afar off; many months before the fatal day, the fall of the restored monarchy was foreseen by me in the names of the persons it had chosen to conduct it. These men were devoted and faithful, but they were of another century—of another train of ideas: while the ideas of the age marched in one direction, they marched in another; the separation was consummated in the

mind; it would not delay being so in the fact; it was an affair of days and hours. I have wept for this family which seemed condemned to the destiny and the blindness of Œdipus! I have particularly deplored the unnecessary divorce between the past and the future: the one might have been so useful to the other; liberty and the progress of social order would have borrowed so much force from this adoption which the ancient royal houses, the old families and old virtues, would have made of them. It would have been so politic and so delightful not to separate France into two camps, into two affections; to march together hand in hand, the one eagerly pushing on, the other slackening the pace that they might not be disunited in the route. All this is but a dream; but we must not lose time in useless regrets, we must act and proceed: it is the law of nature, it is the law of God! I regret that what is called the royalist party, which contains so many talents, so much influence, and so many virtues, resolved to make a halt at the question of July. It was not compromised in this affair:—an affair of the palace, of intrigue and cabal, in which the majority of the royalists had no share. It is always allowable, always honourable to take part in the misfortunes of another; but we must not gratuitously take upon ourselves the onus of a fault we have not committed. Let us leave to their proper claimants faults of *coups d'état* and a retrograde direction; pity and weep for the august victims of a fatal error, but withhold no honourable sympathy from

them; repress not distant but legitimate hopes; and for the rest re-enter the ranks of the citizens, think, speak, act, and combat with the family of the nation.

But let us quit the subject; we shall see France again in a couple of years; may God protect it, and all the cherished beings we leave there!

11 July, 1832, under sail.

This morning at half past five we got under weigh. Some friends of recent acquaintance had risen before sun-rise to accompany us a few miles out to sea, and delay their farewells to the latest moment. Our brig glided over the smooth expanse, limpid and blue as the water of a spring in the shade of the hollow of a rock: the yards, those long arms of the vessel bearing the sails, scarcely moved to one side or the other. A young man of Marseilles (M. Autran,) recited to us some admirable verses, in which he sought to propitiate in our favour the winds and waves. We were affected by this separation from the land; by those thoughts which reverted to the shore, which traversed Provence, and which reached even to my home and my friends; by the verses we had just heard; by the beautiful shade of Marseilles, perceptibly diminishing in the distance, and by the boundless sea which was to become for so long a period our only country. Marseilles! France! I am not worthy of you; you deserved to contemplate a true poet, one of those men who create a

new world, and a new epoch in the poetical associations of the human race; but, I feel it profoundly, I am merely one of those men without a niche in the temple of fame, belonging to a transitory and fading epoch, whose sighs have found an echo, because the echo is more poetical than the poet. Yet by my desires I belonged to another time. I had often felt in me another man; horizons immense, infinite, luminous with poetry philosophical, epic, religious, unfolded themselves before me; but, punishment of a youth insensate and lost, these horizons as speedily closed. I felt them too vast for my physical powers: I shut my eyes, not to be tempted to precipitate myself thitherward! Farewell, then, to these dreams of genius, of intellectual voluptuousness; it is too late. I shall perhaps sketch some scenes, I shall murmur a few cantos, and all will be said—I leave the inspiration to others, and I see with pleasure others come. Nature was never more fertile in promises of genius than at the present moment. What men shall we see in twenty years, if all become men!

Yet if God would grant my prayer, this is all that I would ask of Him:—power to write a poem according to my heart and his own—a visible living image, animated and coloured with his visible and invisible creation. This is the inheritance I would leave to this world of darkness, doubt, and sorrow!—an aliment which should nourish it, which should regenerate it for a century. Oh, why cannot I supply this, at least to

myself—happy even though no one else should listen to a single verse!

The same day, at three o'clock, at sea.

The easterly wind disputes our path; it blows stronger, the sea rises and whitens; the captain declares we must steer back again to the coast, and cast anchor in a bay at two hours' sail from Marseilles. We are there. The waves cradle us gently; the sea speaks, as the sailors express it. We hear approaching from a distance, a murmur, like that of the hum of men in a great city; this threatening murmur of the sea, the first we hear, resounds with solemnity in the ear, and in the bosom of those who are going to speak to it so near, and for so long a time.

On our left we perceive the islands of Pomegue, and the castle of If, an old fort, with its round grey towers, which crown a naked slaty rock. Before us, on the high coast, intersected with white rocks, are numerous country houses, whose gardens, surrounded by walls, only suffer the tops of the shrubs and the green arches of the vine to be seen. About a mile inland, on an isolated barren mountain, rise the fort and the chapel of *Notre Dame de la Garde*, a pilgrimage of the Provençal sailors before their departure, and on their return from their voyages. This morning, unknown to us, at the very hour when the wind filled our sails, a woman of Marseilles went there before day-break, with her children, to pray for us

on the summit of this mountain, from whence her friendly eye saw, without doubt, our vessel like a white point in the sea.

What a world is the world of prayer!—what an invisible but all-powerful tie is that of beings mutually known or unknown, praying together or separately for each other! It has always seemed to me that prayer, that instinct so true of our powerless nature, was the only real force, or at least the greatest force of man! Man cannot conceive its effects,—but what does he conceive? The want which drives man to breathe proves alone to him that air is necessary to his life! The instinct of prayer proves also to the soul the efficacy of prayer; let us pray then! And thou, O God, who hast inspired this marvellous communication with thyself, with beings and with worlds invisible, thou, O God, hear us favourably! let thy benignity surpass our desires!

Same day, eleven at night.

A splendid moon seems suspended in the midst of the rigging of two men-of-war brigs, lying not far off, between our anchorage and the black mountains of the Var; every cord of the rigging of these vessels seems delineated upon the blue and purple sky of night, like the fibres of a gigantic skeleton seen at a distance by the pale and motionless glare of the lamps of Westminster, or St. Denis. In the morning these skeletons will return to life, extend their folded wings, like us,

and fly like the birds of the ocean, to repose near some distant shore. We hear from the deck on which we stand the shrill and cadenced whistle of the boatswain, the beating of the drum, the voice of the officer of the watch: the colours glide from the mast, the boats are hoisted in. All becomes silent on board their vessels as in ours.

Formerly man did not go to sleep on this deep and perfidious bed of the ocean without raising his soul and his voice to God, without rendering glory to his sublime Creator, amidst all these stars, and waves, and summits of mountains—amidst all the charms, and all the perils of night. Evening prayers were always said on board ship! Since the revolution of July, this is no longer the case. Prayer is dead on the lips of this old liberalism of the 18th century, which had in itself nothing of life but its cold hatred of the soul's enthusiasm. This sacred breath of man, which the children of Adam have transmitted down to us with their joys and their sorrows, has been extinguished in France in our days of dispute and pride; we have mixed up God with our quarrels. The shadow of the Deity is terrible to some men. These insects, just burst into life, to perish to-morrow, and whose barren dust the wind may in a few days sweep away, scattering their whitened bones on some desart shore, fear to confess, by word or sign, that infinite Being whom the heavens and the seas confess. They affect to disdain to name Him who did not disdain to create them,—and why?—Because these men

wear a uniform, can make a certain number of calculations, and call themselves Frenchmen of the 19th century! Happily the 19th century passes away, and I see a better approaching, an age truly religious, in which, if men do not confess God in the same language or in the same creed, they will confess him at least in every creed and in every language.

The same night.

I have walked for an hour on deck alone, musing on these sad or consoling reflections; I have murmured in my heart and muttered with my lips all the prayers which my mother taught me when I was a child: the verses, the fragments of psalms which I have heard her so often breathe in a low voice when walking in the evening in the alleys of the garden of Milly; they all came into my memory, and I felt a profound and internal delight at scattering them in my turn to the winds and waves, to that ear always open, to which the slightest murmur of the heart or the lips is never lost!—The prayer we have heard uttered by one we loved and whom we have seen depart this life is doubly sacred. Who is there amongst us who would not prefer the few words that his mother had taught him, to the most beautiful hymns that he could compose himself? This is the cause why, whatever may be the religion that our reason may approve, the christian prayer will

always be the prayer of the human voice. Thus have I prayed in evening, and at sea, for the woman who despised every danger to unite her fate with mine, and for the beautiful infant, playing at the time on deck with the goat which I had procured to supply her with milk, and with the handsome greyhound which licked her lily hands and nibbled her long flaxen hair.

12th; morning—under sail.

During the night, the wind changed and blew fresh. I heard, from my cabin in the middle deck, the voices and plaintive songs of the sailors over my head who were heaving the anchor. We set sail—I fell asleep—when I awoke and opened the port-hole to look at the coast of France, I could see nothing but the wide, waste sea, and on its slightly agitated surface two sails, two lofty sails, rising like pyramids of the desert in the distance, seemingly without horizon.

The waves gently caressed the thick, round sides of our brig, and bubbled gracefully under my narrow window to which the foam sometimes rose in light, white garlands. It was the varied, confused and unequal noise of the twittering of the swallows on a mountain when the sun rises upon a field of wheat. There are harmonies between all the elements, as there is a general one between material and intellectual nature. Each idea has its similitude in a visible object which repeats it like an echo,

reflects it as in a mirror, and renders it perceptible in two ways — to the senses by the image, to the mind by the thoughts: it is the infinite poetry of double creation! Men call it combination:—combination is genius—creation is but thought under a thousand forms—to combine is the art and instinct of discovering words in this divine language of universal analogy which God alone thoroughly understands, but of which he permits certain men to discover a portion. This is the reason why, in the early ages, the prophet, or sacred poet, and the poet, or prophet profane, were everywhere regarded as divine beings. They are, at the present day, looked on as madmen, or, at least, as useless beings—that is logic! If, indeed, you count as all, the material and palpable world—that part of nature which resolves itself into figure, extension, money, or physical pleasures—you will do well to despise those men who may preserve the worship of pure morality, the idea of God, and that language of images, the mysterious relation between the invisible and the visible! What, you may ask, does this language prove? God and immortality! and are they nothing in your eyes?

13th July, at anchor in the little gulph of Ciotat.

The favorable wind which rose for a moment, soon died away in our sails; they fell against the masts, which oscillated from the motion of the gentlest waves—a beautiful image of those

persons who want firmness of purpose, that wind of the human mind—uncertain characters which fatigue those who possess them! These characters are more exhausting through their weakness, than the courageous efforts that a rigorous will imprints on men of energy and action. Thus the vessel also, on a calm sea receives more injury than under the impulse of a fresh wind which impels it onward and supports it upon the foam of the waves.

Whether it was from chance, or the secret manœuvres of the officers, we were forced by the wind to enter at three o'clock the pleasant little gulph of Ciotat, a small town on the coast of Provence, where our captain and nearly all our sailors have their houses, their wives, and their children. Sheltered under a little mole which detaches itself from a graceful hill entirely covered with vines, fig and olive trees—a friendly hand held out by the coast to the sailor—we let go our anchor. The water is without a ripple, and so transparent, that at the depth of twenty feet, we could see pebbles and shells, marine plants gently wavering, and thousands of little fishes of varied hues disporting in the placid element — treasures of the bosom of the sea, as rich and inexhaustible as the earth in vegetation and inhabitants. Life is everywhere, like intelligence: all nature is animated, all nature feels and thinks! He who does not perceive this, has never reflected on the inexhaustible fecundity of the creating thought. It could not, ought not

to pause: infinity is peopled, and wherever life is, sentiment exists. Thought has its inequalities no doubt, but there is a vacuum nowhere. Would you have a physical demonstration of the fact? Look at that drop of water through a solar microscope, you will perceive gravitating therein thousands of worlds! worlds in the tear of an insect; and if you succeeded in decomposing each of these thousands of worlds, millions of other universes would still be found in them! If from these worlds without number and infinitely small, you rise at once to the innumerable great globes of the celestial vault; if you plunge into the Milky-Way, an incalculable dust of suns, of which each governs a system of globes greater than the earth and the moon—the mind becomes crushed beneath the weight of calculations; but the soul can support these, and is proud in having its own place in the stupendous whole, of having the power to comprehend it, and the feeling to bless and adore its author! Oh my God! what a worthy prayer does nature suggest to him who seeks thee therein, who discovers thee there under every form, and who comprehends a few syllables of its language, mute but saying everything.

Gulph of Ciotat, 14th. evening.

The wind has died away, and nothing announces its return. Not a fold on the surface of the gulph; the sea is so smooth that we can

distinguish here and there the impression of the transparent pinions of the winged tribes which float on this mirror, and alone tarnish it at present. Behold to what a degree of calmness and mildness this element can descend, which raises three-decked vessels without any regard to their burthen, which tears up leagues of coast, wears away the hills, and splits the rocks; breaking down mountains beneath the shock of its roaring waves! Nothing is so gentle as that which is powerful.

We landed at the request of the captain, who wished to present his wife to us, and show us his house. The town resembles one of those pretty towns of the kingdom of Naples on the coast of Gaeta. Every thing is smiling, gay, and serene. Existence is a continual festival in the climates of the south. Happy the man who is born and dies in such a scene—happy above all is he who has his house, the house of his fathers, on the border of this sea, each wave of which is a spark casting its light and brilliancy on the earth. The mountains excepted, which borrow the light of their summits, and of their horizons, from the snows that cover them, and the heavens they pierce, no site in the interior of the country, rendered however smiling and gracefully, its hills, its trees, and rivers, can compare in beauty with those sites which are bathed by the Mediterranean. The sea is to the scenes of nature what the eye is to a fine countenance: it illuminates them, it

imparts to them that radiant physiognomy, which makes them live, speak, enchant, and fascinate the attention of those who contemplate them.

The same day.

It is night, that is to say, what is called night in these climates. How many days have given less light on the velvet hills of Richmond!—in the fogs of the Thames, the Seine, the Saone, or the lake of Geneva! The full moon rose in the firmament, and left in shade our black brig, which reposed motionless at some distance from the quay. The moon, in advancing, left behind her, as it were, a train of red sand, with which she seemed to have sown one-half of the heavens; the remainder is blue, and whitens at her approach. On the horizon of about two miles, between two little islands, of which the one has high downs as yellow as the Coliseum at Rome, and the other is tinted like the flowers of the lilac, we perceive on the sea the mirage of a large city; the delusion is complete: we see shining domes, palaces with brilliant façades, and long quays imbued with a mild and serene light; to the right and left waves whiten and seem to envelope it. One might imagine it to be Venice or Malta, slumbering amidst the waves. But it is neither isle nor town; it is the reflection of the moon at the point where her disk falls vertically on the sea; nearer to us, this reflection extends and prolongs itself,

and rolls, a river of gold and silver, between two banks of azure. On our left, the gulph is bounded as far as to an elevated cape, by a long dark chain of hills of various heights. On the right is a narrow closed valley, where a beautiful fountain flows under the shade of a few trees. Behind is a higher hill, waved to the top with olive trees, which the night renders to appearance black. From the summit of this hill to the sea, grey towers and white cottages here and there pierce the monotonous obscurity of the olive trees, and attract the eye and the mind to the dwellings of man. At a greater distance, and at the extremity of the gulph, three enormous rocks rise without bases from the sea, of singular forms, round like pebbles, polished by the wave and the tempest. These pebbles are mountains, the gigantic sport of a primitive ocean, of which our seas offer, doubtless, but a feeble image.

15th July.

We have visited the house of the captain of our brig: a pretty, modest, yet ornamental building. We were received by his young wife, suffering and sad at the precipitate departure of her husband. I offered to take her on board, to accompany us during the voyage, which would be longer than the ordinary voyages of merchant ships. Her health prevented it. She was going to remain alone, without children, and ill, to count long days, long years perhaps, of

absence from her husband. Her mild and intelligent countenance was imprinted with the melancholy of the future, and the solitude of the heart. The house resembled a Flemish house; the walls were covered with pictures of the different vessels that the captain had commanded. He took us a little distance to see another house that he was building, although young, as an asylum when he retires from the winds and waves. I was glad to see the rural habitation in which this man already meditated to seek repose and happiness in his old age. I have always loved to know the home and the domestic circumstances of those with whom I have had any thing to do in the world. It is a part of themselves — it is a second external physiognomy, which gives the key to their disposition and their destiny.

Most of our sailors belong also to these villages, and seem kind-hearted men, devout, yet gay, laborious, managing the wind, the tempest, and the waves with the same regularity wherewith the husbandmen of Saint-Pont manage the harrow or the plough. They, in fact, plough the sea, beguiling their toil with songs—as do our countrymen, whilst indenting, beneath the rays of the morning sun, deep furrows upon the sides of their hills.

16 July.

I awoke early, and heard, on the motionless deck, the voices of the sailors, the crowing of the

cock, and the bleating of the goat and the sheep. The voices of some women and children completed the illusion. I could have fancied myself in bed, in the wooden chamber of a peasant's cabin, on the borders of the lake of Zurich, or Soleure. I arose. It was the children of some of the sailors, whom their wives had brought to see them. The fathers seated them on the cannon, held them on the rails of the ship's side, rocked them in the hammock, or laid them down in the long boat, with that tenderness in the accent and those tears in the eyes which showed feelings as tender as those of mothers or nurses. Brave men, with hearts of iron in the moment of danger, but with hearts of women for what they love: rough or gentle, like the element they navigated! Whether he be a shepherd or a sailor, the man who has a family has a heart kneaded with humane and honorable sentiments. The *spirit of family* is the second soul of humanity. Modern legislators have too much forgotten this: they only think of nations and individuals: they omit the family, unique source of a pure and healthy population, the sanctuary of traditions and manners in which all the social virtues acquire fresh vigour. Legislation, even since the introduction of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect;—it repulses man from the spirit of family, instead of encouraging it in him! It interdicts to one half of mankind, wife, child, the possession of a home or a field. It owes these blessings to all as soon as they arrive at manhood. It ought only to have interdicted

them to culprits. A family is society in miniature, but it is that society in which the laws are natural, because they are sentiments. To interdict a man from the possession of family comforts should have been the greatest reprobation, the last punishment of the law. It should have been the only pain of death inflicted by a humane and Christian legislation. The punishment of death ought to have been effaced centuries ago.

— July. Still at anchor, from contrary winds.

At a mile to the west, on the coast, the mountains are broken, as if by the blows of a hammer; enormous fragments have fallen here and there at their feet, or in the blue and green waves which bathe them. The sea is continually effecting this. These fragments of mountains, for they are too large to be called rocks, are heaped on each other in the wildest confusion, forming caverns, vaults, sonorous grottos, and intricate passages, known only to the fishermen's children. One of the caverns, which penetrated under the arch of a natural bridge, is covered with an immense block of granite, gives access to the sea, and afterwards opens into a narrow obscure valley, which the ocean entirely fills with its smooth and limpid waters, like the firmament on a fine evening. It is a small cove known to the fishermen, where, while the waves roar without and lash its sides, the smallest boats are sheltered in safety; there is only perceived in it a little bubbling, like that of

a spring falling on a sheet of water. The sea preserves in it that beautiful yellow-green and those changing hues which our painters strive so much to imitate, but never exactly can.

On each side of this marine valley, a wall of rocks, almost perpendicular, extends as far as the eye can reach: they are of a dark and uniform colour, like that of the scoria from a blast furnace. Neither plant nor moss can find a crack to suspend itself from or take root in, to form those garlands of flowers which we find so often undulated on the sides of the rocks of Savoy, at heights whereat no mortal can scent their fragrance: naked, erect, black and repulsive to the eye, these are only useful to defend from the bleak sea-air the hills of vines and olive trees which vegetate under their shelter—images of men who govern an epoch or a nation, exposing themselves to all the injuries of time and tempests, in order to protect the more feeble and the more happy. At the farther end of this cave the sea widens a little, in a winding direction, and becoming clearer as it is more open to the sky, terminates in a beautiful sheet of still water, on a bed of little broken violet shells, which entirely cover the surface of the bottom. If you land from the boat which has conveyed you thus far, you will find on the left, in the hollow of a ravine, a spring of pure soft water; and then, turning to the right, a goat's path, stony, steep, and rough, sheltered by wild fig trees and Neapolitan medlars, which extend from the cultivated lands to this

solitude of the waves. Few sites in my travels ever struck me so forcibly. It is a perfect blending of grace and force which forms accomplished beauty in the harmony of the elements, as in that of the animated thinking being. It is a mysterious hymen of the land and sea, surprised, if I may so express it, in their most intimate and veiled union. It is an image of calm and almost inaccessible solitude, by the side of the stormy and tumultuous theatre of the tempests. It is one of the numerous chefs-d'œuvre of creation, which God has spread everywhere to show the beauty of contrast, but which it pleases him generally to conceal on unattainable summits of the steepest mountains, in the bottoms of ravines we cannot reach, and on the wildest shores of the ocean—like the jewels of nature, which she rarely discovers, save to plain and simple men, shepherds, fishermen, travellers, and poets—to the pious contemplation of the recluse.

14 July, 1832.

At ten, a breeze from the west arose. At three we weighed anchor, and had soon only the heavens and the waves for our horizon with a shining sea—the motion of the brig, gentle and cadenced—the murmur of the waves, as regular as the respiration in the human bosom. This regular alternation of the waves, and of the wind in the sails, is found in all the movements, in all the sounds of nature: does she not then also breathe? Yes, undoubtedly

she breathes, she lives, she thinks, she suffers and enjoys, she feels, she adores her divine Author. He did not create death. Life is the sign of all his works.

15 July, 1832. At sea, 8 p.m.

We have seen, descending below the horizon, the last summits of the grey mountains on the coasts of France and Italy; then, the blue sombre line itself, limiting the sight, has vanished. All things worthy notice have gradually disappeared, as to an unfortunate being who has successively lost all the objects of his affections and his habits, and who seeks in vain something whereon the heart may repose.

The sky becomes, for awhile, the grand and only scene of contemplation; from whence the eye falls on this imperceptible point lost in space —on the small vessel which has become the entire universe to those whom it conveys.

The mate is at the helm: his masculine and tranquil countenance, his firm and vigilant glance, now fixed on the binnacle to observe the compass, now on the prow to discover through the cordages of the foremast, his course through the waves: his right arm posed on the helm, by a movement impressing his will on the vast mass of the vessel; every thing displaying in him the importance of his trust—namely, the destiny of the vessel, and the lives of thirty persons afloat in her.

On the foredeck the sailors are in groups,

seated, standing, or lying on planks of shining fir, or on cables rolled in large spirals: some are mending the old sails, as young girls embroider their wedding veils or the curtains of the nuptial bed; others leaning over the balustrades looking at, though scarce seeing, the foaming waves—as we look mechanically on a road—and casting to the wind with indifference, the smoke of their pipes of red clay; one party is giving the hens water in the long troughs, another offers hay to the goat with one hand and takes hold of its horns with the other; while some are playing with the two fine sheep in the suspended long boat; these poor animals raise their heads above the sides of the boat, and seeing only the white foam of the ocean, bleat after the rocks and the arid moss of their mountains.

At the extremity of the vessel, the horizon of this floating world, is the sharp prow preceded by the bowsprit inclined over the sea, and projecting like the form of a sea monster. The undulations of the sea, almost insensible at midship, produce at the prow very considerable oscellations; sometimes seeming to direct the course of the vessel towards some star in the firmament, sometimes to plunge it in some deep valley of the ocean; for the sea seems to rise and fall without ceasing when one is either at the stem, or stern of a vessel, which by its mass, and its length, multiplies the effect of these undulating waves.

We, separated by the mainmast from this scene

of maritime habits, either seated on a bench of the quarter-deck, or walking with the officers, look at the sun descending, and the waves ascending.

In the midst of all these masculine, severe, or pensive countenances, is a child with its long hair flowing, in its white frock, with a beautiful rosy face, happy and gay, a sailor's straw hat tied under its chin—playing with the captain's white cat, or with some sea pigeons caught the night before and placed in a cage under the carriage of the cannon, and to which it distributes crumbs of bread—a portion of its food.

In the mean time the captain, his chronometer in his hand, and silently watching in the west the precise moment when half the refracted disk of the sun seems to touch the waves and flash on them; an instant previous to its being entirely submerged, raises his voice and says—*Gentlemen, to prayers!*—All conversation now ceased, all the sports terminated. The sailors threw the remains of their lighted cigars into the sea, and taking off their red Greek caps, held them in their hands and knelt between the masts: the youngest of them opened the prayer-book and chanted the *Ave, Stella Maris,* and the litanies, in a tender, grave, and plaintive accent, which seemed to have been inspired, in the midst of the sea, by that melancholy natural at the last hours of day, at which recollections of land and of the paternal hearth ascend from the heart, into the minds of these unsophisticated men. Darkness was about

to cover the waves, and until morning to veil in its dangerous obscurity, the course of the navigators, and the lives of so many beings who had only Providence for their pharos; for their safeguard, His invisible hand supporting them upon the waves. If prayer was not instinctive to man, it is here that it would have been invented by beings left alone with their thoughts and their weaknesses in the presence of the abyss of the heavens, in the immensity of which the sight is lost—and of the abyss of the sea from which they are only separated by a fragile plank, the ocean roaring meanwhile, whistling, and howling like the voices of a thousand wild beasts; the blasts of wind making all the cordage yield a harsh sound, and the approach of night increasing every peril, and multiplying every terror.—But prayer was not invented: it was born with the first sigh, with the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart; or rather, man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore Him, was his only mission here below; all else perishes before him, or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration or of love which he raises towards the Creator, does not perish on his passing from the earth:—it re-ascends, it resounds from age to age in the ear of the Almighty like the echo of his own voice, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride, for this pride is a homage to him to whom alone homage is due—the Infinite Being.

While these and similar thoughts were silently revolving in the minds of each of us, Julia uttered a cry from the eastern side of the vessel; A fire at sea!—A ship in flames! We rushed to see this distant spectacle on the billows: a large mass of fire floated in the east at the extremity of the horizon; then gradually elevating and enlarging itself, in a few minutes we discovered that it was the full moon, inflamed by the vapour of the west wind, and rising slowly from the waters, like a mass of red-hot iron drawn by the workman from the forge, and which he suspends over water to extinguish it. On the opposite side of the heavens, the disk of the setting sun left in the west a train of light like a bank of golden sand on the coast of some unknown shore. Our attention was divided between these two magnificent and celestial spectacles. By degrees the light of this double crepuscule was extinguished, and thousands of stars started into being over our heads, as if to trace the course of our masts which quivered restlessly beneath them. The first watch of the night was ordered, every thing was removed from the deck which could impede the navigation of the vessel, and the sailors came, one after the other, to say to the captain, God be with us!

I continued to walk some time in silence on the deck, and then went below to thank God in my heart, for having permitted me to see this hitherto unknown face of nature. My God, my God! to behold thy works in all their phases, to admire thy magnificence on the mountains

and in the seas, to adore and bless thy name, which no letters can contain! all life is here! Then turn the page, and enable us to read in another world the endless wonders of the book of thy grandeur and thy goodness!

16 July, 1832—at sea.

We had, during the whole of the night, a favorable but a heavy sea. In the evening the wind freshened, the waves formed and began to roll heavily against the sides of the brig; the bright moon prolonged torrents of a white and wavy light in large liquid valleys hollowed between the great waves. These floating beams of the moon resemble currents of running water, and cascades of snow water, in the bed of the green valleys of the Jura and of Switzerland. The ship descends and ascends heavily each of these deep ravines. For the first time, during the voyage, we heard the timbers of the vessel creak under the strokes of each billow, making a noise to which we can compare nothing save the last groans of an ox felled to the earth and stretched on its side in the convulsions of agony. This noise, mixed in the night with the roaring of a hundred thousand waves, the gigantic bounds of the vessel, the crackling of the masts, the whistling of the land breezes, the spray of the foam which is thrown upon and hisses on the deck, the heavy and hasty steps of the sailors aft while reefing the sails,

to the laconic and strenuous order of the officer of the watch,—all this forms a mass of significant and terrible sounds, which shake more deeply the very heart of man than the roar of cannon on the field of battle. These are scenes at which we must have been present to be acquainted with the painful part of a sailor's life, and to measure our own moral and physical sensibility.

The whole night passed thus without sleep. At break of day the wind fell a little, the sea was no longer covered with foam, and every thing presaged fine weather. We perceived through the coloured fog of the horizon the long and high chains of the mountains of Sardinia. The captain promised a calm sea, as smooth as a lake, between this island and Sicily. We sailed eight knots an hour; at each quarter of an hour the bright coasts, towards which the wind drove us, appeared more distinctly: we distinguished the gulphs and the capes, the white rocks seemed seated on the waves, the houses and the cultivated fields became apparent on the coast. At noon we were at the entrance of the Gulph of St. Pierre, but at the moment of doubling the shoals which confine it, a sudden hurricane from the north filled our sails, the billows, still in swell, giving scope to the wind, rose in complete hills, rendering the horizon one mass of foam; the vessel now staggering on the summit of the waves, then rushing almost perpendicularly into the abyss which separates them. In vain we

persist to attempt to seek shelter in the gulph; at the instant we were doubling the cape to enter it, a furious blast of wind, whistling like a flight of arrows, escaped from each valley and each creek of the coast, and threw the vessel on her side; they had scarcely time to furl the sails, the mainsail only continuing to be set. The captain himself rushed to the helm, when the vessel, like a horse restrained by a vigorous hand, holding the bridle short, seemed to caper on the foam of the gulph; the waves reached the deck on the leeward side, while the starboard was out of the water even to the keel. We sailed on in this manner during twenty minutes, in the hope of attaining the little roads of the town of St. Pierre; we already could perceive the vines and the white cottages at the distance of a gun shot, but the tempest increased, and the wind struck us like a cannon ball; we were compelled to submit, and painfully to tack under the violence of a most dreadful land wind; we succeeded, got out of the gulph by the same means that we entered it, and stood out to sea while it was running mountains high. The fatigue of the night and the day made us ardently wish to get into shelter before a second night came on, which everything presaged would be still more stormy. The captain decided on braving every danger, even the breaking of the masts, to find anchorage on the coast of Sardinia. At a few leagues distance the Gulph of Palma promised us this. We combated, to enter it,

the same fury of the winds which drove us from the Gulph of St. Pierre. After struggling for two hours we succeeded, and entered, like a sea-bird stooping on its wing, the beautiful Gulph of Palma. The tempest has not ceased; we hear the incessant roaring of the high sea at three leagues beyond us; the wind continues to whistle in the cordage; but in this basin, surrounded by high mountains, it can only cause small puffs of foam, which water and cool the deck, and at length we cast anchor at three cables' length from the Sardinian coast, in smooth water rising over marine plants and with scarce a ripple on its surface. What a delicious impression is that of the navigator who has escaped from the tempest by his own exertions when he hears the anchor fall which attaches him to a hospitable coast!

As soon as the anchor had taken hold, the gloomy countenances of the sailors brighten up; it is easy to see that their minds are in repose. They go below deck to change their wet clothes, and coming up dressed in their Sunday attire, resume all the peaceful occupations of a life on shore. Idle, gay, chatty, they sit down, with their arms crossed on the side rails, where they tranquilly smoke their pipes, looking with indifference on the landscape, and the houses on the shore.

17th July, 1832.

At anchor in these peaceful roads after a night

of delicious sleep, we breakfasted on deck, under the shelter of a sail, which served us for a tent. The sun burns, and the picturesque coast of Sardinia extends itself before us. A boat, armed with two pieces of cannon, leaves the isle of St. Antioch at the distance of two leagues, and seems to approach; we soon distinguish it more clearly; it is filled with sailors and soldiers, and is shortly within hailing distance. It hails us, and orders us to go on shore; we deliberate, and I decide on accompanying the captain of the brig. Having armed ourselves with several guns and pistols, to resist, if they attempted by force to detain us, we depart in the small boat.

Arrived near the little Sardinian bark which preceded us, we land on the shore at the bottom of the gulph. This shore borders an uncultivated, marshy plain, exhibiting white sand, high thistles, a few tufts of aloes, and here and there a few bushes of a shrub with a pale grey bark and leaves resembling those of the cedar; a great number of wild horses feeding at liberty on the heath, come galloping up to us to recognize and smell us, and then run off, neighing, like flights of ravens. At a mile from us are naked grey mountains, with here and there some traces of stunted vegetation on their sides, and an African sun on their calcined summits. Deep silence reigns over the whole country; the aspect of desolation and solitude, common to all these coasts, with the impure air of Romania, Calabria, and all the length of the Pontine marshes—such is the

scene. Seven or eight handsome men, with look erect, a bold and wild eye, and half naked, half clothed in tattered uniforms, armed with carbines, and holding in the other hand long rods of reeds to take our letters, or present us what they had to offer—such are the actors. I answered several questions put to me in a barbarous Neapolitan dialect. Having named several of their countrymen, with whom I had been intimate, in Italy, in my youth, these men became polite and obliging, after being insolent and imperious. I purchased a sheep of them, which they skinned on the shore. We write, they take our letters in the slit made at the extremity of a long reed; they strike a light, tear up some green branches of a shrub that covers the coast, light a fire, steep our letters in the sea water, and dry and smoke them at the fire before they touch them. They promise to fire again in the evening as a signal to return when our provisions of vegetables and fresh water will be ready. Then, taking from their boats an immense basket of shell fish, *frutti di mare*, they offer them to us, refusing to accept anything in return.

We return on board, and enjoyed hours of leisure and delicious contemplation on the poop of the vessel at anchor, while the tempest resounds at the extremity of the two capes which shelter us, and we look at the foam of the turbulent sea mounting to twenty or thirty feet against the gilded sides of these capes.

18th July, 1832.

We quit the gulph of Palma; the sea is plain and smooth as a mirror—the light west wind scarcely sufficient to dry the night-dew which sparkles on the cut branches of the lentisque, the only green tree on these, as it were, African coasts. At sea: a silent day, with a gentle breeze carrying us seven or eight knots an hour; a beautiful evening, a brilliant night; the sea sleeps also.

19th July, 1832.

We awake at twenty-five leagues from the coast of Africa. I reperuse the history of St Louis, to recall to my memory the circumstances of his death on the shore of Tunis, near the Cape of Carthage, which we shall see this evening or to-morrow morning.

I did not know, when I was young, why certain nations inspired me with an antipathy almost innate, while others attracted me, and brought me unceasingly to their history by an unreflecting sympathy. I felt for all those vain shadows of the past, for those mere remembrances of nations, exactly what I feel, irresistibly, for or against the physiognomies of men with whom I have lived or passed some time;—I love or I abhor, in the physical acceptation of the word. At first sight, at a glance, I have judged of a man or a woman

for ever;' reason, reflection, even violence attempted by me against these first impressions, avail nothing; when the bronze has received its imprint, in vain may you turn and twist it in your fingers: it retains the form. Thus is it with my soul—thus with my mind. It is the property of beings with whom instinct is prompt, strong, instantaneous, inflexible. We ask ourselves, What is instinct? and we find it to be reason itself—innate reason, reason unreasoned upon, reason such as God made it, such as man finds it. It strikes us like a flash of lightning, without the eye being at the trouble of seeking it—it illuminates at once. Inspiration in all the arts, as on a field of battle, is also this instinct, this innate reason. Genius also is instinct, and not logic or labour. The more we reflect, the more we find that man has nothing great or beautiful appertaining to him that comes from his own power or will; but that all that is supremely beautiful comes immediately from nature and from God. Christianity, which embraces all, has comprised it from the beginning. The first apostles felt in them that immediate action of the divinity, and exclaimed at once, "*Every good and perfect gift cometh from God.*"

To return to the ancients. I never loved the Romans; I never felt any interest at heart for Carthage, notwithstanding its glory and its misfortunes. Hannibal never appeared to me more than a general of the East India Company making a campaign of business, a brilliant and heroic com-

mercial operation in the plains of Thrasymene. This people, ungrateful, like all egotists, rewarded him by exile and death! As to his death, it was fine, it was pathétic, it reconciles me to his triumphs. I was affected by it from my infancy. There has always been, in my estimation, as in that of all humanity, a sublime and heroic harmony between sovereign glory, sovereign genius, and sovereign misfortune. It is one of those notes of destiny which never fails in its effect, its sad and voluptuous modulation in the human heart. There is, in fact, no sympathetic glory, or complete virtue, without ingratitude, persecution, and death. Christ was the divine example of this, and his life, like his doctrine, explains the mysterious enigma of the destiny of great men, by the destiny of the God-man!

I discovered, at a later period, the secret of my sympathies and antipathies for the memory of certain nations; it lay in the very nature of the institutions and actions of those people. Nations like the Phenicians, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage—commercial societies, exploring the earth for their profit, and measuring the grandeur of their enterprise only by the material and actual utility of the result—I feel towards them like Dante, I glance at them and pass on.

"Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda e passa!"

Let us forget them—they were rich and prospered, that is all—they laboured only for the present,

the future had nothing to do with them—*Recepe-runt mercedem.*

But they who, careless for the present, which they feel escape them, have, by a sublime instinct of immortality, by an insatiable thirst of the future, carried the national mind beyond the present, and human sentiment beyond comforts, riches, and material utility—they who have consumed generations and ages to leave in their route a high and eternal trace of their passage;—those disinterested and generous nations who have moved all the great and weighty ideas of the human mind to frame codes of wisdom, legislation, theogony, arts, and sciences; those who have moved masses of marble and granite to construct obelisks or pyramids, a sublime defiance thrown out by them to time, a silent voice with which they eternally speak to great and generous souls,—those poetical nations, as the Egyptians, Jews, Hindoos, and Greeks, who have idealised policy, and caused in the lives of their people, the divine principle, the imaginative, to predominate over the human principle, that of mere utility;—it is such I love, such I venerate; I seek and adore their traces, their recollections, their works written, built, or sculptured; I live in their lives, I am present as a moved and interested spectator at the touching and heroic drama of their destinies, and I voluntarily traverse the seas to go and dream for a few days on their ashes, and dedicate to their memories my anticipations of the future. These have well merited of men, for they elevated their minds

above this globe of dust, above the passing day. They felt themselves created for a higher, a nobler destiny, and being unable to give themselves that immortality which their great and noble hearts aspired after, they said to their works —Immortalize us! subsist for us, speak of us to those who cross the desart, or pass over the waves of the Ionian sea, before the Sygean Cape, or before the Promontory of Sunium, where Plato taught a wisdom which will be still the wisdom of the future.

These were my thoughts on perceiving the prow whereon I was seated divide the waves of the sea of Africa, and on looking every minute out under the rosy fog of the horizon, to see whether I could observe the Cape of Carthage.

The breeze fell, the sea calmed, the day passed away in vainly looking in the distance for the vaporous coast of Africa. In the evening the wind suddenly rose, the vessel tossed from side to side, sinking under the sail like the broken wings of the sea bird from the shot of the sportsman ; her sides shook with a noise similar to that of a house falling down ; I spent the night on deck with my arm passed round a cable: from the white clouds, which pressed together like a high mountain in the Gulph of Tunis, the lightning flashed, and we heard the sound of distant thunder. Africa appeared to me as I had always represented it to myself, its sides torn by the fires of heaven, and its calcined summits hid beneath the clouds. As we approached, and the Cape of

Byserta and afterwards that of Carthage became visible, seemingly advancing to meet us, all the great images, all the fabulous or heroic names which have resounded on these shores, were recalled to my memory, and reminded me of the poetical and historical dramas of which these places were successively the theatre. Virgil, like all poets who wish to surpass truth, history, and nature, has rather spoiled than embellished the image of Dido. The historical Dido, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her first husband, caused her funereal pile to be erected on the Cape of Carthage, and ascended it, the sublime and voluntary victim of pure love and fidelity even to death! This is more beautiful, more pathetic, more holy, than the cold gallantries which the Roman poet attributes to her, with his ridiculous and pious Eneas, and her amorous despair, in which the reader cannot sympathize.

But the *Anna Soror*, and the magnificent adieu, and the immortal imprecation which follows it, will always cause Virgil to be pardoned.

What relates historically to Carthage is more poetical than its poetry,—the heavenly death and obsequies of St. Louis : blind Belisarius : Marius expiating amongst wild beasts, on the ruins of Carthage—a wild beast himself—the crimes of Rome : the lamentable day in which, like a scorpion surrounded by flames, which pierces itself with its empoisoned sting, Carthage, surrounded by Scipio and Masanissa, set fire itself to its edifices and its riches : the wife of Asdrubal

shut up with her children in the temple of Jupiter reproaching her husband with not having been able to die, and lighting herself the torch destined to consume her and her children, with all that remained of her country, leaving nothing to the Romans but its ashes!—Cato of Utica, the two Scipios, Hannibal, all these great names still rise on the abandoned cape like the columns yet standing of a fallen temple. The eye sees nothing but a naked promontory rising above a serted sea; a few reservoirs, empty, or filled with their own fragments, a few aqueducts in ruins, a few moles ravaged by the waves, and covered by the surge; a barbarous city close by, where even these names are unknown, reminding one of men who live too long and become strangers in their own country. But the past suffices when it shines with such brilliant reminiscences. Perhaps I love the place better alone, isolated in the midst of its ruins, than if prophaned and troubled by the noise and crowd of new generations! It is with ruins as with tombs:—in the midst of the tumult of a great city, and the filth of our streets, they afflict and sadden the eye; they are a stain on all this noisy agitated life;—but in solitude, on the sea shore, on an abandoned cape, on a wild coast, three stones grown yellow by age and broken by the lightning, make us reflect, think, meditate, or weep.

Solitude and death, solitude and the past, which is the death of things, necessarily ally themselves in the human mind. Their accord-

ance is a mysterious harmony. I prefer the naked Promontory of Carthage, the melancholy Cape of Sunium, the barren and infected shore of Pæstum, to place in them the scenes of time past, to the temples, the triumphal arches, the Coliseum of expired Rome, trodden under foot in living Rome, with the indifference of habit and the profanation of oblivion.

20th July, 1832.

At ten o'clock the wind grew milder, we could go upon deck, and sailing at the rate of seven knots an hour were soon opposite the isolated island of Pantelleria, the ancient island of Calypso, still delicious by its African vegetation, and the freshness of its valleys and waters. It is there where the emperors successively exiled those condemned for political offences.

It appeared to us like a black cone rising out of the water, and clothed to two thirds of its height with a white fog cast on it by the wind during the night; no ship can approach it. It has a port only for the little barks which carry thither the exiles of Naples and Sicily, many of whom have languished there ten years, in expiation of precocious dreams of liberty.

Woe to the men who precede their times! Their times crush them.—It is now partly the fate of the impartial and rational politicians of France; France is yet a century and a half behind our ideas. She requires in every thing men of

sect and party—what matters to her, patriotism and reason ! It is hatred, rancour, and alternative persecution, which her ignorance demands ! She will have them, until, wounded by the mortal arms which she is resolved to use, she falls, or casts them from her, to turn to the only hope of all political amelioration—God, his law, and reason his innate law.

21st July, 1832.

The sea, on our awaking after a stormy night, seems to play with the wind of yesterday. The foam covers it still, resembling that on the flanks of a horse fatigued with a long journey or rapid course, or like what he shakes from the bit when he heaves or raises his head impatient for a new career. The waves fly swiftly, irregularly, but light, shallow and transparent. The sea resembles a field of fine oats, waving in the breeze, in a spring morning after a rainy night. We see the Isles of Gozzo and Malta, emerging from the waves under the fog, at the distance of five or six leagues.

23rd July, arrival at Malta.

On the approach to Malta, the low coast rises and displays its form, but the aspect is gloomy and sterile; we soon perceive the fortifications and gulphs formed by the ports ; and a cloud of little barks, each with two rowers, quit these gulphs and hasten to the prow of our vessel. The sea is

heavy, and the wave sometimes precipitates them into the deep furrow which we plough therein; they seem in danger of being engulphed in it; but the wave raises them up, they follow our track, they dance round the brig, and throw out little cords, to tow us into the roads.

The pilots tell us that we must perform a quarantine of ten days, and conduct us to the reserved port under the high fortifications of the city of Valetta. The consul of France, M. Miège, informs the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, of our arrival, who assembles the council of health, and reduces our quarantine to three days.

We have obtained the favor of going into a boat and sailing in the evening on the canals which extend from the quarantine port. It is Sunday—the burning sun of the day sets at the end of a tranquil, narrow creek of the gulph behind the prow of our vessel: the sea is there smooth and shining, of a light leaden colour, or absolutely like a new sheet of block tin. The sky above is tinted with a roseate orange, the colour becoming fainter as the altitude increases, and is farther from the west. In the east it is of a gray and pale blue, and no longer reminds one either of the brilliant azure of the Gulph of Naples, or the black profundity of the firmament above the Alps of Savoy. The tint of the African sky participates of the burning atmosphere and the rough severity of that continent; the reflection of these naked mountains strikes the firmament with dryness and heat, and the inflamed

dust of the deserts of barren sand seems to mingle with the surrounding air, and tarnish the celestial vault above.

Our rowers convey us slowly a few fathoms from the shore. The low, smooth coast, a few inches above the level of the sea, is covered for half a mile with a range of houses which touch each other and seem to approach the waves as near as possible to breathe their freshness and listen to their murmurs. Look at one of these houses, and at the scene which we see repeated on each threshold, on each terrace, on each balcony—in multiplying this scene and this view by five or six hundred similar houses, we shall conceive an exact idea of the landscape—unique to any European who has neither seen Seville, Cordova, nor Grenada. It is an idea which must be graven entirely, and with all its details of manners, to be once recalled amid the sombre and dull uniformity of our cities of the west. These souvenirs retraced in the memory during our days and months of snow, of fogs and rain, are like a luminous track in the sky during a long tempest; a little sun to the eyes, a little love in the heart, a ray of faith or truth in the soul, is the same thing. I cannot live without these three consolations of terrestrial exile. My eyes are of the East, my soul is love, and my mind is that of those who carry in them an instinct of light, an unreflecting evidence of what is not to be proved, but which cannot deceive, and which consoles.

A golden light, mild and serene as that which

beams from the eyes of a young girl, before love has touched her heart, or cast a shade over her eyes—this light expanded equally on the water, on the land, in the heavens, strikes the white and yellow houses, and relieves the designs of the cornices, the sharp angles, the balustrades of the terraces, all the ornaments of the balconies, pure and distinctly against the blue horizon, different from that aërial trembling, that foggy and uncertain outline which our west has made a beauty in the arts, being unable to correct the vice in its climate. This quality of the air, this white and golden yellow of the stone, this vigour of outline, gives to the least edifice of the south a firmness and distinctness which attracts and strikes the eye agreeably—every house has the air not of having been built of stones one by one with cement and sand, but of having been sculptured in the rock and placed on the earth like a block taken from its bosom, and as durable as the soil itself. Two large and elegant pilasters rise at the angles of each façade; they only reach a story and a half. There, an elegant cornice, sculptured in shining stone, crowns them and serves as a base itself to a rich and massive balustrade extending all the length of the top of the house, and superseding those flat, irregular, pointed or grotesque roofs which dishonour our architecture, destroying any harmonious line with the horizon, in those assemblages of ridiculous edifices which we call towns in Germany, England, and France. Between these two large pilasters which advance

a few inches from the wall, three openings only have been designed by the architect: a door and two windows. The door high, wide, and arched, has not its threshold in the street. It opens on an exterior *perron*, which advances from six to eight feet on the quay. This *perron*, surrounded by a balustrade in sculptured stone, serves as an external saloon as well as the entrance to the house. To describe one of these structures, is to describe them all.

One or two men with white jackets and black faces, with an African eye and long pipe in the hand, carelessly lounge on a divan of rushes beside one of the doors; before them, gracefully leaning on the balustrade, three young women in different attitudes, look in silence at our passing boat, or smile to each other at our foreign appearance. A black dress, which only descends to the calf of the leg; a white boddice with large plaited and flowing sleeves; black hair; and on the shoulders and head a short mantle or robe of black silk, covering half the face, one shoulder, and one arm, which keeps it fast—such is their female costume: this mantle, of light stuff, puffed by the breeze, looks like the sail of a skiff filled with the wind, in its capricious folds sometimes hiding, sometimes displaying the mysterious fair it envelopes.

One gracefully raises her head to chat with other young girls in the upper balcony, and throws them pomegranates and oranges; the others converse with young men, having long mustachoes

and thick black hair, in short tight jackets, white pantaloons, and red belts. Seated on the parapet of the *perron*, two young abbés, in black coats, and shoes with silver buckles, chat familiarly, and play with large green fans, while, at the foot of the last steps, a handsome mendicant monk, his feet naked, his forehead pale, bald, and uncovered, his body enveloped in the heavy folds of his brown dress, stands like a statue of beggary, on the threshold of the rich and happy man, and regards with a detached and careless eye this scene of comfort, happiness, and song. On the upper story we see, upon a wide balcony, supported by handsome Caryatides, and sheltered by an Indian viranda, an English family—those happy though phlegmatic conquerors of modern Malta. Then some Moorish nurses, with sparkling eyes and leaden black complexions, folding in their arms the handsome children of Great Britain, whose fair curly hair and complexion of roses and lilies, resists the sun of Calcutta as well as that of Malta or Corfu. To see such children under the black mantles and burning looks of these half African women, one might fancy them beautiful white lambs suspended at the breast of the tigress of the desert.

On the terrace is another scene. The English and Maltese divide it between them: on one side, yonder, are some young girls of the island, holding a guitar under the arm, and playing a few notes of an old national air, wild as the climate; on the other, a young and beautiful Englishwoman, leaning pensively on her elbow, and contem-

plating with indifference the scene which passes before her, while she turns over the pages of the immortal poets of her country.

Add to this *coup d'œil*, Arabian horses mounted by English officers, and galloping with their floating manes on the sand of the quay;—Maltese carriages, a kind of sedan chair on two wheels, to which a Barbary horse is harnessed, which the conductor accompanies on foot at a gallop, his waist bound with a red belt with long fringe, and his head covered by a crimson cap, the point hanging down his back like that of a Spanish muleteer;—the wild cries of naked children, who rush into the sea, and swim under our bark;—the songs of the Greeks and Sicilians at anchor in a neighbouring port, and answering in chorus from one vessel to another;—and the monotonous and imperfect notes of the guitar, forming as it were a gentle humming in the air under these shrill sounds—and you will have an idea of the quay of Empsida on a Sunday evening.

24th July, 1832.

Entered in free *pratique* the port of the city of Valetta; the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, returning from the country to receive us. We had an audience at the palace of the Grand Master at 2 o'clock. Sir Frederick's person presents the emblem of a worthy Englishman. Probity is the great characteristic of these men's features, blended with an air of gravity: such are

the true types of the English gentleman. We admired the palace with its magnificent and charming simplicity, presenting beauty in the mass, and a want of idle decoration both within and without: there are vast saloons—long galleries, fine paintings—a large, easy, and sounding staircase—an armoury 200 feet long, containing arms of all the periods of the history of the order of Malta—and a Library of 40,000 volumes, where we were received by the director, the Abbé Bollanti, a young Maltese ecclesiastic, perfectly similar to the Roman abbés of the old school—with a mild and penetrating eye, a meditating and yet smiling mouth, a forehead pale and marked, language elegant and cadenced, and simple, natural, and pleasing politeness. We chatted a long time, for he is the kind of man fitted for a long, solid, and ample chat. There is in him, as I have found in all the distinguished ecclesiastics I have met with in Italy, something sad, indifferent, and resigned, which belongs to the noble and worthy resignation of decayed power. Educated amongst ruins—on the very ruins of a fallen monument—these men have contracted a melancholy indifference to the present. "How," said I to him, "can a man like you support the intellectual exile and seclusion in which you live in this deserted palace, and amidst the dust of these books?" "It is true," he replied, "I live alone, and I live cheerlessly; the horizon of this isle is very confined; the fame I might acquire by my pen

would not extend very far, and the noise which other men make is scarcely heard here; but my soul views, beyond this, an horizon more free and more vast, where my thoughts love to wander. We have a beautiful sky over our heads, a warm air around us, a vast blue sea under our eyes; these suffice for the life of the senses; as to the life of the mind, it is nowhere more intense than in silence and solitude. This life thus remounts direct to the source from which it emanates—God—without wandering, or being altered by contact with the things or the cares of this world. When St. Paul, carrying the fertile word of Christianity to foreign nations, was shipwrecked at Malta, and remained here three months to sow the grain of mustard-seed, he did not complain of his shipwreck or his exile, which procured for this island an early knowledge of the word and of divine morals. Ought I, then, to complain, who was born on this barren rock, if the Lord confines me here to preserve his Christian truths in the hearts in which so many truths are ready to be extinguished? This life has its poetry," he added; "when I shall have finished my classifications and my catalogues, perhaps I, also, shall add to that poetry of solitude and prayer!" I quitted him with pain, and the desire to see him again.

The church of St. John, the cathedral of the isle, has all the character, all the solidity, which we may expect in such a monument in such a place: it is grand, extensive, and rich. The keys of Rhodes, carried off in their defeat by the

knights, are suspended on the two sides of the altar—symbols of eternal regrets, or of hopes for ever sunk. The dome is superb, and painted entirely by Calabrese,—a work worthy of modern Rome in the golden age of its painters.

One picture alone struck me in the chapel of the election; it is by Michael Angelo Carravaggio, whom the knights of that period invited to the island to paint the dome of St. John. He undertook it, but the violence and irritability of his ungovernable temper got the better of him; he was afraid of a long work, and quitted the island. He left his *chef-d'œuvre* at Malta—the beheading of St. John the Baptist. If our modern painters, who seek the romantic through prescription instead of seeking it in nature, saw this magnificent picture, they would find their pretended invention invented before them. The artist here exhibited fruit as grown on the tree, not as artificially modelled in wax and painted in false colours. There are picturesque attitudes, with energy of style, profound sentiment, truth and dignity united—vigour and contrast, unity and harmony, horror and beauty, are all combined;—such is this picture, one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen in my life; it is the picture which the painters of the present school should study, and here it is to be found! There is nothing new in nature or the arts; all that we do has been done, all that we say has been said, all that we dream of has been dreamt. Every age is the plagiarist of a former age; for all of us, be we what we may, artists or

writers, alike perishable and fugitive, copy in different manners an immutable and eternal model—nature—that image thought one yet diverse of the Creator.

25 July, 1832.

From the summit of the observatory, which overlooks the palace of the Grand Master, is a view embracing the towns, ports, and country of Malta,—a country barren, shapeless, and colourless as the desart. The city resembles the shell of a turtle, erected on the rock—one might fancy it sculptured in the rock itself. At the approach of evening, we had scenes of the terraced roofs, with women seated upon them:—David thus saw Bathsheba. Nothing is more graceful or more attractive than these dark or white figures appearing thus, similar to shadows, in the rays of the moon on the roofs of this multitude of houses—the women are only seen here, at church, or in their balconies. Thus all converse with them is by the eyes, and love a mystery unexplained by words—a drama having its plot and denouement developed without speech; and this silence, these fair apparitions at certain hours, these rencontres in the same places, these intimacies of distance, these mute expressions, form perhaps the highest and most divine language of love, a sentiment above words, and expressing, like music, in its own language, what no other language can express.

These aspects, and these thoughts bring back

youth to the soul; they make us feel afresh that only inexhaustible charm which God has spread on the earth, and regret that the hours of life are so rapid and so chequered. Two sentiments alone suffice for man, were he to live the age of the rocks—love, and the contemplation of the Deity. Love and religion are the two thoughts, or rather the blended thought, of the natives of the South. Content with this, they seek nought else. We pity, but we ought to envy them! What is there in common between our factitious passions, between the tumultuous agitation of our vain thoughts and those, alone true, which occupy the lives of the children of the sun?—religion and love! the one enchanting the present, the other the future! Thus I have always been struck, in spite of contrary prejudices, with the profound and rarely troubled calm of the physiognomies of the South, and with that repose, serenity, and happiness, spread over the habits and countenances of this placid crowd, which breathes, lives, loves, and sings before our eyes; song is the superfluity of happiness, and of an overflowing soul! They sing at Rome, at Naples, at Genoa, at Malta, in Sicily, in Greece, in Ionia,—on the shore, on the waves, on the roofs: we hear continually the slow recitative of the fisherman, the sailor, the shepherd, or the vague humming of the guitar during serene nights. This is happiness, say what you will. They are slaves, say you? what reck they of that? of slavery, or liberty, the misery, or happiness of conventional ideas? Misery or happiness

are much more significant terms to us; what matters it to these peaceable crowds, who inhale the breeze of the sea, or stretch themselves in the warm rays of the sun of Sicily, of Malta, or the Bosphorus, that the law is given to them by a priest, a pacha, or a parliament?—Does this fact change any thing in regard to their relations with nature, the only ones they study? Undoubtedly not: every form of society, free or constrained, resolves itself into a servitude more or less felt; *we* are slaves of the various and capricious laws that we make for ourselves; *they* of the inscrutable law of force that God made for them. All this, so far as happiness or misery is concerned, amounts to the same thing; but not as regards human dignity and the progress of the intelligence and morals of man. Yet, should we not examine farther before we pronounce this latter dictum? Take at random one hundred men from amongst this nation of slaves, and one hundred men from amongst us, who call ourselves free, and weigh them in the balance;—on which side will you find most morality and virtue? I know well, but I shudder to say. They who read this after me, will perhaps suspect me of partiality for despotism, or contempt for liberty; they will be mistaken,—I love liberty as a difficult yet ennobling effort of humanity, as I love virtue for its merit, and not for its recompense; but the question is of abstract good—and as a philosopher I examine and say with Montaigne, "*what do I know?*" The fact is that our political questions, so excellent in our

debating rooms, or in our coffee-houses, or in our clubs, are insignificant when viewed from afar, in the middle of the ocean, or on the summit of the Alps, at the height of philosophical or religious contemplation. These questions only interest a few men, who have bread and time to spare. The crowd should busy itself only with nature, and a good, beautiful, and divine religion. These are the politics suited to the use of masses of men. This principle of life is wanting among us; and hence it is that we stumble and fall again, and again, making no progress. The true breath of life is not in us. We create forms, but the soul does not enter them. Oh, God! give us thy breath, or we perish!

Malta, 28th, 29th, 30th July, 1832.

We have been forced to sojourn at Malta, owing to the indisposition of Julia; but she is at length recovered. We decide on going to Smyrna, and touching at Athens. I will there establish my wife and my child, and go alone across Asia Minor to visit the other parts of the East. We weighed anchor, and were about to leave the port, when a sail arrived from the Archipelago; it announced the taking of several vessels by the Greek pirates, and the massacre of the crews. The French consul, M. Miege, advised us to wait a few days. Captain Lyons, of the English frigate, the Madagascar, offered to escort our brig as far as Nauplia, in the Morea, and even to tow us if the

brig could not sail as fast as the frigate. He accompanied the offer with all those obliging civilities which add to an obligation. We accept it, and depart on Wednesday, the 1st August, at 8 a. m. We are scarcely out to sea, when the captain, whose vessel outsails ours, backs sail and waits for us. He throws out a barrel with a cable fastened to it. We take up the barrel and cable, and follow, like a greyhound in slips, the floating mass, which ploughs the waves, and does not appear to perceive our weight.

I did not know Captain Lyons, who has commanded, for six years, one of the vessels of the English station in the Levant; I was not known to him even by name. I had not met him at Malta, because he was in quarantine; and yet, behold an officer of another nation, of a nation often rival and hostile, who, on the first signal on our part, consents to delay his voyage two or three days, and subject his ship and his crew to a frequently dangerous operation, (towing another vessel,) and hearing, perhaps, the sailors murmur around him at such a condescension for an unknown Frenchman; and all this purely from generosity of soul, and sympathy for the inquietude of a wife and the sufferings of a child. This circumstance exhibits an English officer in all his personal amiability, and man in all the dignity of his character and his mission. I shall never forget either the act or the agent, who sometimes came on board our vessel to enquire if we had every comfort, and to renew to us the

assurance of the pleasure he felt in protecting us; and, in fact, appeared to me one of the most frank and worthy persons I had ever met with. Nothing in him reminded us of the roughness of the sailor; but rather, the firmness of a man accustomed to struggle with the most terrible of the elements, united itself admirably in his manly and handsome features with gentleness of soul, elevation of mind, and grace of disposition.

Although we arrived utter strangers at Malta, we did not see without regret her white walls sink in the distance beneath the waves. Those houses, which we beheld with indifference a few days since, had now a physiognomy and a language for us—we knew those who inhabit them; and benevolent looks followed, from the height of the terraces, the distant sails of our two vessels.

The English are a great moral and political people; but in general they are not a sociable people. Concentrated in the pure and genial haven of their families, when they quit home, it is not pleasure they seek, it is not the desire of communicating their feelings or unfolding their sympathy; it is custom, it is vanity which leads them. Vanity is the soul of all English society. It is that which created the cold, formal, ceremonious manners peculiar to the English; it is that which has formed those classifications of rank, title, dignity, and riches, by which alone men are distinguished there, and which have led them, completely overlooking the man himself, to consider merely his name, dress, and social position.

Are they different in their colonies? I am inclined to think so, after what we experienced at Malta. We had scarcely arrived, when we were invited and received by all the principal persons in this beautiful colony, who gave us the most cordial and disinterested marks of interest and good will. Our stay was one brilliant and continued scene of hospitality. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and Lady Emily Ponsonby, his wife,—a couple formed to represent worthily—the one, the noble simplicity of the English gentleman; the other, the mild and graceful modesty of women of high rank in her country;—the families of Sir Frederick Hankey; Mr. and Mrs. Nugent; Mr. Greig; and Mr. Freire, formerly ambassador in Spain,—all these treated us less as travellers than as friends. We were acquainted with them a week; we shall perhaps never see them again, but shall carry with us a grateful impression of their kind cordiality, which goes to the bottom of the heart. Malta was to us the very abode of hospitality; and something of the chivalrous which was connected therewith reminded us of the ancient possessors of this island and its palaces, at present protected by a nation worthy the high rank it holds in civilization. One may not love the English, but it is impossible not to esteem them.

The government of Malta is one of hard and narrow policy; it is not worthy of the English, who have taught liberty to the world, to have in any of their possessions two classes of men, citizens and freedmen.

Provincial governments and local parliaments in the English colonies, might combine easily with the parliament of the mother country. The germs of liberty and nationality, respected amongst a conquered people, are for the future germs of virtue, strength, and dignity. The English flag ought only to wave over freemen.

1st August, 1832, midnight.

We sailed this morning with a heavy sea, but a perfect calm came on when we were twelve leagues out, and still lasts; not a breath of wind is in the atmosphere save some slight occasional puffs, which tremble in the sails of the two vessels, causing them to produce a sonorous palpitation somewhat like the convulsive flapping of the wings of a bird that is dying. The sea is smooth and polished as the blade of a sabre; not a ripple is on it, but occasionally, violent cylindrical undulations, as from a distance, glide under the vessel, and shake it like an earthquake—all the mass of masts and rigging cracking and trembling as in a high wind. We hardly make any advance. The pieces of orange peel which Julia throws into the sea, float round the vessel; the steersman looks carelessly at the stars, with his hand on the helm, which is not affected in the least. We have let go the towing cable which connected us with the English frigate, because the two vessels, no longer obeying the helm, run the risk of clashing against each other in the dark.

We are now at about five hundred paces from the frigate—the lighted lamps in the large cabins of the officers under the quarter-deck shining through the port-holes. A lantern which might be taken for one of the lights of heaven is hoisted to the top of the mizen-mast as a rallying point for us during the night. While our attention is fixed on this floating pharos, which serves for our guide, agreeable strains of music are heard issuing from the cabins I have described, and reverberate under the cloud of sails as under the sonorous vaults of a church.

A variety of airs succeed each other for several hours, and recall, on this enchanted and sleeping sea, all the sounds that we have heard in the most delicious moments of life. These melodious reminiscences of our cities, our theatres, and our rural airs, call back our thoughts to times that are past, and to beings from whom we are separated by death or time!

To-morrow, perhaps in a few hours, the hurricane may make our masts crack, and the redoubled strokes of the waves on the vessel's side, with signal guns of distress, thunder, the convulsive voice of two elements at war, and of man, struggling against their combined fury, may take the place of this serene and majestic music.

These ideas penetrate into every heart, and a complete silence reigns on board the two vessels. Every one remembers some of those significant notes, graven deeply in the memory, which he has formerly heard in some circumstance, plea-

sant or sad, of the life of his heart, and thinks more tenderly of those he has left behind him.

One trembles at this defiance which a sensible being seems to bid to the tempests. These are moments to be eternally graven in the memory: they contain in a short space more impressions, more tints, more I may say of life, than whole years passed in the prosaic vicissitudes of common existence. The heart is full and overflowing; and it is then that the most common man feels himself a poet in all his fibres; it is then the finite and the infinite enter at every pore; it is then that we desire to pour out from our hearts to God, or to some sympathetic bosom, or even to all men, in the language of the spirit, that which is passing in our own: it is then that one may improvise poetry worthy of earth and heaven. Oh, had we a befitting language! but there is none, especially for us, Frenchmen. No, we have no language for philosophy, love, religion, or poetry! for mathematics we have; but its words are dry, precise, colourless like shadows. Let us go to sleep.

2 o'clock, a. m.

I cannot sleep; I have felt too keenly. I will go on deck, and try to sketch. The moon has disappeared behind the orange-coloured fog, which veils the boundless horizon. It is indeed night—but a night at sea; that is to say, one transparent element which reflects the smallest light of the

firmament, and which seems to retain a luminous impression of the day. The night is not black, it is only pale and pearly, like the colour of a looking-glass when the taper is drawn aside. The air too seems dead, or to sleep on the soft bosom of the liquid plain; not a noise, not a breath; not a sail beats against the yard; not a particle of foam dashes against the side of the vessel, or leaves a trace behind it; the vessel seems to sleep also.

I gazed upon this mute scene of repose, of vacancy, of silence, and serenity. I respired this mild and light air, of which one feels neither heat, freshness, nor weight; and I said to myself, such must be the atmosphere of the land of souls, of the regions of immortality; for in that divine atmosphere all is immutable, voluptuous, and perfect.

The heavens present another aspect. I had forgotten the English frigate; but looking on the opposite side, there it was, at a few cables' distance from us. I turned by chance and my eyes fell on the majestic colossus, immense and motionless, as on a pedestal of polished marble.

The gigantic and black mass of the hull of the vessel rose from its silvery base, and its figure was sketched on the deep blue sky, on the air, and on the sea; not a sign of life issued from this majestic edifice; nothing indicated either to the eye, or ear, that it was animated with so much intelligence, or peopled with so many thinking and acting beings. One might have taken it

for one of those great wrecks of the tempest, floating without a rudder, which the affrighted navigator meets with in the solitudes of the South Seas, and on which there remains not one voice to tell us how it has perished—a funereal register, without name or date, which the sea has suffered to float for a few days, ere it is ingulphed for ever in its abyss.

Above the sombre hull of the vessel its cloud of sails were picturesquely and pyramidically grouped round the masts; rising from stage to stage, from yard-arm to yard-arm, in a thousand singular forms, and rolled in large deep folds like the numerous and high turrets of a gothic castle grouped round the tower: they had neither the motion nor the changing and golden colour of sails seen at a distance floating on the waves during the day: motionless, sombre, and tinted by night with a grey slate colour, one might have taken them for an immense flight of bats or unknown sea birds grouped close together on a gigantic tree, and suspended from its naked trunk by moonlight on a winter's night: the shadow of this cloud of sails descended even to us, and hid from us one half of the horizon. Never did a more colossal or strange vision of the sea appear to Ossian in a dream. All the poetry of the waves was here. The blue line of the horizon blended with that of the heavens; all that reposed above and below had the appearance of one ethereal fluid in which we swam; all this space, without form and without limits, augmented the effect of the gigantic appearance of the frigate

on the waves, and drew soul and eye into the same illusion. It seemed to me that the frigate, the ærial pyramid of its sails, and we ourselves, were all taken up together and carried away like the celestial bodies into the liquid abyss of ether, resting on nothing, and moving by an internal force on the azure void of an universal firmament.

Several similar days and nights passed at sea, with a dead calm, and a sky of fire. The waves roll immense from the Adriatic gulph into the African sea; they are vast cylinders slightly fluted and gilded from morning to evening like the columns of Rome or Pæstum.

I passed whole days on deck and wrote some lines to M. Montherot my brother-in-law.

Friend! more than friend—my heart and soul's own brother,
Whose tearful gaze pursues me o'er the sea;
Piercing the many waves behind me flung
Far through the sky and air, I think of thee.
I think of leisure hours, together past,
Where o'er the brook the willow trees decline
Their trembling shade: there in our pleasant talk
We wandered, mingling oft thy verse with mine.

Ami, plus qu'un ami, frère de sang et d'ame,
Dont l'humide regard me suivit sur la lame;
A travers tant de flots jetés derrière moi,
A travers tant de ciel et d'air, je pense à toi;
Je pense à ces loisirs que nous usions ensemble
Au bord de nos ruisseaux, sous le saule ou le tremble;
A nos pas suspendus, à nos doux entretiens,
Qu'entremêlaient souvent ou tes vers ou les miens;

Thy songs,
Child of the lightning, springing from a smile
Not snatched—all palpitating from thy lyre,
But which from day to day thy careless hand
Leaves to what wind of fancy sweeps thy path;
Like those dew pearls which each aurora weeps,
Which colour all the landscape while awaking.
Gathered, those drops would form a mighty flood,
Which now fall noiseless from the passing steps.
The humble rain in the hot noon exhales,
And breathes its perfume on the drying wind.

New times, new cares! each season has its fruits.
Or ere my mind attained staid reason's prime—
The meek child playing at my mother's knee,
And, child-like, charmed or frighted with a shade,—
I copied other children in their play,
I spoke their language—doing like to them.

Tes vers, fils de l'éclair, tes vers, nés d'un sourire,
Que tu n'arraches pas palpitans de ta lyre,
Mais que, de jour en jour, ta négligente main
Laisse à tout vent d'esprit tomber sur ton chemin,
Comme ces perles d'eau que pleure chaque aurore,
Dont toute la campagne au réveil se colore,
Qui formeraient un fleuve en se réunissant,
Mais qui tombent sans bruit sur le pied du passant,
Dont le soleil du jour repompe l'humble pluie,
Et qu'aspire en parfum le vent qui les essuie!

Autres temps, autres soins; à tout fruit sa saison:
Avant que ma pensée eût l'âge de raison,
Quand j'étais l'humble enfant qui joue avec sa mère,
Qu'on charme ou qu'on effraie avec une chimère,
J'imitais les enfans mes égaux, dans leurs jeux,
Je parlais leur langage et je faisais comme eux!

I wandered in the early month of buds,
When the bark moistens with the swelling sap,
Towards the torrent by our hamlet's side;
From the drooped willow cut I the fresh bough,
And warmed with gentle breath the tender sap,
Then from the wood I pulled th'unbroken bark;
I blew within—and soon beneath my touch
A soft and plaining note sighed through the shade.
This sound, whose measure was untaught by art,
Was but an empty noise, a murmur vague,
Like the soft voices of the wave and air.
We love the sound—and meaning ask we none,
The prelude of the early wakened soul
Which sings or ere it sings, weeps ere it weeps.

Such time is now no more—my noon is gained—
I have endured—the mind within has grown.

J'allais, aux premiers mois où le bourgeon s'élève,
Où l'écorce du bois semble suer la sève,
Vers le torrent qui coule au pied de mon hameau,
Des saules inclinés couper le frais rameau;
Réchauffant de l'haleine une sève encor tendre,
Je détachais du bois l'écorce sans la fendre,
Je l'animais d'un souffle, et bientôt sous mes doigts
Un son plaintif et doux s'exhalait dans le bois;
Ce son, dont aucun art ne réglait la mesure,
N'était rien qu'un bruit vide, un vague et doux murmure,
Semblable aux voix de l'onde, et des airs frémissans,
Dont on aime le bruit, sans y chercher de sens;
Prélude d'un esprit éveillé de bonne heure,
Qui chante avant qu'il chante et pleure avant qu'il pleure!

Mais ce n'est plus le temps; je touche à mon midi!
J'ai souffert, et dans moi mon esprit a grandi;

Those fragile reeds, my childhood's early toys,
Could not contain the breath which chokes me now.
There is no language, and no mortal rhyme,
And no war clarion, and no altar's harp,
That would not break beneath my spirit's swell.
All weaken at its shock, melt in its flame!
For the resounding music it would breathe,
It has long since renounced all words below;
Their fragile symbols would be scattered wide,
Their thunders would be shattered in the sound;
Then would the children shake their head and say—
"Let him speak lower, Lord! or else we die."

It speaks to them no more, it speaks within
In voiceless language—in that Word supreme,
Never yet written by the hand of flesh;
But spirit speaks to spirit, soul to soul.

Losing the habit of the human tongue,
Alone, it comforts thus, its solitude.

Ces fragiles roseaux, jouets de ma jeunesse,
Ne sauraient contenir le souffle qui m'oppresse:
Il n'est point de langage ou de rhythme mortel,
Ou de clairon de guerre ou de harpe d'autel,
Que ne brisât cent fois le souffle de mon ame;
Tout faiblit à son choc et tout fond à sa flamme!
Il a, pour exhaler ses accords éclatans,
Aux verbes d'ici-bas renoncé dès long-temps;
Il ferait éclater leurs fragiles symboles,
Il entrechoquerait des foudres de paroles,
Et les enfans diraient, en secouant leur front:
"Qu'il nous parle plus bas, Seigneur! ou nous mourrons!"

Il ne leur parle plus; il se parle à lui-même,
Dans la langue sans mots, dans le verbe suprême,
Qu'aucune main de chair n'aura jamais écrit,
Que l'ame parle à l'ame et l'esprit à l'esprit!

Within me, moaning one perpetual moan
Like the incessant murmur of the sea,
It makes my veins within my temples beat
With a fierce sound like the storm sweeping by;
It stirs within me like a flood at night,
Whose every wave repeats the sound it brings;
Or like the thunder-bolt amid the hills,
Whose thousand echoes fill the country round;
Or like the iron voice of winter winds
Which fall as Lebanon's vast weight would fall
On the vexed sea; or like those fearful shocks
When the Cape scatters the fierce waves in foam;—
Such are the voices, such the only notes
That might essay to sing what now I feel.

From me expect no more the verse, where thought
Glances in grace, as from the sounding bow,

Des langages humains perdant toute habitude,
Seul, il console ainsi sa morne solitude!
Au dedans de moi-même il gronde incessamment,
Comme une mer de bruit toujours en mouvement;
Il fait battre à grands coups mes tempes dans ma tête,
Avec le son perçant du vol de la tempête;
Il retentit en moi comme un torrent de nuit,
Dont chaque flot emporte et rapporte le bruit,
Comme le contre-coup des foudres de montagnes,
Que mille échos tonnans répètent aux campagnes;
Comme la voix d'airain de ces lourds vents d'hiver,
Qui tombent comme un poids du Liban sur la mer,
Ou comme ces grands chocs, quand sur un cap qui fume
Elle monte en colline et retombe en écume;
Voilà les seules voix, voilà les seuls accens
Qui peuvent aujourd'hui chanter ce que je sens!

N'attends donc plus de moi ces vers où la pensée,
Comme d'un arc sonore avec grâce élancée,

When two words vibrating in unison
Complacent dance to the caprice of sound.
Now verse in its cold echo shocks my ear.
If memory wakens in me time long past—
If on the silent desert of the sea
My face turns towards ye—smiling as it turns—
Or, thinking on the friends who watch this dawn,
My soul with their's desires to mingle, still
'Tis by another voice my softened heart
Yields them, and asks, one recollection dear.
Prayer! mighty accent—language wing'd—supreme—
Which in a single sigh blends all of love,
Which makes a thousand loved ones scattered far
Seen by the heart, and present before God.
Making among them, by fair virtue's boon,
The viewless interchange of heaven's best gifts,
One general speech, which swells unto the sky,
And rises higher to be better heard.

Et sur deux mots pareils vibrant à l'unisson,
Dansent complaisamment aux caprices du son!
Ce froid écho des vers répugne à mon oreille,
Et si du temps passé le souvenir m'éveille,
Si du désert muet du *limpide* Orient
Mon visage vers vous se tourne *en souriant*;
Si, pensant aux amis qui verront cette aurore,
Mon ame avec la leur veut se confondre encore;
C'est par une autre voix que mon cœur attendri
Leur jette et leur demande un souvenir chéri.
La prière! accent fort, langue ailée et suprême,
Qui dans un seul soupir confond tout ce qui s'aime,
Rend visibles au cœur, rend présens devant Dieu
Mille êtres adorés, dispersés en tout lieu;
Fait entre eux, par les biens que la vertu nous verse,
Des plus chers dons du ciel l'invisible commerce,

Incense unquenchable, which doth perfume
Him who receives and him who lights the flame.

'Tis thus my heart communicates with thine—
To me all earthly words are nothing now!
And wherefore I despise them wouldst thou know?
Follow my sail which flies before the breeze,
And seek this scene from which a world has past.
The desert blossoms o'er an empire fled.
Upon the tombs—of God—of hero—sage—
Watch thou three landscapes, through three live-long nights.

I have but only left the land, whose sound
Over the waters follows you afar;
Europe, where all things struggle, crumble, crash,
Where every hour expects some fragment's fall.

Langage universel jusqu'au ciel répandu,
Qui s'élève plus haut pour mieux être entendu,
Inextinguible encens qui brûle et qui parfume
Celui qui le reçoit et celui qui l'allume!

C'est ainsi que mon cœur se communique à toi :
Tous les mots d'ici-bas sont néant devant moi ;
Et si tu veux savoir pourquoi je les méprise,
Suis ma voile qui s'enfle et qui fuit sous la brise,
Et viens sur cette scène où le monde a passé,
Où le désert fleurit sur l'empire effacé,
Sur les tombeaux des Dieux, des héros et des sages,
Assister à trois nuits et voir trois paysages !

Je venais de quitter la terre dont le bruit
Loin, bien loin sur les flots vous tourmente et vous suit,
Cette Europe où tout croule, où tout craque, où tout lutte,
Où de quelques débris chaque heure attend la chute,

Two spirits in eternal combat there,
Shiver to atoms temples, thrones, and laws,
And make, while levelling their consuming soil,
Place for God's spirit though they see it not!

My vessel, led by th' invisible hand,
Glides dashing the white foam around its way;
Twelve times the sun, like to a sleeping God,
Has toward him rolled the horizon for a couch,
And has arisen, bounding through the air,
A fiery eagle, o'er the sea's bright crest.
My masts are sleeping 'neath the gathered sail,
My anchor bites the sand—'tis Athens won.

It is the hour when this once restless town—
Mute, but brief while, beneath the hand of night,
And waking now 'mid glory, now 'mid shame—
Rolled its live billows like a rising sea,
Each wind urged on to some ambitious end;

Où deux esprits divers, dans d'éternels combats,
Se lancent temple et lois, trône et mœurs en éclats,
Et font, en nivelant le sol qui les dévore,
Place à l'esprit de Dieu qu'ils ne voient pas encore!

Mon navire, poussé par l'invisible main,
Glissait en soulevant l'écume du chemin;
Douze fois le soleil, comme un dieu qui se couche,
Avait roulé sur lui l'horizon de sa couche,
Et s'était relevé bondissant dans les airs,
Comme un aigle de feu, de la crête des mers;
Mes mâts dorment, pliant l'aile sous les antennes,
Mon ancre mord le sable, et je suis dans Athènes!

Il est l'heure où jadis cette ville de bruit,
Muette un peu de temps sous le doigt de la nuit,
S'éveillant tour à tour dans la gloire ou la honte
Roulait ses flots vivans comme une mer qui monte,

Some unto factious power and some to good,
The Forum, Pericles—and to the shore
Themistocles. The hero sought for arms,
The sage, the portico—and exile found
Just Aristides—and death, Socrates!
The people unto chance—crime to remorse.
A turban'd soldier guards the Parthenon—
I see the day-break—walk and gaze around.

From high Cythéron comes the light, and day
Outlines the shade of hundred summits bald,
Adown—to fields by the Ilyssean sea—
And nought reflects, nor coloureth that day.
No city kindles fiery, off afar,
No smoke winds floating on the breath of morn,
No hamlets gather on the mountain side;
The light that passes o'er the desolate soil,
Sinks down on earth, and rises not again;

Chaque vent les poussait à leurs ambitions,
Les uns à la vertu, d'autres aux factions,
Périclès au forum, Thémistocle aux rivages,
Aux armes les héros, au portique les sages,
Aristide à l'exil et Socrate à la mort,
Et le peuple au hasard et du crime au remord!
Au pied du Parthénon qu'un homme en turban garde
J'entends venir le jour, je marche et je regarde.

Du haut du Cythéron le rayon part: le jour
De cent chauves sommets va frapper le contour,
De leurs flancs à leurs pieds, des champs aux mers d'Illysse,
Sans que rien le colore et rien le réfléchisse,
Ni cités éclatant de feu dans le lointain,
Ni fumée ondoyante au souffle du matin,
Ni hameaux suspendus au penchant des montagnes,
La lumière en passant sur ce sol du trépas,
Y tombe morte à terre et n'en rejaillit pas;

But on my brow the morning's highest ray
Down glances from the gilded Parthenon,
Then sadly sinks from darkened pinnacle,
Where, with his pipe, the janissary sleeps,
Then goes, as mourning o'er the cornice riven,
And dies where Theseus' temple ruined stands.
Two sunbeams o'er two fragments play, and these
Are all that shine and say, 'tis Athens here!

6th August, 1832—at sea.

On the 6th inst., at noon, we perceived, under the white clouds of the horizon, the variegated summits of the Greek mountains. The sky was pale and grey, as on the banks of the Thames or the Seine, in the month of October. In the west, a storm tears the black curtain of the fogs which drag along the surface of the sea; the thunder rolls, the lightnings flash, and a strong breeze from the south-east brings us the coolness and humidity of our rainy autumnal winds.

The storm has driven us out of our course, and we find ourselves near the coast of Navarino. We perceive two little islands, which appear to close the entrance of the port, and a fine double-clifted mountain, which crowns Navarino. It was

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Seulement le rayon le plus haut de l'aurore
Effleure sur mon front le Parthénon qu'il dore,
Puis glissant à regret sur ses créneaux noircis
Où dort, la pipe en main, le janissaire assis,
Va, comme pour pleurer la corniche brisée,
Mourir sur le fronton du temple de Thésée!
Deux beaux rayons jouant sur deux débris: voilà
Tout ce qui brille encore et dit: Athène est là!

there that the cannon of Europe cried recently to resuscitated Greece, but Greece has ill responded to the cry. Freed from the Turkish yoke by the heroism of her children, and by the assistance of Europe, she is at present a prey to internal ravages. She has shed the blood of Capo d'Istrias, who had devoted his life to her cause. The assassination of one of her first citizens commences badly an era of regeneration and virtue. It is painful that the idea of a great crime should be one of the first which strikes us at the sight of this country, whither we come to seek for images of patriotism and glory.

As the vessel approached the Gulph of Madon, the shores of the Peloponnesus became more clearly apparent. They seemed to rise from out the floating fog enveloping them. These shores, of which travellers have spoken with contempt, seem to me, on the contrary, to have been beautifully sketched by nature. The great masses of mountains, and graceful undulation of lines, rivet my attention. The scene is vacant, but full of the past; and memory peoples everything. This black group of hills, of capes, and of valleys, of which the eye embraces the whole from hence, like a little isle of the ocean scarce found on the map, has produced more glory, more eclat, more virtues, and more crimes, than whole continents. This heap of plains and mountains, from whence sprang almost at once Miltiades, Leonidas, Thrasybulus, Epaminondas, Demosthenes, Alcibiades, Pericles, Plato, Aristides, Socrates, Phidias, etc.;

this land, which devoured two millions of men of the army of Xerxes—which sent colonies to Byzantium, to Asia, and Africa—which created or revived the intellectual and manual arts, and carried them, in a century and a half, to that point of perfection of which it has become the type hitherto never surpassed; this land, whose history is our history—whose Olympus is still the heaven of our imagination; this land, from whence philosophy and poetry took their flight to the rest of the globe, and to which they return without ceasing, like children to their mother: behold it! Each wave bears me nearer to it. I touch its soil. Its appearance affects me profoundly; much less, however, than it would have done if all these recollections were not accompanied by the consciousness that instruction was forced on me to satiety and disgust before I could comprehend it. Greece is for me like a book of which the beauties are tarnished, because I was compelled to read before I could understand it.

The disenchantment is not, however, complete; there is still an echo to all these great names in my heart—something gentle, perfumed, and holy, rises with these scenes within my soul. I thank God for having permitted me to see, on my passage on earth, this nation of "*creators of great things*," as Epaminondas called his country.

In my youth, I wished to do what I am now doing—to see what I am now seeing. A desire satisfied is happiness. I feel, at the sight of these places, the object of so many waking dreams,

what I have felt throughout my life, in possessing anything I have ardently desired, a calm and contemplative pleasure which fills the mind—a repose of the heart, which seemingly exclaims: "Let us halt here, and enjoy ourselves;" but at the bottom, this happiness of the mind and imagination is very cold. It is not the happiness of the soul:—that is only to be found in human or divine love, but always in love.

Same date—evening.

We are sailing delightfully with a fair wind, which carries us between Cape Matapan and the Isle of Cerigo.

A Greek pirate approaches us, while the frigate gives chase, at a few leagues distance, to a suspicious sail. The Greek brig is only at a cable's length from us. We all go upon deck, and prepare for combat. The cannon is charged, and the deck strewed with guns and pistols. The captain hails the Greek brig and commands her to retire. They, seeing twenty-five men, well armed, on deck, do not choose to risk to board us. They therefore obey the captain's requisition, but return again and almost touch our vessel. We are going to fire. They make sundry excuses, and remain nearly a quarter of an hour within pistol shot; they pretend that their's is, like our own, a merchant vessel, returning to the Archipelago. I look at the crew, and never did I see crime, murder, and pillage, written in such hideous characters as

on the countenances of these men. There are from fifteen to twenty banditti—some in the Albanian costume, others in ragged European dresses—seated, lying on deck, or working the vessel. They are all armed with pistols and poniards, the handles of which are of chased silver. There is a fire on deck, and two old women cooking some fish. A young girl of fifteen or sixteen appears from time to time amongst these wretches — looking like a celestial figure amongst infernal monsters. One of the old women forces her several times to go below deck; she goes down weeping. A dispute seems to arise on this subject between some of the crew, and the poniards of two are already raised and brandished. The captain, who was coolly smoking his pipe, and leaning on the helm, rushes between them, and knocks one of them down on deck. The quarrel is made up, and the young Greek girl comes again on deck; she wipes her eyes with the long tresses of her hair, and sits down at the foot of the mainmast. One of the old women kneels behind her, and combs the long hair of the young girl. The wind freshens, the Greek pirate tacks in an instant, all sail is set, and she soon appears only like a white point in the horizon.

We lie back to wait for the frigate, which has made a signal to us, and in a few hours joins us. The Greek pirate that it pursued has escaped. It entered one of the inaccessible creeks of the coast, where they always take refuge on such occasions.

Same day, eleven o'clock.

Whenever a strong impression affects me, I feel the necessity of saying or writing to some one what I feel, in order to find a joy that shall respond to my joy, an echo of what has struck me. A sentiment isolated is not complete; man was created for sympathy.

Alas! when I now look around me, what a vacancy is there aleady! Julia and Marianne (Madame de Lamartine) fill all by themselves alone; but Julia is yet so young, that I can say nothing to her but what suits her years. The future is all; it will soon be the present for us;—but the past, where is it already?

The person who would have best shared and comprehended my happiness at this moment was my mother. In all that happens to me of joy or sorrow, my thoughts involuntarily turn towards her. I think I see her, hear her, talk to her, write to her. A person on whom we dwell so much, is not absent; that which lives so completely, so powerfully within ourselves, is not dead to us. I commune with my mother, as during her life I was wont to communicate all my impressions, which became so soon and so entirely her own, and grew warmer, higher coloured, and more beautiful in her imagination, which was always the imagination of youthful sixteen. I seek her in idea, in the tranquil and pious solitude of Milly, where she brought us up, and where

she thought of me during the vicissitudes of my youth, which separated us. I see her waiting for receiving, reading, commenting on, my letters, more intoxicated than myself with my impressions. Vain thought! she is no longer there—she inhabits a world of realities; our fugitive dreams are no longer anything to her; but her spirit is with me, it visits me, it follows me, it protects me; my conversation is with her in the regions of eternity.

I lost, before I arrived at the age of maturity, the greater part of the beings whom I most loved, and who loved me most here below. My affections are now concentrated;—my heart has no longer other hearts to take refuge in, my memory has scarce anything but tombs to repose upon on earth. I exist more with the dead than with the living; and were the Almighty to strike yet two or three more of those who surround me, I feel that I should be entirely detached from myself;—for I should no longer contemplate myself, I should no longer love myself in others, and it is there only that it is possible for me to love myself.

When very young, I loved myself in myself: infancy is egotistic. It was very well then, at the age of sixteen or eighteen, when I did not yet know myself, and knew still less of life; but now I have lived too long, learnt too much to hold to that form of being that centres wholly in self. Great God! what is man! What a folly to attach the least importance to what I feel, to what I

think, to what I write! What place do I occupy amongst subluhary things? what void shall I leave in the world?—A vacancy for a few days in one or two hearts; a place in the sunshine! My dog will seek me; and some trees that I loved will be surprised to see me return no more under their shade;—that is all! and all that too will pass in its turn. We may begin to feel the inanity of existence, on that day when we are no longer of use to any person, on that hour when we are no longer loved. The only reality here below, and I have always felt it, is love—love under all its forms.

7 August, six p. m.

The elevated coasts of Laconia are yonder, at the distance of a few gunshots from us. We sail along them, and they appear to glide majestically before us. Leaning over the quarter-rails, I fix my attention, in order to recollect them, on the forms of the classic mountains of Greece, which unfold themselves, like waves of stone and earth, rising, sinking, and grouping themselves before me, like the clouds of the country of his soul before the mind of Ossian. I pass one or two hours in silence, making this review of the hills, and recalling the sonorous names of this dead country. The mounts of Chromius, from whence the Eurotas derives its source, launch into the air their rounded summits: the globe of the sun descends on them, and strikes them like domes of

gilded copper. He inflames around him his bed of clouds; these summits appear as transparent as the air itself, which envelopes them, and from which one can scarcely distinguish them. One might fancy that one saw through them the light of another sun already set, or the immense reflection of a distant fire.

One of these mountains presents to the eye the figure of a crescent reversed; it seems to hollow itself out by degrees, to open an aërial channel for the orb of day, which rolls therein in the golden dust of ascending vapours. The nearer crests, which the sun has already passed, are tinged with a purple violet, or pale lilac; they swim in an atmosphere as rich as the pallet of a painter; still nearer to us, other hills already covered with the shade of evening seem clothed with black forests; while those in the actual foreground, which we almost touch, and whose mists cover their sides, are plunged in night; the eye can only distinguish about them some of the creeks wherein the numerous Greek pirates of these coasts take refuge, and certain advanced promontories which bear, like Napoli de Malvoisée, cities and fortresses on their steep summits. These mountains, seen thus from the deck of a ship, at the hour in which night invests them with its thousand illusions of colour, are perhaps the most beautiful terrestrial forms that my eyes have yet contemplated. The vessel, too, floats gently, inclining like a moveable balcony over the sea, which murmurs as it caresses her

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keel; the air is warm, and perfumed, and the sails yield pleasant sounds at each puff of the evening breeze! Nearly all that I love is here, tranquil, happy, and in safety, sharing my enjoyment with me; Julia and her mother are near me, leaning on the shrouds. The countenance of the child brightens at every fresh object, and at all the names and historical facts which her mother relates to her by degrees; her eyes float with ours over all these scenes of the wonderful dramas with which she is already acquainted. There is genius in her glance; and one may perceive it in the profound, lively, warm, and rapid thoughts of her soul nurtured into life under the ardent and affectionate care of her mother. She seems to enjoy herself as much as we do, and especially because she sees us interested and happy;—for the soul of this infant lives in ours—a tear starts in her eye if she sees me sad or thoughtful; her features are indeed a simultaneous reflection of mine, and each of our pleasures kindles a reciprocal smile upon her lips.

I have long since seen, and examined on all sides, the Roman and Sabine mountains, which are, however, surpassed by these in variety of grouping, in majesty of form, and dazzling splendour of hue: their lines are infinite, it would require a volume to describe what a picture could shew at a single glance; but to be seen in all their imaginative beauty, they must be beheld at the close of day; we can then fancy them clothed, as in their youth, with forests and green

pasturage, with rustic cottages, with flocks and shepherds. These shadows clothe them—and thus, the history of the men who have rendered them illustrious, requires the clouds of the past and the illusions of distance to attach and to seduce our thoughts. Nothing should be seen here in the broad glare of sunshine—the light of the present. In this sad world, there is nothing completely beautiful, but what is ideal. Illusion, in all things, is an element of the beautiful, excepting in virtue and love.

Same date, 8 p. m.

The wind has freshened, and we are sailing on a beautiful sea, before the mouths of several gulphs. We approach Cape St. Angelo, the ancient Cape Malia; and shall soon arrive there.

8 August, morning.

The wind has fallen; we have passed the night, without making way, at a short distance from Cape Malia.

Same date, noon.

The breeze is gentle, and has carried us to the cape. The frigate which tows us, ploughs before us a smooth and murmuring route; we fly in its trace, through flakes of foam which its keel forms and throws behind. Captain Lyons, who knows these latitudes, wishes to enable us to enjoy a

view of the cape and the coast in passing at not more than a hundred fathoms from shore.

At the extremity of Cape St. Angelo, or Malia, which advances far into the sea, commences the narrow passage, which timid navigators avoid in leaving the isle of Cerigo on their left. This cape is one of tempests to the Greek mariners. The pirates alone brave it, because they know the others dare not follow them. The wind blows from this cape with so much force and violence that it often carries stones from the mountains as far as the decks of vessels.

On the steep and inaccessible sides of the rock which forms the point of the cape—a point sharpened by storms and the surge,—chance has suspended three blocks, detached from the summit, and arrested midway in their descent. They hang, like nests of sea birds, over the foaming abyss. A little red earth, stopped also in its fall by these three rocks of unequal size, has enabled five or six stunted fig trees to take root there, where they hang with their crooked branches and their large grey leaves, over the roaring gulph that whirls at their feet. The eye can discern no path, no practicable way by which a person may reach this tuft of vegetation; yet we can perceive a little low house beneath the fig trees, grey and sombre as the rock it stands on, and from which, at first sight, it can scarcely be distinguished; above the flat roof of the house is a little open ogive, like those above the gates of convents in Italy, and a bell is suspended in it;

on the right we observe the foundations, in red brick, of antique ruins, in which are three open arcades; these lead to a little terrace before the house. An eagle would have been afraid to build his nest in such a spot, with scarce the trunk of a tree or bush to shelter it from the wind which never ceases to blow, and the eternal noise of the sea, which continually washes and breaks the polished rock, beneath a burning sun. However, a man has done that which the eagle would scarcely have dared to do. He has chosen his asylum here, here he abides; we can see him: he is an hermit. We double the cape so closely inland, that we can distinguish his long white beard, his staff, his chaplet, his cowl of brown felt, like those of the sailors in winter. He kneels, as we pass, with his face turned towards the sea, as if he were imploring heaven for the unknown strangers in this perilous passage. The wind which escapes from Laconia began, as soon as we had doubled the rock of the cape, to resound in our sails, and make the two vessels stagger and turn, covering the sea with foam as far as the eye could reach. A new sea opened before us. The hermit mounted, to follow us with his eyes as far as he could, on the summit of one of the three rocks, and again we saw him there, on his knees and motionless, as long as we were in sight of the cape.

Who is this man? He must have nerves of iron to have chosen this frightful spot; it requires a heart and senses thirsting after strong and un-

dying emotions, to live in this vulture's nest, alone, with a boundless horizon, the storms, and the roaring of the sea. His only spectacle is, from time to time, a passing vessel, and he hears only the creaking of the masts, the tearing of the sails, guns of distress, and the clamours of the sailors on the eve of perishing!

Those three fig trees, this little inaccessible field, this spectacle of the convulsive struggle of the elements! Such rough severe impressions, revolving in the soul, formed one of the dreams of my infancy and my youth. By an instinct, which knowledge of mankind afterwards confirmed, I have never placed happiness but in solitude, and then I placed love also there; I would now place in it, God, love, and thought;—this desert, suspended between heaven and earth, shaken by the incessant shocks of winds and waves, would still be one of the charms of my heart. It presents the attitude of the bird of the mountains, touching with its foot the pointed summit of the rock, and beating its wings to take its flight still higher in the regions of light. There is no well-organised man who would not become, in such a place of sojourn, either a saint, or a great poet, or perhaps both. But what a violent shock must I not have received in my life, to feel such thoughts and such desires, and to imagine other men feeling them. God alone knows it. At any rate, it must be a man of no common stamp who could so far value the spirit of seclusion as to attach himself, like the convolvulus, to rugged rocks hanging over

the abyss, witnessing nothing all his life but the tumult of the elements, and hearing nothing but the dreadful harmony of the tempest. Alone with his soul, before nature and his God!

Same date.

At a few leagues from the cape, the sea becomes more beautiful. Light Greek boats, without decks, and covered with sails, pass us into the profound valley of the waves. They are filled with women and children, who are going to sell baskets of melons and grapes at Hydra; and the least breath of wind makes them incline so as to wet the sails in the sea. They have nothing to defend them from the waves but a stretched cloth, which rises to a few feet on that side exposed to the water. These boats are frequently concealed from us by the waves and the foam, but mount again like floating corks. What a life! yet it is that of nearly all the Greeks; their element is the sea; they play in it, as the children of our hamlets play in the baths and on the mountains. The destiny of the country is written by nature—it is the sea!

Same date.

We are now in sight of the distant mountains of Crete, rising on our right; and can see Ida covered with snow, which appears from hence like the topsails of a vessel on the main.

We enter into a vast gulph, which is that of

Argos; the wind is in the stern, and impels us with extreme rapidity—the rocks, the mountains, the islands of both coasts, flying like sombre shadows before us. Night falls, and we perceive already the extremity of the gulph, though it is ten leagues long: the masts of three squadrons at anchor before Nauplia, appear like a forest in winter, relieved against the back-ground of the sky and the plain of Argos. It soon becomes totally dark; fires are lighted on the sides of the mountains and in the woods where the Greek shepherds tend their flocks; the vessels fire their evening guns; we see in succession the lights shining out of the port-holes of sixty ships at anchor, like the streets of a great city illumined by lamps. Having entered this labyrinth of ships, we cast anchor at night near a little fort which protects the roads of Nauplia in front of the town, and under the shade of the castle of Palamide.

I rose with the sun, to view, as near as possible, the Gulph of Argos—Argos itself, and Nauplia, the present capital of Greece. Deception is here complete. Nauplia is a miserable village built on the borders of a deep, narrow gulph, on a margin of earth fallen from the high mountains which cover all the coast. The houses have nothing peculiar about them, but are built in the common form of the lowest habitations of the villages of France and Savoy. The greater part of them are in ruins; and the masses of walls thrown down by cannon during the late war, are still lying in the

middle of the streets. Two or three new houses painted in coarse colours, rise on the quay, and a few coffee-houses and shops are built upon piles in the sea; these coffee-houses, and the balconies on the water are now covered with two or three hundred guests in their Sunday clothes, but extremely dirty. They are either sitting, or lying on planks or on the sand, and certainly form very picturesque groups; their physiognomies are handsome, but sad and ferocious; the load of indolence weighing heavily on all their attitudes. The indolence of the Neapolitans is mild, serene, and gay—the carelessness of happiness; while that of the Greeks is heavy, morose and sombre; it is a vice which punishes itself. We turn our eyes from Nauplia to admire the fine fortress of Palamide, which extends along the mountain commanding the town; the turreted walls resemble those of a natural rock.

But where is Argos?—A vast, barren, naked plain, intersected with marshes, extends in a circular form at the bottom of the gulph; it is bounded on every side by chains of grey mountains. At the end of the plain, about two leagues inland, we perceive a mound with some fortified walls on its summit, and which protects by its shade, a small town in ruins.—This is Argos! Close by is the tomb of Agamemnon—but what are Agamemnon and his empire to me? These old histories and politics have lost the interest of youth and truth. I prefer a tree, a spring under the rock, a rose laurel on the banks of the

river, under the fallen arch of a bridge covered with convolvulus, to the monuments of one of these classic kingdoms, which suggest nothing to my mind, but the *ennui* they gave me in my childhood.

10th August.

We have passed two days at Nauplia. Julia's health gives me great uneasiness. I shall wait a few days longer to give her the chance of complete recovery. We are on shore, in the room of a bad inn opposite the barracks of the Greek troops. The soldiers lie stretched all day under the shade of ruined walls in the middle of the streets and other places of the town. Their costumes are rich and picturesque, but their features bear the imprint of poverty, despair, and all those ferocious passions which civil war lights and foments in these savage breasts. Anarchy the most complete reigns at this moment in the Morea. Every day one faction triumphs over another, and we hear the firing of the musketry of the Kleftes, the Colocotronis, etc., who are fighting, on the other side of the gulph, against the troops of the government. We learn from every courier who descends the mountains, the burning of a town, the pillage of a plain, the massacre of a population by one of these parties which are ravagers of their own country; one cannot go out of the gates of Nauplia without running the risk of being fired at. Prince Karadja has had the

goodness to offer me an escort of his palikars to go and visit the tomb of Agamemnon; and General Corbet, who commands the French troops, has offered to add a detachment of his soldiers. I have refused: I will not, from a feeling of vain curiosity, risk the lives of several men; I should reproach myself with it eternally.

12th August, 1832.

I attended this morning at a sitting of the Greek parliament. The parliament house is a wooden shed, the walls and the roof being of badly joined fir planks or boards. The deputies are seated on raised forms or benches; the floor is covered with sand; and they speak from their places. We sat down to see them arrive, on a stone at the entrance of the shed. They came successively on horseback, each accompanied by an escort more or less numerous, according to the rank of the chief. The deputy having dismounted, his palikars, with their glittering arms, go and form a group at a little distance in the plain, which presents the image of an encampment or a caravan.

The attitude of the deputies is martial and haughty; they speak without confusion and without hesitation, in a tone of voice which displays feeling, but is at the same time firm, measured, and harmonious. We see no longer those ferocious figures repulsive to the eye, which are encountered in the streets of Nauplia; but the chiefs of an heroic people, who still hold in their hands

the gun or sabre with which they have been combating for their deliverance, and who consult together on the means of securing the triumph of their liberty. Their parliament is a council of war.

One can conceive nothing more simple, and at the same time more imposing, than this spectacle of an armed nation, deliberating thus amid the ruins of their country, under a roof of boards raised in the open air; while the soldiers polish their arms at the very door of the senate-house, and the horses neigh, impatient to resume the path of the mountains. Some of the heads of the deputies are admirable for a display of beauty, intelligence, and heroism. These men are from the mountains: the Greek merchants of the isles are easily distinguished by their features (which are more effeminate), and the impress of deceit, which is legible on their countenances. The spirit of trade, and the indolence of their habits, have indeed effaced all traits of nobleness or force, and stamped instead, those of fraud and vulgar cunning.

13 August, 1832.

A charming party was given on board ship by Admiral Hotham, who commands the English station in the roads of Nauplia. He invited us to visit his ship, a three-decker, named the St. Vincent; and to amuse us, ordered a naval sham fight. To see a vessel with a crew of 1600 men,

thus go through their warlike manœuvres, presented a chef-d'œuvre of human intelligence.

The admiral appeared to be an excellent man, whose countenance and manners exhibit a rare mixture of the nobleness of the old warrior, and the gentle kindness of the philosopher; nor are these characteristics uncommon to the handsome physiognomies of the English aristocracy. He offered us one of the ships of war to escort us as far as Smyrna. I declined, requesting that favor from Admiral Hugon, commanding the French squadron. He has given us the brig *le Génie* commanded by Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, but he will only escort us as far as Rhodes.

I dined with M. Rouen, the French minister in Greece. I was myself to have occupied this post under the Restoration. He congratulated me in not having obtained it. M. Rouen, who passed at Nauplia the worst period of Greek anarchy, longs to be replaced. He consoles himself for the severity of his exile in civilities to his countrymen, and in representing with perfect grace and cordiality the high influence of France in a country which we must love, as regards both the past and the future.

15 August, 1832.

I can write nothing: my soul is withered and sad as the dismal country which surrounds me: naked rocks, red or black earth, dusty creeping shrubs, marshy plains, where the icy wind of the

north whistles through crops of rushes : this is all. The land of Greece is no better than the winding-sheet of a people ; it resembles an old sepulchre despoiled of its bones, and of which the very stones are dispersed and discoloured by time. Where is the so much vaunted beauty of Greece, where its golden transparent sky ? All is dull and cloudy, as in a gorge of Savoy or Auvergne in the last days of autumn. The violence of the north wind, which sweeps along the roaring waves, even to the bottom of the gulph where we are at anchor, prevents us from sailing.

18 August, 1832, at sea,
at anchor before the gardens of Hydra.

We sailed last night with a pleasant south-east breeze; we slept in our hammocks. At seven a.m. we were out of the gulph. The sea is favourable, and dashes harmoniously against the sides of the brig. We are in the channel which extends between Terra Firma and the isles of Hydra and Spezzia.

About noon we were wind-bound on the coast of the continent in front of Hydra. Terrible blasts from all points of the compass render the navigation dangerous. Our sails were torn ; we ran the risk of the masts breaking ; and for three hours we struggled without ceasing against the furious hurricane. The sailors were exhausted with fatigue ; the captain seemed uneasy about the fate of the ship ; at last, he succeeded in getting

under the shelter of a high coast, and at a known anchorage in front of the charming hill called the gardens of Hydra. We cast anchor a mile from shore, and not far from the brig, *le Génie*, whose rate of sailing tallied with ours.

A day of repose, though on an agitated sea, and the blast whistling in our shrouds. We landed upon the prettiest site we have yet visited in Greece. High mountains form the landscape, their wavy sides retaining some patches of soil, while a few verdant lawns clothe the gently inclined descent, which terminates in a wood of olives. Farther off, the hills present another declivity as far as the channel of Hydra, which flows at their feet, more like a large river than the sea. In this direction, our eyes reposed on one or two country-houses, surrounded by gardens and orchards, with cultivated fields, groups of chesnut and green oak, flocks, and a few Greek peasantry tending the ground : we slipped our dogs and sported all day on the mountains, returning with some game.

The town of Hydra, which covers the little island of that name, shines on the other side of the channel, white, resplendent, brilliant as a rock hewn but yesterday. This island does not offer an inch of soil to the eye; all is stone. The town covers the whole ; the houses rise perpendicularly one above the other, having furnished a refuge for liberty of conscience, and a repository for the wealth of the Greeks, during the Turkish dominion. The increasing or decreasing civiliza-

tion of a nation may be ascertained by the sites of its towns and its villages ;—as security and independence predominate, the towns descend the mountains to the plains ; but when tyranny and anarchy reign, they reascend the rocks, or take refuge on the high sands of the sea. In the middle ages, in Italy, on the Rhine, in France, the towns stood, like eagles' nests, on the points of inaccessible rocks.

Same date.

The night is calm ; we passed a delightful evening on deck. We shall sail to-morrow, if the north wind does not return with its former violence.

18 August, at sea.

We weighed anchor at three a.m. a manageable wind permitting us to approach that point of the continent which runs out into the sea of Athens; but here another tempest has assailed us, more violent than the last ; we were in an instant separated from the two vessels which sailed with us in convoy. The sea has become tremendous; we roll from one abyss to another; the yards dip in the surge, and the foam is thrown upon the deck. The captain is resolved to double the cape. After several hours of fruitless attempts, he succeeds. We are in the open sea, but the wind is so strong, that the vessel is driven considerably to leeward. We are going at

the rate of ten knots an hour, in a cloud of humid dust and under flakes of foam, which dash over the prow and both sides of the vessel. From time to time the horizon clears up, and permits us to see Cape Colonna, which whitens before us. We hope to be able to anchor in the evening at the feet of these columns, and salute the memory of the divine Plato, who came to meditate 2000 years ago on this same promontory of Sunium. My eyes cannot quit the horizon of the mountains of Athens, from which the tempest repulses us.

At length, with the setting sun, the wind falls; we luff to the island of Egina. We arrive almost in a calm, under shelter of the island, and the coast of the continent, and enter, at close of day, another gulph formed by the island and the beauteous coasts of Corinth. The sea is now like a mirror, and we seem as if navigating a boundless river, whose insensible current carries us to our haven. We cast anchor at nightfall on an immense and lovely lake, surrounded by sombre mountains, and where the moon, as she rises, throws her rays on the Acropolis of Corinth, and the temple of Egina. We are at a few hundred paces from the island opposite gardens, shaded by beautiful plane trees. A few white houses shine in the midst of the verdure. We enjoy our repast and a tranquil supper on deck after a day of dangers and fatigue;—such is the life of travellers, and of man on the earth!

At our right lies the isle of Egina; softening

at one part its black and steep sides into a more gentle descent, it stretches over a gulph a tongue of land planted with a few cypresses, vines, and fig trees: the city terminates there, and is less singularly situated than the few Greek towns that we have hitherto seen. The gymnasium erected by Capo d'Istrias displays its white sides in the centre.—Its museum I have not visited —I am tired of museums ;—they are cemeteries of the arts !—Fragments detached from their natural places, from their destinations and their *ensemble*, are dead—the dust of marble which no longer lives.

I went on shore alone, and passed two delightful hours in a garden of cypress and orange trees, belonging to Georgio-Bey of Hydra. At ten o'clock I returned to the vessel. On ascending the ladder, I found half the deck literally covered with heaps of water melons, and immense baskets of grapes, of all forms and colours : some bunches weighed from three to four pounds ; there were also Attic figs, and all the flowers that the season and the climate could furnish. I was told that the governor of Egina, Nicholas Scuffo, having learnt the preceding evening, from my Greek pilot, my passage in the gulph, had come to pay me a visit, with a boat filled with these presents from his estate. He had discovered in my name that of a friend of Greece, and brought me the first pledge of that prosperity which so many generous hearts have wished her. He had stated that he would return in the evening ; I requested a boat of

Captain Cuneo d'Ornano to go and thank the governor on shore. I met him on the sea, and we returned together to my vessel. He is a distinguished person, his conversation sprightly and intelligent. We talked of Greece, its present crisis, and its future prospects.

I see with grief that religious feelings are becoming extinct in Greece. The ignorant clergy are despised, while the commercial spirit has not yet virtue enough to resuscitate a people. I tremble for the fate of Greece: On the first European crisis she will be again decomposed. She resembles Italy in possessing most intelligent and most courageous men—men of brilliant qualities as individuals, but without any bond of union. There are Greeks, but there is no nation.

We took our departure from Egina on the 18th, at noon. We saw the sun set in a golden valley formed on the Isthmus of Corinth, between Acro-Corinth and the mountains of Attica. He inflamed all that portion of the heavens, and it was the first time we perceived that splendor of the firmament which gives to the East its charm and its glory. Salamine, the tomb of the fleet of Xerxes, is but a few leagues from us. With a grey coast and black soil, it presents no other attraction than its name: its naval battle, and the memory of Themistocles, cause it to be saluted with respect by the mariner. The mountains of Attica raise their black summits above Salamine; and on the right, on one of the declining sum-

mits of Egina, the temple of Panhellian Jupiter, gilded by the last rays of evening, towers above the scene, one of the most beautiful of historical association, and almost renders sacred the memory of old places and times. The religious feelings of humanity are, indeed, mingled with all, and consecrate all: but the religion of the Greeks, a religion of idea and imagination, and not of the heart, makes not on me the slightest impression. We know that the gods of that people were but the sport of poets and the arts—gods feigned and dreamed of.—There was nothing real or substantial, nothing drawn from the depths of nature and the human soul, before the times of Socrates and Plato! It was then that the religion of reason commenced! Afterwards came Christianity, which had received from its divine founder the secret and the key of human destiny! The ages of barbarity which it was obliged to pass through before arriving at the present era, have often altered and disfigured it, but had its light fallen on men like Plato and Pythagoras, to what a height of perfection should we not now have arrived? But we shall, thanks to the Christian system, yet reach that height by it and with it.

The weather becomes calm; we float without motion on the transparent ocean, and amid the tinted vapours of the sea of Athens. The Acropolis and the Parthenon rise at three leagues distance from us—independent of the Panthelic Mount, of Mount Hymettus and of Mount An-

chesmus. In fact, Athens may almost be denominated an altar to the gods—the most beautiful pedestal on which past ages were able to place the statue of humanity! At present its aspect is sombre, black, barren, desolate—a weight on the heart. There is nothing of life, nothing green, graceful, or animated; it exhibits an exhausted nature which God only can revivify. The spirit of liberty alone will not suffice. To the poet and the painter, there is written on these sterile mountains, on these capes whitened with the ruins of fallen temples, on these marshy and rocky wastes, whereon nothing but sonorous names remain—It is finished!—An apocalyptical land, which seems struck by some divine malediction, by some great anathema of a Prophet:—the Jerusalem of nations, in which there is not even a tomb! Such is the sentiment which Athens, and all the coasts of Attica, the isles and the Peloponesus inspire!

Arrived at the Pireus at eight a.m. on the 19th of August, we cast anchor. Horses being in waiting for us on the coast, we landed and mounted; upon a young ass, we placed a woman's saddle for Julia.

For half a league, the plain, although its soil is light, fertile, and easy to improve, is completely barren and uncultivated. The Turks burnt, during the war, a grove of olive trees which formerly extended to the shore; a few black trunks are still visible. We entered the wood of olives and fig-trees which surround the advanced group

of the hills of Athens like a verdant girdle, and followed the still evident foundations of a long wall, built by Themistocles, which united the town with the Pireus. Some Turkish fountains, in the form of wells, surrounded by rustic troughs hewn in rough stone, are placed at irregular distances; and we observed several Greek peasants and Turkish soldiers, lying indolently near the fountains, supply each other reciprocally with the refreshing liquid. At length we passed under the elevated ramparts and black rocks which form a kind of pedestal to the Parthenon. The Parthenon itself did not appear to increase in size, but rather the contrary, as we approached it.

The effect of this edifice,—according to the opinion of all ages, the finest that human hands ever raised, in no respect answers, seen thus, what one should expect; and the pompous descriptions of travellers, of painters or poets, fall, indeed, sadly on the heart when you witness this reality, so unworthy of their exalted images. It is not gilded as by the dazzling rays of the sun of Greece. It does not rise in heaven like an aërial isle, bearing a divine monument: it does not shine afar upon the sea and on the land like a Pharos, saying: "Here is Athens! Here man has exhausted his genius and defied the future!" No, there is nothing of all this. Over your head, you see rising irregularly, certain old black walls, spotted with white; these spots are marble, the remains of monuments which crowned the Acropolis even before its restoration by Pericles and Phidias. These walls, flanked at different distances by

other walls supporting them, are crowned with a square Byzantine tower and Venetian turrets. They surround a large enclosure which contains nearly all the sacred monuments of the city of Theseus. At the extremity of this enclosure, on the side of the Ægean sea, stand the Parthenon or temple of Minerva, the virgin who sprang from the brain of Jupiter.

This temple, the columns of which are nearly black, is marked here and there with spots of brilliant whiteness; these are marks of the Turkish cannon, or of the hammer of the Iconoclastes. Its form is an oblong square: it seems too low and too small for its imposing situation. It does not seem to say: "I am the Parthenon, I can be nothing else!" You must ask your guide, and when he has answered you, you still doubt.

Farther on, at the foot of the Acropolis, you pass through an obscure low gate, under which some ragged Turks are lying beside their rich and handsome arms, and you are in Athens. The first monument which attracts your attention is the temple of Olympian Jupiter, the magnificent columns of which rise alone upon a deserted, naked spot on the right of what was Athens—a worthy portico of a city in ruins! A few paces from them, we enter into the city—that is to say, into an inextricable labyrinth of narrow paths, replete with the wrecks of fallen walls, with broken tiles, stones, and marble, thrown pell-mell: now we descend into the court of a fallen house, then ascend the staircase, or even the roof, of

another. These latter, small and humble, but likewise dilapidated structures—the ruins of ruins—are the filthy and infectious abodes of families of Greek peasants, crowded and buried together. Here and there, some women with black eyes and the pretty Attic mouth come, on hearing the noise of our horses to the threshold of their doors, and smile on us with good will and astonishment, giving us the graceful salute of the Athenians: "Welcome, noble strangers, to Athens!"

We arrived, after riding a quarter of an hour amidst the same scenes of desolation and the same heaps of fallen roofs and walls, at the modest abode of M. Gaspari, agent of our consulate of Greece at Athens. I had sent him, in the morning, the letter which recommended me to his obliging attentions. I had no need of it: for courtesy is the character of nearly all our agents abroad. M. Gaspari received us as unknown friends, and while he sent his son to seek a house for us in some still standing ruin of Athens, one of his daughters, an Athenian, a beautiful and graceful image of the hereditary beauty of the women of her country, served us with alacrity and modesty with iced orange juice in porous earthen vases of antique form.

After having refreshed ourselves a moment in this asylum of simple, but cordial hospitality, so sweet to be discovered under a burning sun at 800 leagues from one's country, and at the close of a day at once of tempests, of sultry heat and dust, M. Gaspari conducted us to the lower town

amidst the same ruins to a white, clean house, recently built, and where an Italian had opened an inn. Some rooms, whitewashed with lime, and decently furnished; a court refreshed by a spring, and with a little shade; fruits and vegetables in abundance; and honey of Hymettus, (calumniated by M. Châteaubriand,) these luxuries, together with active and intelligent Greek servants who understood Italian, all doubled their value for us amidst the desolation and nudity of Athens—nor should I forget to mention that the figure of a lioness, carved in white marble, stood at the foot of our staircase.

One could not find a better inn on the roads of Italy, England, or Switzerland. May it prosper for the consolation and comfort of future travellers! But, alas! for forty-eight days previous to our visit, no foreigner had crossed its threshold, or interrupted its silence.

In the evening M. Gropius came, and obligingly placed himself at our disposal, to shew and explain Athens to us. Equally fortunate as M. Châteaubriand had formerly been, led over the ruins of Athens by M. Fauvel, we possessed in M. Gropius a second Fauvel; who has, in fact, become an Athenian, having resided here these thirty-two years; and who has, like his master, built for his old age, a house amidst the ruins of a city in which he has passed his youth, and which he has assisted, as far as possible, to raise for a hundredth time from its poetic ashes. Austrian consul in Greece, and a man of learning

and genius, M. Gropius joins to the most scrupulous and profound erudition, that *naïve* simplicity and good-nature so characteristic of the worthy sons of Germany. Unjustly accused by Lord Byron, in his stinging notes on Athens, M. Gropius has not returned evil for evil to the memory of the great poet. He, indeed, lamented that his name had been dragged by him from edition to edition, and delivered up to the rancour of ignorant antiquarian fanatics; but he never once attempted even to justify himself; and when one is on the spot, a witness of the constant efforts made by this distinguished individual to restore a word in an inscription, a displaced fragment of a statue, or a date on a monument, one feels certain that M. Gropius has never prophaned what he adores, nor made a vile traffic of the most noble and the most disinterested of studies—the study of antiquity.

With such a man days are as years to an ignorant traveller like me. I asked him to spare himself any trouble with regard to doubtful antiquities, conventional celebrities, or systematic beauties; I abhor the false and the affected in everything, but above all in admiration. I only wish to see what God or man has made beautiful,—present, real, palpable beauty, speaking to the eye and to the soul,—and not mere prescription either as regards beauty, place, or period: historical or critical beauty I leave to the learned,—poets require what is evident and sensible; we are not abstract beings, but men of nature and

instinct :—in this spirit have I many times perambulated Rome ; thus have I travelled over seas and mountains ; thus have I read the sages, the historians, and the poets ; and it is thus that I have visited Athens !

It was a fine and pure evening ; the burning sun descended, enveloped in a violet fog, upon the black and narrow bar which forms the isthmus of Corinth, and glanced with his last bright rays on the turrets of the Acropolis, which appear round, like the top of a tower, on the wide and undulated valley, in which sleeps the silent shade of Athens. We emerged by a nameless rugged path, clambering at every moment over breaches of garden walls, of roofless houses, or of other ruins heaped on the white dust of Attica, as we descended towards the bottom of the deep, deserted, and narrow valley, shaded by the temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, the Areopagus, and the Hill of Nymphs. We traversed a much greater extent of the modern city, which unfolded itself on our left, similar in every respect to what we had seen elsewhere ;—a confused, vast, and dismal looking assemblage of portions of wall yet standing, huts in ruins, roofs fallen in, gardens and courts ravaged, and heaps of stones barring the path, and rolling under the feet ; all having the appearance of recent ruins, in their grey and pallid hue, and destitute therefore even of the sacredness of times past, or the grace of venerable decay. No vegetation, except three or four palm trees, somewhat resembling Turkish minarets,

remain around this faded city. Here and there indeed are a few houses of common modern form, recently built by some Europeans or Greeks of Constantinople—houses like those of our villages in France and England ; the roofs tastelessly constructed, numerous narrow windows—no terraces, architectural lines, or decorations. Inns built only for the term of life, as if anticipating fresh devastation ; but not a single structure such as a civilized people erects with confidence in itself, and with a view to generations to come. Amidst all this chaos, although rarely, some fragments of the Stadium, some black columns of the arch of Hadrian or Lazora, the dome of the Temple of the Winds, or the Lantern of Diogenes, attract the eye yet without fixing it. Before us rises the Temple of Theseus, appearing detached from the grey hillock on which it stands, isolated, stripped in every part, yet standing entire on its pedestal of rock. This temple, after the Parthenon, is the most beautiful, in the eye of science, that Greece has raised to her gods or her heroes.

On approaching, though convinced by what I had read of the beauty of this monument, I was astonished to find myself quite unmoved ; my heart sought to bestir itself, my eye sought to admire, but in vain. I felt indeed what one always feels at the sight of a work without faults—a negative pleasure ; but as to a real, strong impression, a sense of powerful or involuntary delight, I experienced nothing. This temple is too small ; it is a kind of a sublime plaything of art !

it is not a monument for the gods, for men, for ages. I felt but one instant of extacy, and that was when, seated at the western angle of the temple, on its last steps, my eye embraced, at one glance, the magnificent harmony of its forms, the majestic elegance of its columns, the empty and more sombre space of its portico, and on its internal frieze the combats of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ ; and above, through the opening of the centre, the blue and resplendent sky, shedding a serene and mystical light on the cornices, and the projecting shapes of the bassi relievi, which seemed to live and move. Great artists in all branches have alone this gift of life, as it were—alas ! at their own expense ! At the Parthenon there remain only the two figures of Mars and Venus, half crushed by two enormous fragments of cornice, which have glided on their heads ; but these two figures are to me worth more than all I have seen in sculpture in my life ; they live as no other canvass or marble has ever lived. One suffers with the weight that crushes them, and would wish to relieve their members, which seem to bend in the endeavours to support the mass ; one feels that the chisel of Phidias trembled, burned in his hand, when these sublime figures started into being under his fingers. We perceive—and this is truth, not illusion—the melancholy fact that the artist infused his individuality, his very blood, as it were, into the forms, into the veins of the beings he created ; and that it is still a part of his life which we almost see palpitate

in these living forms, in their members ready to move, and in their lips prepared to speak.

No, the temple of Theseus is not worthy of its fame—it cannot be said to live, as a monument; it is not suggestive of what it ought to be: it is beautiful, no doubt, but it is a kind of frigid, dead beauty, of which the artist alone ought to go and shake the shroud, and wipe the dust: as for me, I admired, unquestionably, but quitted it without any desire to see it again. The beautiful stones of the columns of the Vatican, the majestic colossal shadows of St. Peter's at Rome never suffered me to leave them without regret, or the hope of return.

Higher up, ascending a hill covered with thistles and red pebbles, you arrive at the Pnyx, the scene of the stormy assemblies of the people of Athens, and of the fluctuating triumphs of its orators or its favorites. Enormous masses of black stone, some of which measure twelve or thirteen cubic feet, lie one upon another, and support the terrace, upon which the people collected. Still higher up, at the distance of about fifty paces, we perceive a huge square block, wherein steps have been cut, which probably served for the orator to mount this tribunal, which thus overlooked the people, the city, and the sea. This possesses not the character of the people of Pericles, but seems Roman; the recollections it inspires are, however, delightful. Demosthenes spoke from hence, and roused or calmed that popular sea, more stormy than the

Ægean, which he could also hear roar behind him. I sate here alone and pensive, and remained until nearly the close of night, recalling without effort all that history, the most beautiful, the most soul-stirring of the histories of any people which has wielded either sword or pen. What a time for genius! and what genius, grandeur, wisdom, intelligence, virtue even (for Socrates died not far from hence) for the time! The present era, indeed, somewhat resembles it in Europe, especially in France—that vulgar Athens of modern times: but it is the select portion alone of France and of Europe which may be termed Athenian; the mass is still barbarous! Imagine Demosthenes pouring forth his glowing language, sonorous and high-coloured, to a popular union of our present cities;—who would comprehend him?

The irregularity of education and intelligence is the great obstacle to a complete civilization in our times. The people are the master-power, but incapable of being so; hence it is expert in destroying, but erects nothing instead, either lofty, durable, or majestic! All the Athenians comprehended Demosthenes, knew their language well, and discussed their legislations, their acts. It was a select people,—possessing the passions of the multitude without its ignorance; it committed crimes, but not follies. Things are no longer thus; hence democracy, just in principle, seems to me unsuited to the great modern populations. Time alone can render a people capa-

ble of governing themselves ; their education is acquired by their revolutions.

The fame of an orator, like Demosthenes or Mirabeau (the two alone worthy of the name) is more seductive than that of a philosopher or poet ; the orator participates at once in the glory of the writer, and in the power of those masses on which and by which he acts ; it is the philosopher king, if he be a philosopher ; but his terrible weapon, the people, breaks in his hands, wounding, and sometimes killing, himself. And after all, what he does, what he says, what he stirs up in humanity, passions, principles, passing interests,—none are durable, none are lasting in their nature. The poet, on the contrary, (by poet, I mean every one who creates ideas in bronze, in stone, or in words of prose or rhythm) —the poet deals only with what is imperishable in its nature and in the human heart. Time passes, languages become mute, but the poet always lives whole and entire, always as much himself, as great, as new, as powerful on the soul of his readers. His lot, if less imposing in a worldly point of view, is more divine ! The poet is above the orator.

It would be delightful to unite their two destinies ; no man has ever effected this, but there is no incompatibility between action and thought in a perfect intelligence ; action is the child of thought. But men, jealous of every pre-eminence, never concede two powers to the same

mind, although Nature is more liberal! They exclude from the domain of action him who excels in the domain of intelligence and speech; they will not suffer Plato to make real laws, nor senators to govern a village.

I sent to ask of the Turkish Bey, Youssouf Bey, Commandant of Athens, permission to visit the citadel and the Parthenon, with my friends. He sent me a janissary to accompany us. We started on the 20th, at five in the morning, attended by M. Gropius. Everything fades before the incomparable impression of the Parthenon, that temple of temples, built by Setinus on the plans of Pericles, and decorated by Phidias—a unique and exclusive type of the beautiful in the arts of architecture and sculpture—a species of divine revelation, of ideal beauty, received one day by humanity, *artiste par excellence*, and transmitted by it to posterity in blocks of imperishable marble, and in sculptures that will live for ever. This monument, such as it was rendered as a whole by its situation, its natural pedestal, its steps decorated with unrivalled statues, its sublime forms and finished execution in all the details, its materials, its colours, and enduring brightness;—this monument has for ages overwhelmed the imagination without satiating it. When one sees so much of it even as I have seen, with its majestic fragments mutilated by the bombs of the Venetians, by the explosion of the powder magazine under Morosini, by the hammer of Theodoric, by the cannon of the

barbarous Turks and Greeks — its columns and immense blocks touching its pavement, its capitals fallen, its triglyphs broken by the agents of Lord Elgin, its statues carried off by English vessels—what remains is still sufficient to induce one to feel that it is the most perfect poem written in stone on the face of the earth ; I am still, however, sensible that it is too small ; the effect thus fails, or has been destroyed.

I pass delicious hours recumbent beneath the shade of the Propylœa, my eyes fixed on the falling pediment of the Parthenon. I feel all antiquity in what it has produced of divine: the rest is not worth the language that has described it ! The aspect of the Parthenon displays better than history the colossal grandeur of a people. Pericles ought not to die ! what superhuman civilization was that which supplied a great man to command, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to decorate, statuaries to execute, workmen to cut, a people to pay, and eyes to comprehend and admire such an edifice ! Where shall we find such a people or such a period ? No where ! As man grows old, he loses his vital force ; the rapture, the disinterestedness necessary for the arts.

The Propylœa, the temple of Erectheus, or of the Caryatides, are by the side of the Parthenon—*chefs-d'œuvre* of themselves, but overwhelmed by that *chef-d'œuvre.* The soul, struck too forcibly by the aspect of the last of these edifices, has no longer power to admire the others; we can only look at and leave them !—mourning less the de-

vastation of that superhuman work of man, than the impossibility of man ever to equal its sublimity and harmony. These are inspirations which heaven does not give twice on earth. They are like the poem of Job, or the Song of Songs, the epic of Homer, or the music of Mozart! It is done, seen, and heard, and then no longer done, no longer seen, no longer heard unto the consummation of ages. Happy the men who receive this divine breath!—they die, but they have proved to their fellow-creatures what man may be!—God calls them to himself to celebrate him elsewhere, and in a more powerful language! I wander silently throughout the day amid these ruins, and return, my eyes dazzled with forms and colours; my heart is full of memory and admiration. The gothic is beautiful, but order and light are wanting—order and light, those two principles of all enduring creation!—Adieu for ever to the gothic.

Of all the books to write, the most difficult, in my opinion, is a translation. Now to travel is to translate; it is to translate to the eye, to the thoughts, to the soul of the reader, the places, colours, impressions, and sentiments, which nature or human monuments give to the traveller. He must at once understand, look, feel, and express; and how express?—not with lines and colours like the painter, a thing simple and easy; not with sounds, like the musician; but with words, with ideas, which contain neither sounds, lines, nor colours. These are the reflections that I made, seated on the steps of the Parthenon,

having Athens, the grove of olives of the Pireus, and the blue sea of Ægea, before my eyes, and over my head the majestic shade of the frieze of the temple of temples. I wished to carry away with me a living remembrance, a written souvenir of this moment of my life! I felt that this chaos of marble, so sublime, so picturesque, in my eye, would vanish from my memory, and I wished to be able to find it again at any moment of my future life—I will write then; it will not be the Parthenon, but it will at least be a shadow of that great shade which now hangs over me.

In the midst of the ruins of what was Athens, and which the cannon of the Greeks and Turks has pulverised and strewn in all the valley and on the two hills to which extended the city of Minerva, a mountain rises almost perpendicularly on every side; enormous walls surround it, built at the base with fragments of white marble, and higher up with the remains of friezes and antique columns: they are terminated in some places with Venetian turrets. This mountain resembles a magnificent pedestal, hewn by the gods themselves to place their altars on. Its summit, smoothed to receive the areas of these temples, is not more than 500 feet long, and from 200 to 300 feet wide. It commands all those hills which formed the soil of ancient Athens, the Penthelic valleys, the course of the Ilyssus, the plain of the Pireus, the chain of valleys and hills around (which extend as far as Corinth), and the sea studded with the Isles of Salamine and Ægea, on the summit of which

shine the pediments of the temple of Panhellian Jupiter. This prospect is admirable even now that all the hills are naked, and reflect like polished bronze the reverberating rays of the sun of Africa. But what an horizon Plato must have had under his eyes, when Athens, living and adorned with a thousand lesser temples, hummed at his feet like an over-filled hive: when the great wall of the Pireus traced as far as the sea a path of stone and marble, full of motion, along which the population of Athens passed and repassed like the waves of the deep; when the Pireus itself, and the port of Phalaris, and the sea of Athens, and the Gulph of Corinth, were covered with forests of masts and sparkling sails; when the sides of all the mountains, from those which conceal Marathon as far as to the Acropolis of Corinth (an amphitheatre of forty leagues), were intersected with forests, pasturage, olives, and vines; while towns and villages decorated everywhere this splendid girdle of hills.

I can fancy that I see from hence the thousand paths descending from these mountains, traced on the sides of the Hymettus, amid the sinuosities of the passes and the valleys, and all like the beds of a torrent flowing in the direction of Athens. I hear the reports raised by the strokes of the hammers of the workmen extracting marble from the Penthelic mount; the rolling of the blocks down the sides and precipices, and all those murmurs which filled with life and sound the neighbourhood of a great capital. On the side of the

city, I see ascending by the sacred way, cut in the very sides of the Acropolis, the religious population of Athens—who come to propitiate Minerva, and to raise incense to all its domestic divinities at the very place where I am now sitting, and where I only respire the dust of these temples.

Let us in idea rebuild the Parthenon; it is easily done; it has only lost its frieze, and its internal compartments. The external walls, chiselled by Phidias, the columns, and fragments of columns, remain. The Parthenon was entirely built of white Penthelic marble—so called from the neighbouring mountain of that name, from whence it was taken. It consists of a parallelogram, surrounded by a peristyle of forty-six doric columns; each column is six feet in diameter at the base, and thirty-four feet high. The columns are placed on the pavement of the temple itself, and have no bases. At each extremity of the temple exists, or did exist, a portico of six columns. The total length of the edifice is 228 feet; its width 200 feet; its height 66 feet. It only presents to the eye the majestic simplicity of its architectural lines. It was, in fact, one single idea expressed in stone, simple, and intelligible at a glance like the thoughts of the ancients.

One must approach it to contemplate the richness of the materials, and the inimitable perfection of the ornaments and the details. Pericles wished it as much to be an assemblage of *chefs-d'œuvre* of genius from the hand of man as a place of homage to the gods: or rather it was the genius

of Greece concentrated, offering itself, as it were, in this shape, by way of homage to the divinity. The names of all those who cut a stone or modelled a statue of the Parthenon are become immortal.

Let us forget the past, and look around us, now that time, with the strife of barbarous religions, and of ignorant nations, has trodden it under foot more than two thousand years!

There are only a few wanting in all this forest of white columns. These have fallen in entire shining blocks on the pavement or on the neighbouring temples; some of them, like the great oaks of the forest of Fontainebleau, remain leaning against other columns. Others have glided from the height of the parapet, which commands the Acropolis, and lie, in enormous broken masses, one upon another, like fragments in the quarries, which the architect has rejected. Their sides are gilded with that solar crust with which ages cover the marble. Their fractures are as white as ivory worked yesterday. They form, on this side of the temple, a flowing chaos of marble of all forms and all colours, piled up in the most singular yet majestic disorder. At a distance one might fancy he saw the foam of enormous waves, which have just broken and whiten on a cape, lashed by the sea. The eye cannot quit them; we gaze, we follow them; we admire and pity them, with that sentiment which we should feel for beings who had had, or who still have, sentiment and life. It presents the most sublime effect of ruins which man has ever been able to occasion, because it is

the ruin of the most beautiful objects they could form.

If we enter beneath the peristyle and under the porticos, we might fancy ourselves there at the very moment they were finishing the edifice. The internal walls are so entire, the face of the marble so shining and polished, the columns so erect, the sections of the edifice that are preserved, so admirably intact, that everything seems as if it had just come from the hands of the workman: only the sparkling canopy of the sky is the sole roof of the Parthenon, and through the breaches in the walls the eye rests at once on the immense voluminous horizon of Attica. All the surrounding soil is strewed with fragments of sculpture or morsels of architecture, which seem to be waiting for the hand that ought to replace them in their positions. The foot strikes without ceasing against *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Greek chisel; they are collected, and then thrown aside in favour of still more curious fragments. The whole is, in truth, a *chef-d'œuvre* pulverised—our steps are imprinted in the dust of marble, and we are at length induced to regard it with indifference, becoming insensible and mute, absorbed in the contemplation of the whole and in a thousand thoughts which arise from the sight of each of these remains.

These thoughts are of the express nature of the scene wherein we breathe them; they are grave as the ruins of past time, as the majestic witnesses of the nothingness of humanity; but they are serene as the heavens over our heads, inundated

with a light harmonious and pure; elevated like this pedestal of the Acropolis which seems hovering above the earth; resigned and religious as this monument, raised in honor of an idea of divinity, which God has suffered to perish in order to give place to ideas more divine! I do not feel sad here; the soul is light, although meditative; my thoughts embrace the order of the divine will, of human destiny. I rejoice that it was given to man to rise so high in the arts and in civilization, and can conceive why God afterwards destroyed this admirable model of incomplete wisdom; in fact, the doctrine of the unity of God, at length recognised by Socrates in these very places, withdrew the breath of life from all those religions which the imagination of the primitive ages gave birth to; and these temples were doomed to share the fate of the deities invoked therein. The idea of the unity of God impressed on the human mind is a better thing than these dwellings of marble, where only his shadow was adored. This idea has no need of edifices built with human hands. All nature herself presents a worthier temple. As religions become spiritualised, religious structures fall; Christianity itself, which peculiarly claims the Gothic, leaves its venerable cathedrals and churches to sink almost into ruins. The thousands of statues of her saints and demi-gods descend by degrees from their aërial niches round the cathedrals. Christianity, in fact, itself undergoes transformation, and its temples become more naked and more simple as it throws off the superstitions

of the dark ages, and resumes more fully the grand idea which it propagated upon earth—the idea of the one God, manifested by reason and adored by virtue.

VISIT TO THE PACHA.

On the evening of the 20th, I went to make my acknowledgments to Youssauf, Bey of Negropont and Athens. I entered into a Moresque court; the wide galleries, of two tiers, being supported by small columns of black marble. An empty fountain occupied the centre of the court, and stables surrounded the whole. I ascended a wooden staircase, at the bottom of which were ranged several spahis. I soon found myself in the presence of the Bey.

At the farther end of a large and rich apartment, panelled in small compartments painted with flowers in arabesque and gold, the Bey was seated, on the corner of a large divan of Indian manufacture, in the Turkish manner; his head was under the hands of the barber, a handsome young man, dressed in a very rich military costume, and having superb arms in his girdle: eight or ten slaves, in various attitudes, were in different parts of the chamber. The Bey begged my pardon for being caught at his toilet, and requested me to sit down on the divan not far from him. I accordingly seated myself, and the conversation commenced. We talked of the object of my jour-

ney, of the state of Greece, of the new limits assigned her by the conference of London, and of the negotiations terminated by Sir Stratford Canning;—respecting all of which the Bey appeared profoundly ignorant, and whereon he interrogated me with the most lively interest. Presently a slave brought a long pipe, with a mouth-piece of yellow amber, and the tube covered with plaited silk; he approached me with measured steps, his eyes fixed on the ground; when he had calculated to himself the precise distance from which he could place the pipe in my mouth, he posed it on the carpet, and, making a circular sweep (so as not to derange it from its vertical position), he came to me, and, inclining his body, placed the mouth-piece in my hand so as to reach my lips. I bowed in my turn towards the Pacha, who returned my salute, and we began to smoke. A white Athenian greyhound, with the tail and feet painted yellow, slept at the feet of the Bey. I complimented him on the beauty of the animal, and asked if he was a sportsman. He said no, but that his son, then at Negropont, was passionately fond of that exercise. He added that he had seen me pass in the streets of Athens, also with a white greyhound, but of a smaller race, which he thought most beautiful, and that if I had more than one he should be overjoyed to possess its fellow. I promised him, that on my return to France, I would send him one as a souvenir, and in gratitude for his kindness at Athens. Another slave then brought coffee, in

very small china cups, surrounded by a filligree of silver gilt wire.

The countenance of the Bey resembled what I have since observed in all the Mussulmans I have met with in Syria and Turkey; it possessed marks of nobleness and mildness, with that calm and serene resignation which is imparted to these men by the doctrine of predestination, and to true Christians by faith in Providence; the same worship of the divine will, but carried, in the one instance, even to absurdity and error, while in the other, it embodies a conviction, grave and true, of that universal and benignant wisdom which presides over the destiny of all it has deigned to create. If conviction could be virtue, that of an over-ruling Providence—fatalism if you will—would be mine! I believe in the absolute power, always active and always present, of the will of God; evil alone opposes itself in us to prevent this divine will from always producing good! Whenever our destiny is changed or perverted, if we examine closely, we shall always find that it is through our own will, a human will, corrupted and perverse. Did we but suffer that will which is alone ever good, to act freely, we should always be virtuous and happy. Evil would not exist. These dogmas of the Koran are only Christianity modified, but this modification has not been able to change its nature! The Mohammedan worship has many virtues, and I love this people, for it is the people of prayer!

22nd August, 1832.

I entertain deep solicitude as to the health of my daughter; and, having taken a gloomy promenade to the temple of Olympian Jupiter and the Stadium, I drank of the muddy and infectious water of that rivulet which is the Illyssus! I could scarcely find water enough to steep my finger in; aridity, nudity, and a colour like the dross of iron, are spread over all the country round Athens. Oh! the country round Rome!—the gilded tombs of the Scipios, and the green umbrageous fountain of Egeria! What a difference! The sky, too, of Rome greatly surpasses the so much vaunted sky of Attica!

23rd August, 1832.

We set out in the night and enjoyed a splendid sunrise, under the wood of olive trees of Pireus, running towards the sea.

The brig of war, *le Génie*, Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, was waiting for us, and we weighed anchor. A fine breeze from the north carried us, in three hours, off Cape Sunium, whose yellow columns mark in the horizon the ever-living trace of Grecian wisdom—of that Plato, whose disciple I should be, if Christ had neither spoken, nor lived, nor suffered, nor pardoned in expiring.

We passed a terrible night in the middle of the Cyclades; but the wind fell about daybreak. We enjoyed fine and mild weather till evening; in the

night, however, a furious hurricane arose between the isle of Amorgas and that of Stampalia, accompanied by a painful groaning of the vessel, the sullen sound of the waves on the poop, and a heavy swell, which threw us first on one wave and then on another. I passed the night in taking care of the child, and in pacing the deck:—it was a night of heaviness and sorrow. How often do I shudder with the thought, that I have caused so many lives to rest on a single chance! Oh that some celestial spirit would carry Julia hence, and place her under the peaceful shadows of St. Point! My own life, already half consumed, has lost more than that half of value in my eyes; but that existence, (itself mine,) which shines in those sweet eyes, which palpitates in that young bosom, is a thousand times dearer to me than my own. I fervently implore the gale which uplifts the billows, to spare the cradle I have so imprudently confided to it; and it hears my prayer: the storm abates, day breaks, the islands are left behind us, Rhodes shows itself to the right in the distant horizon of Asia, and the heights of the coast of Caramania, white as the snow on the Alps, rise resplendent above the floating vapours of night. Here then is Asia!

The impression surpasses that of the horizons of Greece. One feels the air to be more soft; both sea and sky are tinged with a paler and calmer blue; nature unfolds herself in more majestic masses. I feel that I am entering into a higher and vaster region. Greece is diminutive,

harrassed, despoiled, the skeleton of a dwarf; but here is that of a giant! Black forests lie like spots on the sides of the mountains of Marmoriza; and one sees from afar the torrents, white with foam, which fall into the profound ravines of Caramania.

Rhodes rises like a bouquet of verdure out of the bosom of the sea; the light and graceful minarets of its white mosques erect themselves above its forests of palms, of sycamores, of plane, carob trees, and fig trees. It attracts from afar the eye of the navigator to those delicious retreats, the Turkish cemeteries, where one sees the Mussulmans lying on the grassy tombs of their friends, smoking tranquilly—like sentinels waiting to be relieved. At ten in the morning our brig was suddenly surrounded by five or six Turkish frigates in full sail, cruising about Rhodes. One of them came within hail, and interrogated us in French. They saluted us with courtesy, and we soon cast anchor in the roads, in the midst of thirty-six ships of war, of the Capitan-pacha, Halil-pacha. Two French ships of war—the one a steamer, *le Sphynx*, commanded by Captain Sarlat, the other a corvette, *l'Actéon*, commanded by Captain Vaillant—are at anchor not far from us. The officers came on board to ask for news from Europe. In the evening, we paid off Monsieur d'Ornano, the commandant of our brig *le Génie*, which returns with *l'Actéon*, and our voyage is to be continued alone, towards Cyprus and Syria.

We passed two days at Rhodes, in order to examine this, the first Turkish town we have encountered. The oriental character of its bazaars; the Moorish shops, constructed in sculptured wood-work; the street of the knights, where each house bears the arms of ancient families in France, Spain, Italy, or Germany, still preserved entire on its doors, all interested us.

Rhodes still exhibits some splendid remains of its ancient fortifications, and the rich Asiatic vegetation which crowns and envelopes them imparts more grace and beauty than are to be seen at Malta. An Order that could allow itself to be driven from such a magnificent possession must have received its death-blow. It seems as if heaven had formed this isle as an advanced post on Asia. Any European power, who was master of it, would hold at once the key of the Archipelago, of Greece, of Smyrna, of the Dardanelles, and of the seas of Egypt and Syria. I do not know in the world a better maritime military position, a finer climate, or a more prolific soil. The Turks have stamped that air of indolence and inaction on it, which they carry every where: all is in a state of inertion and poverty; but if this people neither creates, preserves, or renews, it neither injures nor destroys. They at least allow time and nature to act for themselves. They permit trees to grow even in the middle of the streets and of their houses; for to them, the sound of water, the shade of trees, cool airs, and the murmuring of fountains, are of the first necessity. So soon,

therefore, as you approach any spot in Europe or Asia, inhabited by Mussulmans, you know it from afar by the rich shade of verdure that sweeps gracefully over the place; trees, flinging a shadow over their repose; sparkling fountains to muse beside in silence; and mosques, with light minarets, which rise at every step out of the bosom of the pious earth;—behold all that is required by this people. They never, indeed, step out of this soft and philosophic apathy, except to mount their Arabian horses (the first of their treasures); but they will fly even to death fearlessly for their prophet and their God. The dogma of fatalism has rendered them the bravest of people, and although their existence in this world may be easy and light, that promised to them by the Koran, as the reward of a life sacrificed in its cause, is painted in such high colours, and so firmly believed, that it requires but a slender effort to pass boldly from this life into that celestial world which the believer sees before him all sparkling with beauty, tranquillity, and love! It is, in truth, the religion fitted to form heroes; but this belief is weakening in the Turk, and his heroism weakens with the faith that is its basis: in proportion as faith diminishes, whether as regards a doctrine or an idea, its votaries will die less willingly and less nobly. They will say, as in Europe—If life is happier than death, if there is nothing immortal to be gained by sacrificing one's self to a duty, why die? Thus war will diminish in Europe till a new faith re-animates it, and

speaks in the heart of man more loudly than does the mere base instinct of existence.

I have seen many delightful females in the evening seated by moonlight on their terraces. They have the Italian eye, but softer, more timid, more filled with tenderness and love. They possess likewise the Grecian figure, but more rounded, and with movements more supple and graceful. Their foreheads are high, smooth, white, and polished like those of the handsomest English or Swiss women; but the straight and broad outline of the nose gives more of majesty and antique nobleness to their physiognomy. The Grecian sculptors would have been still more perfect in their works if they had sought for their models of female faces in Asia; and then, it is so sweet to an European, accustomed to the jaded features and contracted countenances of European women, to behold faces as innocent, as pure, and as calm as the sculptured marble; faces which have but one expression, that of repose and tenderness.

Society and civilization are undoubted enemies to physical beauty; they cause too great a multiplication of sentiments and impressions; and as the physiognomy involuntarily receives and retains the stamp of these, it becomes complicated and deteriorated, acquiring a confusion and uncertainty, which destroys its charm and its simplicity, thus resembling a language that has too many words, and that is ill understood from being so redundant.

27th August, 1832.

At noon we set sail for Cyprus, the weather being beautifully fine. I fixed my eyes on Rhodes, which at length disappeared, seeming to sink into the sea. I regret this beautiful island, regarding it as an apparition one would wish to re-animate. I would fix myself there, were it less widely separated from the living world, with which fate and duty have imposed on me the necessity of cohabiting! What delicious retreats should one possess on the sides of the high mountains, and on their platforms shaded by all the different trees of Asia! I was shewn a splendid house there, belonging to the last Pacha, surrounded by immense gardens watered by abundant fountains, and ornamented with enchanting kiosques. The sum demanded is 16,000 piastres, that is, £120! This is happiness at a cheap rate!

28th August, 1832.

The sea is fine, but heavy, though without wind; immense billows, coming from the west, roll majestically on our poop, and throw us first on one side, then on the other, during three days and nights! What insupportable martyrdom to be rolling thus without any advance! On the fourth day we perceived the eastern point of Cyprus, and after passing another day in coasting its length, we only cast anchor in the roads of Larnaca on the morning of the sixth day.

M. Bottu, French Consul at Cyprus, readily recognized the vessel in which he knew us to be embarked. He sent us an *attaché* of the consulate to invite us to go to his house and accept his hospitality, which kindness we had not the smallest reason to expect but from his obliging generosity. It was accepted, and on our disembarkation, we were received with the utmost kindness by M. and Madame Bottu; M. Perthier and M. Guillois, *attachés* of the consulate, overpowering us also with marks of attention. We received and paid visits, and had to thank M. Mathei, one of the magnates of the isle, for presents of coffee and of Cyprus wine.

31st August.

We passed two days at Cyprus, feeling the delight of repose after a long voyage. The satisfaction resulting from experience of the most kind and unexpected hospitality filled my mind at Cyprus; but this was all. This island, which I had heard extolled so highly as the oasis of the Mediterranean, resembles those of the Archipelago, in being the mere shadow of one of those enchanted islands whereon antiquity had placed the scene of its most poetic worship. It is true that, anxious to reach Asia, I only saw at a distance those picturesque spots with which Cyprus is said to abound. I thought that on my return, I might perhaps stay here a month and look over its mountains in detail.

The isle is undoubtedly fertile in all parts: oranges, olives, raisins, figs, and other plants, are combined, even with the sugar-cane. This land of promise, this realm, so valuable either to a knight of the crusades, or to a comrade of Bonaparte, sustained formerly two millions of souls: now there are only about thirty thousand Greek inhabitants, and some Turks, who might be, with the greatest ease, deprived of their possession. Even an adventurer might succeed, with a handful of soldiers, and a few millions of piastres. This would be worth while, were there any chance of keeping it; but Europe, which has so much need of colonies, would oppose any such enterprise. The jealousy of these powers would come to the succour of the Turks, would soon dissolve the elements of the new conquest, and the conqueror would probably share the fate of King Theodore. This is a bold dream; but eight days might turn it into a reality.

At sea: left the island of Cyprus
the 2nd of September 1832.

We set sail yesterday at midnight. At that hour we took leave of our Cyprus friends, Messrs. Bottu and Perthier, who had passed the evening with us on deck. We retain the liveliest gratitude for the very friendly reception given us by M. Bottu and his lady. How singular is the destiny of the traveller, sowing at every step his affections, his remembrances, and his regrets; he

never quits a shore without a wish and a hope of shortly returning to those, who were, a few days before, utter strangers to him. On his first arrival, he feels no interest in the land he beholds; at his departure, he is sensible that eyes and hearts follow him from the shore which he is leaving far behind him. His eyes are rivetted to the spot where he has bestowed some share of his affections; but the winds bear him away to another horizon, where the like scenes or the like impressions will be presented to him. To travel is to multiply, by arrival and departure, by pleasures and farewells, those impressions which are only afforded at solitary intervals, by the events of a sedentary life: it is to experience over and over again the rarest of those sensations of our ordinary existence; we become acquainted with, we love, we are torn from beings scattered by Providence along our path. To take our departure is to die, when we quit those distant countries to which chance does not lead a traveller more than once in his life; to travel, is to sum up a whole existence in a few years; it is one of the most powerful exertions to which man can subject his heart or his mind. Much travelling is requisite for a philosopher, a politician, or a poet. A change in the moral horizon operates a change in our ideas.

3rd September, 1832.

On awaking, we find ourselves in the open sea. We no longer behold the white shores of Cyprus

nor the rounded summit of Olympus. The calm sea presents the aspect of a spacious lake, while a thick silvery fog is spread over the whole horizon. A sluggish uncertain breeze now and then dies away on the broad sail. A burning sun heats the deck, which is kept cool by constant watering. All are stretched on the transoms, or along the ropes, silent, motionless, and covered with perspiration. Not a breath of air comes to our relief; it is a perfect simoom at sea; we seem to inhale beforehand the moist and burning reflection of the sands of the desert, which is yet at a distance from us of a hundred and fifty leagues. Our days glide on in this manner; we are unable to speak, or even to read. Occasionally I open the bible, in search of what is said of Lebanon, the heights of which will first appear to view. I read the account given of Herod, in Josephus, the historian.

4th September, 1832.

The same absence of wind, the same parching sun; the sea is smoking with heat, and its dead waters are veiled by a fog, which not the slightest breath of air comes to move. We watch with intense anxiety the slight ripples caused on the surface by an occasional breeze, which soon dies away; one of these slowly approaches the brig, giving to the sea a more animated colour. It swells one of our broad sails; our vessel creeks and raises a gentle foam about the prow. Our hearts expand: we

approach the side where the welcome breeze appeared. We feel a freshness gliding along our foreheads and under our hair, still wet with perspiration, but all in vain ; we return to our usual calm and furnace. The water we drink is tepid ; our strength fails us in the attempt to eat. Were this state to continue, man could not long subsist. Happily, however, we have only six weeks of such heat to apprehend, as it ceases in the middle of October.

4th September, at night.

Between the hours of five and eight, a light wind, which came to us from the Gulph of Alexandretta, has enabled the vessel to gain a few leagues. We must be about half way between Cyprus and the coast of Syria : we may possibly be in sight of the latter on our awakening in the morning.

5th September, 1832.

I heard, when I awoke, the slight murmur caused by the track of the vessel making its way through the water. I hastened to the deck in order to get sight of the coast, but nothing was yet to be seen. The currents so frequent in this sea might have carried us far out of our reckoning; we were, perhaps, off the low shores of Idumea, or Egypt. We were giving way to impatience.

Same date, 2 o'clock.

The master of the brig has descried, and calls me to see the tops of Mount Lebanon; but in vain I endeavour to distinguish them, through the thick mist, where his finger directs me; I only perceive the transparent fog forced up by the heat, and above it, a few layers of white cloud. He insists, I look again, but in vain. The sailors, smiling, point out to me Mount Lebanon; the master is at a loss to account for my not seeing it. "But where are you looking for it?" said he; "you look too far. Here it is, nearer to us." Such, in fact, was the case. I looked up to the skies, and beheld the white and gilded crest of the Sannin floating in the firmament over our heads. The fog prevented my observing its base and sides. Its head alone appeared bright and serene in the blue sky. It occasioned one of the most sublime and sweetest impressions I ever felt in my travels. It was the land to which were directed all my present thoughts as a man and a traveller; the sacred land, the land where I sought, from so great a distance, the recollections of our primitive human nature; it was the land, moreover, where I was about to procure the enjoyment of repose under the shade of orange and palm trees, on the banks of torrents of snow, or on some fresh and verdant hill, for what was dearest to me in life, my wife and my Julia. I have every hope that one or two years' existence under that beautiful sky will strengthen the health of Julia, which

occasionally has given rise, for the last six months, to mournful forebodings. I hail these mountains of Asia as the asylum to which Providence leads her for the restoration of her health; a deep-felt and secret joy fills my heart; my eyes are fixed upon Mount Lebanon.

We are dining under the shade of a tent spread upon deck. The breeze continues, and acquires strength with the setting of the sun. We are constantly hastening to the prow in order to ascertain the progress of the vessel, by the noise of its ploughing through the water; a fresh wind springs up. The waves begin to foam; we make five knots an hour; the sides of the highest mountains are seen through the fog and approach us like airy capes; we now distinguish the deep and dark vallies opening along the shore; the hollow roads whiten; the crests of the rocks stand out and join together; the hills nearest the sea are rounded; by degrees, we seem to descry villages scattered on the slopes of the hills, and large monasteries crowning, like gothic castles, the summits of the intervening mountains. Every object that attracts our notice, gladdens the heart; all hands are upon deck. Each one points out to his neighbour a sight which had escaped him; the one perceives the cedars of Lebanon, like a black spot on the sides of a mountain; the other, the appearance of a dungeon on the summit of the mountains of Tripoli; others fancy they perceive the foam of cascades on the declivity of precipices. We pant to land before night on

the long wished-for shore; we are in dread that at the moment of reaching it, another calm may impede the vessel's progress for many a long day on these provoking waters, or some contrary wind blowing from the coast may drive us away to the sea of Candia; this Syrian sea, this immense gulph, surrounded by the high ridges of Lebanon and Mount Taurus, is treacherous to mariners: it presents nothing but a storm, a calm, or a current, which currents forcibly drive vessels far away from their course: the coast, too, presents no harbour for shelter; it is necessary to anchor in dangerous roads at a great distance from shore; a swell seldom fails to harrass these roadsteads and to cut away the anchor; we can only hope for rest, and make sure of reaching the shore, when we shall have actually landed.

Whilst we argue in this manner, and all are fluctuating between hope and fear, night suddenly overtakes us—not as in our climates, with the slowness and gradation of a twilight, but as a curtain drawn between heaven and earth. Everything is in obscurity, and disappears on the dark sides of Lebanon; and we only behold the stars among which our masts are balanced. The wind also fails us; and each of us retires to his cabin, in utter uncertainty about the morrow.

Kept awake by agitation of mind, I heard, through the ill-joined boards which separated my cabin from that of Julia's, the breathings of my sleeping child; and my whole heart rested upon her. I hoped that, perhaps, to-morrow I should

sleep more free from anxiety for a life so dear to me, which I repented having thus hazarded at sea—which a storm might destroy in its bloom! I inwardly besought heaven to pardon me that act of imprudence, and not punish my too great confidence in asking more than I had a right to expect from it. I composed my mind by this consolation: she is a visible angel, who at once protects her own destiny and ours. Heaven will accept of her innocence and purity for our ransom; He will see us safe to shore, and bring us back in safety, for her sake. In the prime of life, at an age when every impression becomes, as it were, incorporated with our existence, and forms its very element, she will have seen all that is beauteous in nature and in creation; for the recollections of her infancy, she will have had the wonderful monuments of Italy, with its masterpieces of art; Athens and the Parthenon will be engraven in her memory, as paternal sites; the fine islands of the Archipelago, Mount Taurus, the mountains of Lebanon and Jerusalem—the Pyramids, the Desert, the tents of Arabia, the palm-trees of Mesopotamia, will form subjects of conversation for her more advanced age. God has gifted her with beauty, innocence, a genius, and a heart where everything kindles into generous and sublime sentiments; I shall have afforded her, on my part, what it was in my power to add to these celestial gifts—the sight of the most wonderful, the most enchanting scenes in the world! What a treasure will she not be at

twenty! her life will have been a combination of happiness, of piety, of affection, and of wonders! who shall then be worthy of crowning it by the addition of genuine love? I shed tears, and prayed with fervour and confidence, for no strong emotion can ever reach my heart without expanding beyond bounds, and venting itself in a hymn, or invocation to that Being who is the end of all our sentiments, who produces and absorbs them all, to the Supreme God.

As I was about to compose myself to rest, I heard some hurried steps on deck, denoting preparations for working the vessel; I was astonished, because all had long been in utter silence, and nothing was heard but a slight rippling of the waves, which indicated that the brig was still making way. I soon heard the sounding rings of the anchor chain heavily unrolled from the capstan; this was followed by the sharp shock which causes the vessel to vibrate, when the anchor has struck upon hard ground, and bites the sand, or the sea weed. I rose, and opened my narrow window. We were arrived, and at anchor before Baireut; I perceived a few scattered lights on a distant shore; and heard the barking of dogs on the beach. This was the first sound that reached my ears from the Asiatic coast, and it gladdened my heart. I returned thanks to God, and fell into a deep and peaceful sleep; no one else below deck had been awakened.

6th September, 1832—9 in the morning.

We were now before Baireut, one of the most populous towns of the coast of Syria, the ancient Bertyus. It became a Roman colony under Augustus, who gave it the name of *Felix Julia*, which happy epithet it owed to the fertility of its environs, its incomparable climate, and its splendid situation. The town is built on a smiling hill which descends in a gentle slope to the sea. A few strips of land and rock project into the waves, and are surmounted with Turkish fortifications of the most picturesque effect; the road is enclosed by a neck of land which protects the sea from easterly winds; the whole of this neck of land and the surrounding hills are covered with the richest vegetation; mulberry trees are planted in all directions, and raised in stories by artificial terraces; carob trees, with their dark verdure and majestic domes, fig, plantain, orange, pomegranate, and a multitude of other trees or shrubs foreign to our climates extend, along the edge of the sea coast, the harmonious veil of their diversified foliage; farther on, at the first ascent of the mountains, forests of olive trees spread over the landscape their grey and ashy verdure. At about a league from the town, the high mountains of the chain of Lebanon begin to stand out, and open their deep defiles (where the eye is lost in the obscurity of the distance,) discharging their broad torrents transformed into rivers; they here branch out

in different directions, some towards Tyre and Sidon, others towards Tripoli and Latakia; and their uneven summits, lost in the clouds, or whitened by the sun's reflection, assume the appearance of our Alps covered with eternal snows.

The Quay of Baireut, which the wave constantly washes and sometimes covers with foam, was thronged with a multitude of Arabs in all the splendour of their dazzling costume and of their arms. It exhibited as active a movement as the quay of our large maritime cities; many European vessels were anchored near us in the road, and ships laden with merchandize from Bagdad and Damascus were perpetually working their way from the shore to the shipping; the houses of the town rose in confused groups, the roofs of some serving as terraces to others; then flat-roofed houses, some with embattled balustrades, their windows having numberless ogives, with painted wooden grates which hermetically closed them as a veil of oriental jealousy, the heads of palm trees seemed to grow out of the stone, and rose erect above the roofs, as if to afford the relief of some verdure to the eyes of the female captives of the harems: every thing rivetted our attention, and indicated an eastern country. We heard the shrill cry of the Arabs of the desert disputing on the quays, and the rough and mournful groaning of the camels uttering sounds of grief, when made to bend the knee and receive their loads. Attentive to this sight so new and so attractive to our view, we were forgetting to land on what was

now become our paternal soil; nevertheless, the French flag was waving at a mast-head on one of the most elevated houses of the town, and seemed to invite us to the shore and to repose under its shadow from the fatigues of a long and painful navigation.

We were, however, too numerous and too encumbered with luggage to run the risk of landing until we had reconnoitred the country and selected a house, if it were possible to procure one. I left my wife, my Julia, and two of my companions in the brig, and had the boat lowered to enable me to make arrangements.

In a few minutes a smooth and silvery wave bore me to the sand, and some Arabs, with their legs bare, carried me in their arms to the opening of a steep and dark street leading to the French consulate; M. Guys, the Consul, for whom I had letters, and whom I had already seen at Marseilles, had not yet arrived. I found his substitute, M. Jorelle, the acting Consul and French dragoman in Syria, a young man whose graceful and benevolent countenance spoke in his favour, and whose kindness to us, during our long sojourn in Syria, justified this early impression. He offered us a part of the consular house for our first asylum, and promised that a house should be sought for in the vicinity of the town, where we might fix our habitation. In a few hours, the sloops of several vessels, and the porters of Baireut, under the superintendence of the Consul's janissaries, effected the landing of our party and of our various

provisions; and before the night had set in we were all ashore, temporarily accommodated, and welcomed by M. and Madame Jorelle with the most marked attention. How delightful is that moment when, after a long and stormy passage, and scarcely landed in an unknown country, we cast our eyes from the summit of a smiling and perfumed terrace over the element we have just quitted for a long time, on the brig which has borne us through the storms and is still tossed about in a road agitated by the swell, on the shaded and peaceful country which surrounds us, on all those scenes of a life on land which appear so captivating when we have been long separated from them. The impression of the first hours of the first days on shore, after a voyage, partakes in some respect of our sensations when convalescent after a long illness; such was our first evening's enjoyment. Madame Jorelle, a charming young lady born at Aleppo, has kept up the rich and dignified costume of Arabian females; the turban, the embroidered vest, the poniard at the girdle; we could never cease admiring this magnificent costume, which added fresh lustre to her purely oriental beauty.

At night a supper was served up in the European style, in a kiosque with broad grated windows opening upon the harbour, admitting the refreshing night breeze which played with the flames of our wax lights; I broached a case of French wine to be added to this hospitable feast, and we thus passed our first night in conversation respecting

the country we had left and that we came to seek; a question about France followed a question upon Asia. Julia played with the long tresses of some Arabian woman or black slave, who came to visit us; she was in admiration of those costumes so new to her; her mother twisted the long locks of her flaxen hair in imitation of those of the ladies of Baireut, or settled her shawl in the shape of a turban on her head. I never saw anything more ravishingly beautiful amongst all the female countenances engraved in my memory, than the appearance of Julia in her head-dress of a turban of Aleppo, with its gold chased cap, from which dropped pearl fringes and chains of gold sequins, her hair hanging down in tresses on her shoulders, and her wondering gaze fixed upon her mother and myself with a smile which seemed to say: Enjoy your delight, and see how beautiful I also can appear!

After reverting for a hundred times to our native country, and naming every place, every individual, whom a common recollection might recal to our minds; after conveying to one another all the mutual information that was calculated to interest us, we came to the subject of poetry; Madame Jorelle requested I would recite to her a few fragments of French poetry, and she translated to us some of the poetry of Aleppo. I told her that nature was far more poetical than poets could ever be; that she herself, at this moment, at this hour, in this delightful spot, by this moonlight, in her foreign costume, with her oriental pipe in hand

and her diamond-hilted poniard at her girdle, was a much finer subject for poetry than all those which the utmost stretch of our imagination had fixed upon. And as she replied that she should be highly gratified at having a recollection of our voyage to transmit to her father at Aleppo, in poetical language addressed to herself, I withdrew for a moment, and brought her back the following verses, the sole merit of which consists in the locality of the place where they were written, and in the sentiment of gratitude which inspired them.

Thou! the child of the East, dost thou ask me for song?
Thou! born where the desert wind sweepeth along;
The flower of the gardens the bulbul might chuse,
For the opening blossom his love music wooes.

We bring back no balm 'scaped the odorous fold,
Nor fruit to the orange tree heavy with gold;
Would we offer the orient day-break more light?
Or stars to the sky that is glorious with night?

Qui? toi? me demander l'encens de poésie?
Toi, fille d'Orient, née aux vents du désert!
Fleurs des jardins d'Alep, que Bulbul* eût choisie
Pour languir et chanter sur son calice ouvert!

Rapporte-t-on l'odeur au baume qui l'exhale?
Aux rameaux d'oranger rattache-t-on leurs fruits?
Va-t-on prêter des feux à l'aube orientale,
Ou des étoiles d'or au ciel brillant des nuits?

* Nom du rossignol en Orient.

No, song comes not hither; but would thy look prove,
All poesie treasures of lovely and love,
Look down on the water wherein thou art shown,
Ah! song has no beauty to equal thine own.

When thou leanest in thy kiosque, whose lattice at night,
Admits the cool sea breeze, the moon's silver light,
A mat for thy seat, which Palmyra has wrought,
When the moka, just heated, beside thee is brought.

When thy hands to thy rose lip, half closing, uphold
The pipe of the jasmin wood fretted with gold,
Thy sweet mouth in breathing the breath of the rose,
Makes the wave through the shell murmur soft as it flows.

When the winged cloud floats and caresses thee round,
And the odorous vapour thy senses has bound,

Non, plus de vers ici! Mais si ton regard aime
Ce que la poésie a de plus enchanté,
Dans l'eau de ce bassin* contemple-toi toi-même;
Les vers n'ont point d'image égale à ta beauté!

Quand le soir, dans le kiosque à l'ogive grillée,
Qui laisse entrer la lune et la brise des mers,
Tu t'assieds sur la natte, à Palmyre émaillée,
Où du moka brûlant fument les flots amers;

Quand, ta main approchant de tes lèvres mi-closes
Le tuyau de jasmin vêtu d'or effilé,
Ta bouche, en aspirant le doux parfum des roses
Fait murmurer l'eau tiède au fond du narguilé;

* Toutes les cours des maisons en Orient ont un jet d'eau au milieu, et un bassin de marbre.

What visions of youth and of love seem to be,
And float in the air that is breathing from thee.

When thou speakest of the Arab steed sweeping the plain,
Though thy childish hand governs the foam covered rein,
The ray of its eyes which in wild triumph shine,
Is neither so soft nor so brilliant as thine.

When thine arm like the polished urn's handle of snow,
Supports on thy elbow thy exquisite brow;
When thy lamp at the midnight flings sudden its rays
On the hilt of thy poniard where diamonds blaze.

There is nought in the sounds that all language hath brought,
Nor in the bard's brow like mine heavy with thought,

Quand le nuage ailé qui flotte et te caresse
D'odorantes vapeurs commence à t'enivrer;
Que les songes lointains d'amour et de jeunesse
Nagent pour nous dans l'air que tu fais respirer;

Quand de l'Arabe errant tu dépeins la cavale
Soumise au frein d'écume entre tes mains d'enfant,
Et que de ton regard l'éclair oblique égale
L'éclair brûlant et doux de son œil triomphant;

Quand ton bras, arrondi comme l'anse de l'urne,
Sur le coude appuyé soutient ton front charmant,
Et qu'un reflet soudain de la lampe nocturne
Fait briller ton poignard des feux du diamant;

Il n'est rien dans les sons que la langue murmure,
Rien dans le front rêveur des bardes comme moi,

Nought in the sweet sighs of a young and pure heart,
So poetry breathing, so pure as thou art.

I have past the glad period of life's early bloom ;
Love expands, and the young heart is filled with perfume.
The delight is grown cold with which mine eyes meet
All beauty—it is but a ray without heat.

To my harp all the love of my worn heart belongs ;
At sixteen how I should have lavished my songs,
On every sweet vapour the scented winds bear,
Which thy soft lips while musing exhale on the air.

Or bidding that form, the enchanted endure,
Which a viewless hand traces in outline obscure,
When the stars of the night, whose gleams round thee fall,
Fling, tracing in flinging, thy shade on the wall.

Rien dans les doux soupirs d'une ame fraîche et pure,
Rien d'aussi poétique et d'aussi frais que toi !

J'ai passé l'âge heureux où la fleur de la vie,
L'amour, s'épanouit et parfume le cœur,
Et l'admiration, dans mon ame ravie,
N'a plus pour la beauté qu'un rayon sans chaleur.

De mon cœur attiédi la harpe est seule aimée ;
Mais combien à seize ans j'aurais donné de vers
Pour un de ces flocons d'odorante fumée
Que ta lèvre distraite exhale dans les airs ;

Ou pour fixer du doigt la forme enchanteresse,
Qu'une invisible main trace en contour obscur,
Quand le rayon des nuits, dont le jour te caresse,
Jette en le dessinant ton ombre sur le mur !

Our eyes were rivetted to this first scene of Arab life. We retired at last, for the first time these three months, to our beds of repose, and to enjoy a sleep undisturbed by the waves. A boisterous wind bellowed on the sea, shook the walls of the elevated terrace beneath which we had retired to rest, and greatly enhanced the value of a peaceable abode after so much tossing. I hoped that Julia and my wife were sheltered at last from all dangers, and I combined, in my waking moments, the means of preparing for them an agreeable and safe residence, whilst I should be prosecuting the track of my journey on these spots, which it was at last my good fortune to have reached.

7th September, 1832.

I arose before daylight, and opened the shutter of cedar wood—the only fastening of a sleeping apartment in this delightful climate. My first glance was directed towards the sea, and the brilliant chain of coast forming a curve, in its extent, from Baireut to Cape Batroun, half way to Tripoli.

No mountains ever created so deep an impression upon my mind. Lebanon bears a stamp which I never beheld in the Alps or Mount Taurus: it is a mixture of the imposing solemnity of lines and peaks with the grace of details and the variety of colours: the mountain is as solemn as its name; it represents the Alps under an Asiatic sky, plunging their airy summits

into the deep serenity of a perpetual splendour. We fancy the sun eternally reposing on the gilded angles of these crests; the sparkling whiteness which it impresses upon them is blended, and harmonises with the snow that remains, until the middle of summer, on the more elevated summits. The chain unfolds itself to the eye through an extent of upwards of sixty leagues, from Cape Saïde, the ancient Sidon, to the environs of Latakia, where it declines, and allows Mount Taurus to strike its roots in the plains of Alexandretta.

At one moment we behold the chains of Lebanon take an almost perpendicular rise above the sea, with villages and large monasteries suspended on their precipices; at another, they are seen to turn off from the shore, to form immense gulphs, leaving verdant traces or ridges of gilded sand between them and the waves. Sails are ploughing those gulphs, and approach the numerous bays with which the coast is indented. In no other place does the sea assume so blue and sombre a hue; and although rarely free from swell, the broad-extended wave rolls in vast folds over sands and reflects the mountains like a spotless mirror. Those waves spread along the coast a dull, harmonious, yet confused murmur, which rises up to the shade of the vines and carob trees, and fills the open country with sonorous animation. On my left, is the low coast of Baireut, exhibiting a series of small necks of land decked with verdure, and only protected from the waves by a line of rocks and quicksands mostly covered

with old ruins. Further on, hillocks of red sand, similar to that of Egyptian deserts, project like a cape, and serve as a beacon to mariners; on the summit of this cape are seen, in the shape of a parasol, the broad tops of a forest of Italian pine trees; and the eye gliding between their scattered trunks, rests upon the flanks of another chain of Lebanon, and reaches as far as the projecting promontory, on which the city of Tyre, the present Sour, was built.

When I turned in the direction opposite to the sea, I beheld the high minarets of the mosques, like isolated columns, rising up in the blue and undulating morning air; the Moorish fortresses that command the town, and whose creviced walls afford root to a forest of climbing plants, of wild fig trees and wall flowers, next to which are the oval battlements of the walls of defence, and the even ridges of the country planted with mulberry trees; here and there the flat roofs and white walls of the country-houses or cottages of Syrian peasants; at a still greater distance, finally, the curved grass-plots of the hills of Baireut, all covered with picturesque buildings, Greek or Muscovite convents, mosques or habitations of Turkish monks, and in as high cultivation as the most fertile hills of Grenoble or Chamberry. Lebanon is always in the back-ground, assuming a thousand curves, grouping itself into gigantic masses, and throwing forward its vast shades, or reflecting the brightness of its lofty snows upon every scene of the horizon.

Same date.

I passed the whole day reconnoitring the environs of Baireut, and seeking a resting place which I might fix upon for our habitation.

I have hired five houses forming a group, and shall connect them by wooden staircases, galleries, and openings. A house in this place consists of little more than a vault used as a kitchen, and one sleeping apartment for a whole family, however numerous. In such a climate, the real house is the roof, constructed in the shape of a terrace; here it is that women and children pass the day, and frequently the night. In front of the house, between trunks of mulberry or olive trees, the Arab raises a hearth where his wife prepares his meals. A straw mat fixed to the wall is thrown over a pole, and secured against the branches of the tree. All their house-keeping takes place under this shelter. Mothers and daughters sit squatting all day long, engaged in combing and braiding their long hair, washing their veils, twisting silk, feeding fowl, or playing and chatting together, just as in our villages of the south of France. On sunday mornings, the girls assemble at the door of their cottages.

Same date, at night.

The whole day has been engaged in unloading the brig, and conveying from the town to our country house the baggage of our caravan. We are each to have a room. A large field of mul-

berry and orange trees extends all round our cluster of houses, and affords to each of us a few steps before his door, and some shadow for relief against the heat. I have purchased some Egyptian mats, and carpets of Damascus, which will serve us for beds and divans. Active and intelligent Arab carpenters are already at work, making doors and windows, and we propose sleeping this night in our new habitation.

8th September, 1832.

Nothing could be more delightful than our awaking after the first night's rest in our own dwelling. Our breakfast was served up on the broadest of our terraces, and our eye embraced and became familiarised with the surrounding country.

The house is at a distance of ten minutes' walk from the town. It is approached through paths shaded by immense aloes, whose thorny figs hang over the traveller's head. On one side of him are some old arches and a large square tower, built by Fakardin, the Emir of the Druses, and used at present as a watch-tower for some sentries of Ibrahim Pacha's army who keep a look-out over the whole country. He next glides along between the trunks of mulberry trees, and reaches a group of low houses concealed amongst them, and flanked by a wood of lemon and orange trees. The houses are irregular in their construction; that in the centre rises like a square tower above the rest in a graceful pyramidal shape. The roofs of these houses are connected

together by a flight of wooden steps, and thus form a whole, affording sufficient comfort for guests who have recently been confined for so long a time in the cabin of a merchant vessel.

At some hundred paces below us the sea encroaches upon the land, and viewed from this spot, over the green heads of lemon trees and aloes, it resembles a fine inland lake or the strip of a broad river. Some Arab barks are at anchor, and are gently tossed to and fro by its imperceptible undulations. If we ascend the upper terrace, this fine lake is transformed into an immense gulph enclosed on one side by the Moorish castle of Baireut, and on the other by the gigantic dark walls of the chain of mountains in the direction of Tripoli. Before us, however, the horizon is of far greater extent, running at first over an expanse of fields in admirable cultivation, planted with trees which completely conceal the earth, and strewed here and there with houses like our own, with elevated roofs resembling white sails over a sea of verdure; it then contracts itself in a long and graceful hillock, on the summit of which a Greek convent shews its white walls and blue domes; some tops of pine trees of a parasol shape flit, at a still higher elevation, over the very domes of the convent. The hillock ends in a gentle slope supported by stone walls, and bearing forests of olive and mulberry trees. The lower steps are bathed by the waves which afterwards recede, and another more distant plain assumes a curved form, and deepens to make way for

a river meandering a certain space amongst woods of green oak, and discharging its waters on the edge of the gulph grown yellow by the contact.

This plain only terminates at the gilded sides of the mountains which rise up by degrees, presenting at first enormous hills, bearing the aspect of large heavy masses alternately square or curved; a slight vegetation covers the summit of those hills, and each of them bears a monastery or a village reflecting the sun's light, and prominent to view. The face of the hills glitters like gold: it is lined with walls of yellow freestone pounded by earthquakes, each part of which reflects and darts the sunbeams. Above these first hillocks, the gradual ascent of Lebanon becomes broader; some of the plateaux are two leagues in extent; uneven, hollowed, furrowed, ploughed up with ravines, with deep beds of torrents, with dark gorges which the eye cannot penetrate. After these plateaux, the lofty mountains again stand up almost perpendicularly erect; one may, however, discern black spots indicating the cedar and fir trees with which they are lined, and some inaccessible convents, some unknown villages, seeming to hang over their precipices. On the most pointed summits of this second chain, trees of gigantic appearance may be likened to hair scantily spread over a bald forehead. Their uneven and indented tops may be seen at this distance, resembling pinnacles on the crest of a citadel.

The real Mount Lebanon rises at last behind the second chain; the eye fails, at so great a

distance, to distinguish whether its flanks are of a rapid or gradual ascent—whether naked or covered with vegetation. Its sides are lost, by the transparency of the air, in the air itself, of which they seem to form a part. Nothing is seen but the ambient reflection of the sun's rays, which envelopes them; and their fiery crests, blended with the purple morning clouds, and floating, like inaccessible islands, through the waves of the firmament.

If we cast a look downward from this sublime horizon of the mountains, our eyes rest, in all directions, upon majestic groups of palm-trees, planted here and there through the country, in the vicinity of Arab habitations, with green undulations of fir tops, strewed in small clusters about the plain or on the slopes of the hills, of hedges of the cochineal or other oily plants, whose heavy leaves drop like stone ornaments upon the low walls which support the terraces. These walls are so completely covered with lichens in bloom, with ivy, vines, bulbous plants bearing flowers of all colours, and bunches of every form, that it is impossible to discern the stones with which the walls are constructed. We behold a uniform rampart of flowers and verdure.

Close upon us, at last, and under our eyes, two or three houses like our own, half sheltered by the domes of orange trees in bloom or bearing fruit, present to the sight those animated and picturesque scenes which are the life of every landscape. Arabs, squatted upon mats, are smoking upon the roofs of the houses. Some women are

leaning out of the windows to see us, and hide themselves when they perceive that they have attracted our notice. Beneath our very terrace, two Arab families, fathers, brothers, wives and children, are taking their repast under the shade of a small plantain, at the threshold of their habitations. A few steps further on, under another tree, two Syrian girls, of extraordinary beauty, are decking themselves in the open air, and ornamenting their hair with white and red flowers. The hair of one of them is so long and bushy that it completely covers her, like the branches of a weeping willow falling in all directions over its trunk: all that can be seen, when she shakes her undulating hair, is her fine forehead, and her eyes, sparkling with undisguised cheerfulness, and darting for a moment through this natural veil. She seems to enjoy our admiration. I throw her a handful of ghazis, small pieces of gold, which the Syrian women turn to collars and bracelets by stringing them on a silken twist. She joins her hands and places them on her head, by way of thanking me, and returns to her lone apartment to exhibit them to her mother and sister.

12th September, 1832.

A Syrian Greek, named Habib Barbara, established at Baireut, whose habitation adjoins our own, performs for us the office of dragoman or interpreter. Attached for two years in that capacity, to the several French consulates, he speaks French and Italian: he is one of the most

obliging and intelligent men I have ever met with in my travels: had it not been for his and M. Jorelle's assistance, we should have found considerable difficulty in completing an establishment in Syria; he procures us a variety of Greek and Arab servants. My first purchase consists of six Arabian horses, of secondary breed, and I leave them, according to the custom of the country, under the parching sun, in a field before my door, with their legs fettered by iron rings, and secured by a stake fixed to the ground. I am causing a tent to be erected near the horses, for the saïs, or Arab grooms. These men appear to be both gentle and intelligent. As to the animals, after two days they know and scent us like dogs. Habib Barbara presents us to his wife, as well as to his daughter, whom he is to give away in marriage in a few days: he invites us to the wedding. Being curious to witness Syrian nuptials, we accept, and Julia prepares her presents for the bridemaid. I tender her a small gold watch, of which I brought a quantity to be disposed of in this manner: my child adds to it a small pearl chain. We mounted our horses to reconnoitre the environs of Baireut. Madame Jorelle has a superb Arabian horse, with a velvet harness lined with silver, a sculptured breastpiece of the same metal, waving in garlands and flapping on the fine breast of this animal. M. Jorelle sells me one of his horses, for my wife. I order Arabian saddles and bridles to be got in readiness for fourteen horses.

At about half a league from the town, towards the east, Fakardin, the Emir, has planted a forest

of fir-trees, of parasol shape, on a sandy plateau, which stretches between the sea and the plain of Bagdad, a fine Arabian village at the foot of Lebanon. It is said that the Emir planted this magnificent forest to oppose a rampart to the encroachment of the immense hills of red sand, which rise a little further on, and threatened to swallow up Baireut, with its luxuriant vegetation. It has grown into a stately forest: the trunks of the trees are from sixty to eighty feet high, and of a single shoot; their broad and motionless tops meet, and throw their shadows over a considerable space. Foot-paths of sand glide along the trunks of the fir-trees, and afford the softest ground for the horses' feet. The rest is covered with a slight down of grass, strewed with flowers of the most brilliant red. The roots of hyacinths are so large that they resist the horses' shoes. Through the columns formed by these fir-trees, are seen, on the one side, the white and red sand-downs which conceal the sea from our view: on the other, the plain of Bagdad, intersected by the course of the river; a corner of the gulph having the appearance of a small lake, cased as it were, by the horizon of the land; the twelve or fifteen Arabian villages rising on the lower slopes of Lebanon; and lastly, the groups of Lebanon itself, which constitute the curtain of this scenery. The light is so unobstructed, the air so pure, that the eye may distinguish, at an elevation of many leagues, the forms of the cedar or carob trees on the mountains, or the majestic eagles spreading their mo-

tionless wings in the ethereal sky. This forest of fir trees is unquestionably the finest sight I have ever beheld. The sky, the mountains, the snow, the blue horizon of the sea, the red and dismal horizon of the desert of sand, the meandering lines of the river, the lonely tops of the cypress trees, the clusters of palm trees scattered over the country, the graceful aspect of cottages covered with vines and orange-trees, dropping over the roofs, the austere appearance of the lofty monasteries of Maronites, forming large shadowy spots or rays of light on the chased flanks of Lebanon, the caravans of camels, loaded with merchandise from Damascus, and moving along in silence between the trees; companies of poor jews, each of them carrying a couple of children and mounted upon asses; women on horseback, and wrapped up in white veils, proceeding onwards to the sound of the tambourine and the fife, surrounded by a crowd of children dressed in red stuffs, embroidered with gold, and dancing before the horses; a few Arab horsemen running the *djérid* around us, on steeds whose manes actually sweep the sand; some groups of Turks, in front of a coffee-house, made of branches, in a sitting posture, smoking their pipes or saying their prayers; a little further on, the endless deserted sands-hills, tinged with gold borrowed from the rays of the setting sun, and covered with clouds of fiery dust, raised up by the wind; lastly, the dark roaring of the sea, coming in contact with the musical sound of the wind among the tops of the fir trees, and

contrasted with the warbling of myriads of unknown birds;—all this presents to the eye and the mind of the passer-by, the most sublime, the gentlest, and, at the same time, the most melancholy concourse of objects which has ever taken possession of my soul. This is the spot to which all my dreams have pointed: I shall daily return to it.

16th September, 1832.

We have occupied the few days that have passed, in making ourselves acquainted with the inhabitants, their manners, the locality, and the amusing details of an establishment formed in the midst of a country so new to us. Our five houses have been transformed, by the assistance of our friends, and of Arab workmen, into a kind of Italian villa, resembling those which had formerly afforded us so much delight on the mountains of Lucca or the shores of Leghorn. We have each an apartment, and we all meet in a saloon at the end of a terrace decorated with flowers. We have had divans laid in this saloon, and shelves for our ship library; my wife and Julia have painted the walls in fresco, and spread on a table of cedar-wood their books, their work-boxes, and all those little articles of female taste which ornament, in London and in Paris, our marble or mahogany tables. There it is that we take shelter from the scorching heat of day; for at night our place of meeting is in the open air, or the terrace itself; we receive

there the visits of all Europeans who are brought to this beautiful country by the trade with Damascus, of which Baireut is the sea-port. The Egyptian governor named by Ibrahim Pacha came to offer us, with more than European grace and cordiality, his protection and his services, whether during our stay, or on the journeys we might intend to undertake. He dined with me to-day; he is a man who would not disgrace the choicest company. A veteran soldier of the Pacha of Egypt, he possesses for his master, and especially for Ibrahim, that blind devotedness, that confidence in his success, which I recollect having formerly witnessed in the Emperor's generals; but this Turkish attachment is stamped with a far nobler and more affecting character, as it originates in a religious sentiment, and not in any personal interest. Ibrahim Pacha is the star, the Allah of his officers; the officers of Napoleon only saw in him their glory—a type of the object of their ambitious aspirings. Our guest readily drank our champaign, and accommodated himself to our customs as if he had never known any other; the afternoon was passed in the enjoyment of smoking and drinking coffee. I gave him a letter for Ibrahim Pacha, wherein I informed him of the arrival of a European traveller in the country subjected to his rule, and solicited that protection which is expected of a warrior who is fighting the cause of European civilization. Ibrahim left this place with his army a short time back; he is at present in the vicinity of Homs, a

large town of the desert, between Aleppo and Damascus. The troops he has left in Syria are few in number. The chief towns, like Baireut, Saïde, Jaffa, Acre, and Tripoli, are occupied, conjointly with Ibrahim, by the soldiers of the Emir Beschir, or high priest of the Druses, who reigns over the country of Lebanon. This Prince was unable to resist Ibrahim; he has abandoned, in appearance at least, the Turkish cause, since the capture of St. Jean d'Acre by Ibrahim, and he mingles his troops with those of the Pacha. Were Ibrahim to be defeated at Homs, the Emir Beschir might possibly cut off his retreat, and annihilate the remains of the Egyptian army. This skilful and warlike Prince has reigned, for the last forty years, over all the mountains of Lebanon. He has blended into one nation the Druses, the Metualis, the Maronites, the Syrians, and the Arabs, who all live under his sway. He has sons as warlike as himself, whom he appoints to govern the towns which Ibrahim confides to his custody; one of them is encamped a quarter of a league from this place, in the plain contiguous to Lebanon, with five or six hundred Arab horsemen. We are to receive his visit; he has already sent to compliment us on our arrival.

An Arab was this day relating to me the entrance of Ibrahim into the town of Baireut. At a short distance from the gate, as he was crossing a hollow road, the sides of which are covered with creeping roots and twisted bushes, an enormous serpent issued from the thicket, and, slowly

crawling along the sand, moved onward till it came under the very feet of Ibrahim's horse. The affrighted animal reared, and some running slaves in the suite of the Pacha rushed forward to slay the serpent; but Ibrahim made a sign to them to desist, and drawing his scimitar, struck off the head of the reptile, which stood erect before him, and trampled the trunk under his horse's feet. A cry of admiration burst from the crowd, and Ibrahim pursued his route, with a smile on his lips, indicating his delight at this occurrence, which is, amongst the Arabs, a sure presage of victory. This people never witness an accident in life, or natural phenomenon, without attaching to it a prophetic and moral meaning; can it be a confused recollection of that more perfect parent language which men formerly understood, and in which all nature was explained by nature itself? Is it a greater vivacity of imagination seeking a correlativeness in things, which it is not given to man to penetrate? I know not, but I incline to the first of these interpretations; there are, in human nature, no instincts without a motion, an object, and a cause. The instinct of divination has perplexed all ages and nations, especially primitive people; divination must, therefore, have existed, or may yet be found to exist; but it is a language of which man lost the key, when he descended from his higher state—from that Eden which has been handed down, to every people, by a confused tradition. Nature, no doubt, spoke at that time to the mind in a louder and clearer voice; the

hidden connexion of all natural facts was within the reach of man's apprehension; their mutual dependence might lead him to the perception of truths, or of future events, for the present ever is the procreative and infallible germ of the future; the whole difficulty consists in rendering it clear to the sight and obvious to the understanding.

17th September, 1832.

Our mode of life is unchanged. The day passes in visits to or from the Arabs and Franks, and in exploring the delightful environs of our retreat. We have met with great civility and kindness from the European consuls in Syria, whom the war has concentrated at Baireut. Messrs. Bianco, the Sardinian; Laurella, the Austrian; Farren and Abbott, the English Consuls, soon brought us into contact with all the Arabs who can assist us in our proposed inland journey. Nothing can exceed their hospitality and welcome reception. Some of them have inhabited Syria for many years, and keep up an intercourse with Arab families of Damascus, Aleppo, and Jerusalem, who on the other hand are on friendly terms with the principal Scheiks of the Arabs of the deserts we have to travel over. We thus form, beforehand, a chain of recommendations, acquaintance, and hospitality, on different lines of road, which may protect us as far as Bagdad.

M. Jorelle has procured me an excellent dragoman, or interpreter, in the person of M. Mazoyer,

a young man of French origin, but who, being born and educated in Syria, is well versed in the learned language, and the various dialects of the regions we have to visit. He is installed, from this day, in my dwelling, and I turn over to him the management of the whole Arab portion of my household. This Arab household consists of a cook from Aleppo, named Aboulias; of a young Syrian of this part of the country, called Elias, who, having already been in the service of the consuls, understands some French and Italian; of a young girl, also a Syrian, and acquainted with the French language, who will act as interpreter for the females of our party; in short, of five or six Greek, Arab, or Syrian grooms, from different districts, who are to have the care of our horses, to pitch our tents, and to serve us for an escort on our journey.

The history of our Arab cook is too extraordinary to be dismissed from our recollection.

He was a young intelligent christian, who had opened a small trade at Aleppo for the stuffs of the country; and he went about, mounted on an ass, selling his stuffs to the tribes of wandering Arabs, who come, during the winter, to encamp in the plains near Antioch. His trade had become prosperous, but as his character of an infidel gave him some uneasiness, he thought it an act of prudence to connect himself with a Mahometan Arab of Aleppo. The business grew more flou rishing in consequence, and Aboulias found himself, at the end of a few years, one of the most

reputable merchants of the country. But he had fallen in love with a young Syrian Greek; the condition of his obtaining her hand was that he should quit Aleppo, and come to settle in the neighbourhood of Saïde, where resided the family of his intended lovely bride. It becoming necessary to arrange and close his pecuniary affairs, a general quarrel arose between the two partners respecting the division of the wealth they had acquired in common. The Mahometan Arab laid a snare to entrap the ill-fated Aboulias; he suborned concealed witnesses, who heard him, in a dispute with his partner, blaspheme the name of Mahomet; this crime in an infidel was punishable with death.

Aboulias was brought before the Pacha and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was carried into effect, but the rope broke, the unfortunate Aboulias fell at the foot of the gallows, and was left for dead at the place of execution. The parents, however, of his intended bride having permission from the Pacha that his body should be delivered up to them for the purpose of its being interred according to the forms of their religion, they removed it to their house, and perceiving that Aboulias gave some faint signs of life, they revived him, kept him concealed in a cellar for some days, and interred an empty coffin to elude the suspicion of the Turks. The Turks, nevertheless, had received some intimation of the deceit, and Aboulias was again arrested at the moment of his effecting an escape by night through the gates of the town. Conducted to the Pacha,

he related how he had been saved independently of any effort on his part. The Pacha, in consideration of a text of the Koran, which favoured the accused, offered him the alternative of either being hanged a second time, or of turning Turk. Aboulias preferred the latter, and, for some time, professed islamism. When the recollection of his adventure had ceased, and his conversion had obtained credit, he found means to escape from Aleppo, and to embark for the island of Cyprus, where he again became a christian. He married the wife of his affections, claimed the protection of the French, and was thus enabled to re-appear in Syria, where he kept up his trade of a pedlar among the Druses, the Maronites, and the Arabs.

This was the very man we wanted to accompany us on our journey through those countries. His culinary talent consists in lighting a fire in the open air with thorny shrubs or dried camel-dung; in suspending a copper pot to a couple of sticks which cross each other at the ends; and in boiling therein rice and fowls, or pieces of mutton. He also heats some round pebbles on the hearth, and when nearly red, he covers them over with the paste he has kneaded from barley flour,—this constitutes our bread.

19th September, 1832.

My wife and Julia have been invited, to-day, by the wife and daughter of an Arab chief of the vicinity, to pass the day at their baths; this is the

diversion in which oriental women chiefly indulge. A bath is announced a fortnight beforehand, as a ball would be in Europe. I subjoin the description of this fête, such as my wife gave it to us this night on her return.

The bathing apartments are a public place, the approach of which is interdicted to men on every day until a certain hour, in order that women alone may have the free range of them; but when it is intended to be a bride's bath, such as the one in question, men are excluded throughout the day. A faint light is admitted into the apartments by means of small domes with painted windows. They are paved with marble, shaped into compartments, of varied colours, and inlaid with considerable skill. The walls are also lined with marble in the form of mosaics, or sculptured with Moorish mouldings or small columns. A graduated heat pervades these apartments; the first one has the temperature of the external air; the second is tepid, the others are warmer in succession, until the last—when the vapour of the almost boiling water rises from the bason, and oppresses the air with its overpowering heat. In general there are no basons scooped in the centre of the apartments, but merely spouts through which water to the depth of half an inch is constantly flowing upon the marble floor, running off through stone gutters, and incessantly renewed. What is called a bath, in the East, is not a complete immersion, but successive aspersions of a greater

or less warmth, and the impression of vapour upon the skin.

Two hundred females of the town of Baireut, and of the neighbourhood, were on that day invited to the bath, and amongst them many young Europeans; each one arrived wrapped up in an immense sheet of white linen, which completely conceals the superb costume of the women when they issue forth. They were all accompanied by their black slaves or free servants; according as they arrived, they formed into groups, or sat down upon mats and cushions prepared in the outer hall; their suite removed the sheets which enveloped them, and they then appeared in all the rich and picturesque brilliancy of their dress and jewels. These costumes are highly varied in the colour of the stuffs and the splendour of the jewels; but they are altogether shapeless.

The dress consists in broad folded pantaloons of striped satin, secured at the waist by a tissue of red silk, and drawn in above the ancle by a gold or silver bracelet; a robe worked in gold, open in front and fastened under the bosom which is left bare; the sleeves are drawn close under the armpit and afterwards hang loose from the elbow to the wrist; a silk gauze tunic runs underneath and covers the chest. Over the robe they wear a velvet vest of scarlet colour lined with sable or ermine, with gold embroidery over the seams; the sleeves are also open.

The hair is parted across the head, a portion falling over the neck, the rest twisted in plaits

falling to the ancles, and made longer by black silk tresses imitating natural hair. Small wreaths of gold or silver hang at the extremity of these tresses, which by their weight they cause to float along the shape: the head is moreover strewed with small pearl chains, strung gold sequins, and natural flowers, all mixed up together and scattered with incredible profusion—just as if the contents of a casket had been thrown pell-mell over those gaudy heads of hair covered with the perfume of jewels and flowers. This barbarian gorgeousness has the most picturesque effect on young females of fifteen or twenty; some women, moreover, wear a cap of cut gold, of the shape of an inverted cup; on the centre of which cap is seen a gold tassel bearing a tuft of pearls, and dangling on the shoulders. Their legs are bare, and the only covering of the feet are yellow morocco slippers which they drag along at every step.

Their arms are covered with bracelets of gold, silver, or pearls; their necks with several necklaces forming a twist of gold or pearl on the uncovered bosom.

As soon as all the women had assembled, a wild music was heard; some females, whose breasts were only covered with a slight red gauze, uttered sharp and plaintive cries, and played on the fife and tambourine; this music continued throughout the day, and imparted to a scene of pleasure and festivity, a character of savage tumult and frenzy.

When the bride appeared, accompanied by her mother and her young friends, and dressed in so

splendid a costume that her hair, her neck, her arms and her breast were completely concealed under a veil strewed with garlands of gold and pearls, the bathing women seized upon her, and stripped her, by degrees, of all her ornaments; in the meanwhile, the rest of the company were undressed by their slaves, and the various ceremonies of the bath now commenced. They moved, to the unceasing sound of the same music, coupled with more and more extravagant forms and words, from one apartment to another; they began with vapour baths; afterwards came ablution baths; perfumed and soapy water was next poured over them; then commenced the several amusements; and all the women indulged, with various cries and gesticulations, in the sports familiar to school boys who are taken out to bathe—splashing one another, dipping their heads under water, throwing water in each other's faces; the music withal growing louder and more yelling, as often as any of those childish amusements excited the boisterous laughter of the young Arab girls. At last they left the bath; the slaves and other attendants again plaited the damp hair of their mistresses, fastened the necklaces and bracelets, dressed them in their silk gowns and velvet vests, spread cushions upon mats in the apartments, the flooring of which had been wiped dry, and brought forth from baskets and silk wrappers the provisions prepared for the repast; these consisted of pastry and all kinds of confectionary, for which the Turks and Arabs are unrivalled; sherbets,

orange flower water, and all the icy beverages in which eastern people indulge at every moment. Pipes and *narguils* were also brought in for the elder part of the company; a cloud of odoriferous smoke filled and obscured the atmosphere; coffee, of excellent flavor, was freely served up in small cups enclosed in little transparent vases of gold and silver wire; the conversation now became animated; dancing women came next, who executed, to the sound of the same music, Egyptian dances and the monotonous Arabian evolutions. Such were the occupations of this day, and it was not until nightfall that the whole train of women led the young bride back to her mother's house. This ceremony of the bath usually takes place a few days before the wedding.

20th September, 1832.

Our establishment being now complete, I am engaged in preparing my caravan for the journey into the interior of Syria and Palestine. I have purchased fourteen Arab horses, some from Lebanon, others from Aleppo and the Desert; I have had the saddles and bridles made after the fashion of the country, in a costly style, and ornamented with silk fringes, and gold and silver wire. The respect shown by the Arabs is in proportion to the display of extravagance; they must be dazzled in order to impress their imagination and to travel in perfect security amongst their tribes; I am getting our arms put in order, and am pur-

chasing others of a handsomer kind for the purpose of arming our Carvas. These Carvas are Turks who have replaced the janissaries formerly granted by the Porte to the ambassadors or travellers over whom she extended her protection; they are both soldiers and magistrates, and nearly correspond with the corps of mounted police of European states. Each consul has one or two attached to his person; they travel with them on horseback, announce their approach in the towns they have to pass through, give intimation of it to the scheik, the pacha, or the governor; clear and prepare for them whatever house in the town or village it has pleased them to fix upon; and protect by their presence and their authority any caravan which they have been appointed to guard. Their costume is more or less splendid, according to the display or importance of the person who employs them. Foreign ambassadors or consuls are alone entitled to claim their attendance; thanks, however, to M. Jorelle's civility, and the kindness of the Egyptian governor of Baireut, several have been placed at my disposal. I propose leaving some in my habitation for the service of my wife and of Julia, as well as for their protection when they have to leave home; and I take with me the youngest, the most intelligent and the most intrepid, to head our detachment. These men are gentle, obliging and attentive to our wishes; they hardly require anything more than fire-arms, handsome horses, and gorgeous costumes; for they live, like my other Arabs,

upon fruit and cakes of barley flour; they sleep in the open air, under garden mulberry trees, or in tents I have had pitched near our stabling.

M. Bianco, the Sardinian Consul, whom we daily see, as if he had been a friend of long standing, smooths all the difficulties in the way of these household arrangements, which will ease my mind on the score of my wife and child during my absence, and will also contribute to our security on the road; I am purchasing tents, and he has afforded me the loan of the handsomest at his disposal.

22nd September, 1832.

The oppressive heat of September will delay for some time our departure. Our days are engaged in visits to and from all our neighbours, whether Greeks, Arabs, or Maronites, and in forming such acquaintance as will contribute to our enjoyment during our stay. In no part of Europe could we possibly meet with greater kindness or a more friendly welcome than we receive here. The people have never been used to see any one land amongst them except Europeans engaged in business, whose intercourse has self-interest for its object; they cannot at first understand that any one should come and inhabit their country, or travel in it for no other purpose than to acquaint himself with their manners, and to admire the wonders of their soil and the ruins of their monuments; they begin by suspecting the intentions of a traveller;

and as they give credit to the tradition that treasures are buried beneath all their ruins, they imagine we possess the secret of finding out those treasures, and that our expenses and fatigues are incurred with no other motive; but when once they can be satisfied that such is not the object of the traveller, that he merely comes to admire the work of God in the finest regions under the sun, to study the manners of men, to see and to love them; when, moreover, presents are offered to them without seeking any other return than their friendship; when one is provided, as we are, with a physician and a pharmacy; when prescriptions, advice and medicines are gratuitously bestowed upon them; when they find that the stranger thus arriving in their country is welcomed and treated with consideration by the other Franks, that he is the owner of a fine vessel in which he sails at pleasure from one port to another, and that he refuses to admit any article of merchandise on board, their imagination is struck with the idea thus conveyed to it of grandeur and disinterestedness which baffles all their calculations; and their mistrust quickly gives place to admiration, their admiration to absolute attachment.

Such is their goodwill towards us: our courtyard is constantly filled with Arabs from the mountains, with Maronite monks, with Scheiks from the Druses, with women, children, and invalids, who come already from a distance of fifteen or twenty leagues to see us, to ask medical advice and offer us their hospitality, if we should pass

through their lands; the greater part send beforehand presents of wine and fruit, the growth of their country. We give them every welcome, treat them to coffee, pipes, and iced sherbet; in return for their presents, I offer them European stuffs, arms, a watch, and a few trinkets of small value, of which I have provided myself with a plentiful supply; they go home delighted with our reception, and carrying back and spreading in every direction the fame of the *Emir Frangé*, or *Prince of the Franks*, the name they have given to me; I am known by no other throughout the environs of Baireut and in the town itself; and as the consideration thus shewn to me may prove very useful to us on our perilous journies in the different countries we are to visit, M. Jorelle and the European Consuls are so obliging as not to undeceive them, and allow the humble poet to pass for a European chieftain of distinction.

It is inconceivable with what rapidity news circulates in Arabia from mouth to mouth; it is already known at Damascus, Aleppo, Latakia, Saïde and Jerusalem, that a stranger has landed in Syria and is about to visit those places. In a country where the mind of man and course of events are unruffled by great changes, the slightest unusual occurrence becomes at once the subject of general conversation; it circulates with the rapidity of sound from one tribe to another; the imagination of the Arabs, easily raised and prone to every impression, magnifies and colours everything; and in the space of a fortnight, a reputation has

acquired consistency, and is extended over a space of a hundred leagues. This goodwill towards me in a country where Lady Stanhope formerly experienced its effects in her regard, under circumstances nearly similar, is too favourable to us to warrant our opposing it. We allow them to say and do what they please; and accept without attempting to undeceive them, the imaginary titles, the wealth, the qualities, which their Arab imaginations have ascribed to me, intending humbly to resign them when I return to the proper proportions of my native mediocrity.

27th Sept. 1832. Tower of Fakardin.

We passed the whole day in witnessing the nuptials of the young Syrian Greek. The ceremony began by a long procession of Greek, Arab and Syrian women, some having arrived on horseback, others on foot, through paths of aloes and mulberry trees, to attend the bride during this fatiguing performance. For many days and nights past, a certain number of these women have never left the house of Habib, and are unceasing in their cries, their songs, their piercing and lengthened lamentations, which resemble the boisterous noise made by vintagers and haymakers on the hills of our native country during the harvest time. These conventional clamours, wailings, tears and joys must deprive the bride of her rest for many nights previous to the wedding. On the other hand, the old and young members of

the husband's family enact the same part, and scarcely allow him a moment's rest for a whole week. We are at a loss to understand the grounds of such a custom.

These women, being admitted into the gardens of Habib's dwelling, are ushered into the interior of the divan, to compliment the young maiden, to admire her dress, and to witness the ceremonies. We are left in the court-yard or admitted into an inferior divan. Here a table was spread in the European style, with a profusion of preserved fruit of honied or sweetened pastry, of liqueurs and sherbets; and the repast was renewed during the evening, as often as the numerous guests had exhausted the former supply. I succeeded, through an exception made in my favour, in procuring admission to the divan where the women were assembled, at the moment when the Greek archbishop was giving the nuptial benediction. The youthful maiden was standing by the side of the bridegroom, and covered from head to foot with a veil of red gauze embroidered with gold. The priest removed the veil for an instant, and the bridegroom had thus a first view of the object to whom he was uniting himself for life; she was exquisitely beautiful. The paleness spread over her face from the effects of fatigue and emotion, a paleness heightened by the reflection of a red veil, by the countless ornaments of gold, silver, pearls and diamonds with which she was bespangled, by the long plaits of her dark hair falling in all directions round her waist, her eye-

brows, eye-lashes, painted black, as well as the border of her skin near the eyes, the tip of her fingers and nails painted red with henna, her hands lined with compartments and Moorish designs,—every thing stamped her ravishing beauty with a character of novelty and of solemnity which created a deep impression upon our minds. Her husband had scarcely a moment allowed him to cast a look at his bride. He appeared exhausted and ready to drop from the constant night watching and fatigue occasioned by these fantastic customs, calculated to damp the most ardent love.

The bishop took from the hands of one of his priests, a crown of real flowers, fixed it on the maiden's head, removed, and laid it on the head of the bridegroom, withdrew it again and placed it on the bride's veil, and thus repeatedly transferred it from head to head. Rings were then alternately placed on each others fingers. They next broke the same bread, and drank consecrated wine out of the same cup. The young bride was afterwards led to apartments where women alone could accompany her, to make another change in her dress. The father and friends of the husband brought him away to the garden, and he was made to sit down at the foot of a tree, surrounded by all the men of the family. The musicians and dancers now made their appearance, and continued until sun-set their wild symphonies, their piercing cries, and their contortions round the young man, who had fallen asleep at the foot of the tree, and whose friends in vain attempted

at every moment to awaken him from his slumbers.

When night had set in, he was led alone in procession to his father's house. It is only after the lapse of eight days, that the bridegroom is allowed to come back for his bride, and to take her to his home.

The women who filled Habib's house with their wailings withdrew a little later. Nothing can be conceived more picturesque than this immense procession of women and young girls, in the most singular and splendid costumes, covered with sparkling jewels, and each of them surrounded by their attendants and slaves, bearing torches of resinous fir to light them on the way, and thus lengthening their luminous train through narrow paths shaded with aloes and orange trees, along the sea shore, at one time maintaining a deep silence, at another uttering loud cries, which resounded on the waves, or under the broad plantains at the feet of Lebanon. We returned to our dwelling, which adjoins Habib's country-house, where we still heard the sounds of conversation kept up by the females of the family; we ascended our terraces, and watched for a long time those flitting fires which were moving in all directions, through the trees growing on the plain.

29th September, 1832.

A report is spread that Ibrahim has been defeated. Should the Egyptian army suffer a re-

verse of fortune, the vengeance of the Turks, who are oppressed at the present day by the Christians of Lebanon, would have to be apprehended; and excesses might be committed in isolated parts of the country, especially at such a place as we inhabit. I have accordingly determined, by way of precaution, to hire a house in town; and have found one this morning, which is calculated to afford accommodations to all our party; it consists, like an Arabian palace, of a small dark gallery opening to the street by an elliptic gate; this gallery leads to an interior court, paved with marble, and surrounded by divans, or open apartments; in summer, there is spread over this court a tent, in which the Arabs await their visiters; water flows from a spout in the centre of the court, and murmurs in its fall; on occasions of scarcity of running water, there is at least a closed well at one of the angles; the court leads to several large apartments, likewise paved with mosaics or marble slabs, and ornamented breast-high either with marble sculptured in the forms of niches and pilasters, or small fountains, or with wainscotting of yellow cedar of exquisite workmanship; the first half of these divans is a step lower than the other half, and this second part is separated by a beautifully carved wooden balustrade; the slaves and attendants remain standing in the first part of the saloon, with a cup of coffee, sherbet, or a pipe in hand; the masters are seated upon carpets, and leaning upon cushions in the upper divisions; there is generally

constructed at the end of the apartment a small wooden staircase, concealed in the wainscot, and leading to a species of elevated gallery at the extremity; this gallery opens, at one end, toward the street by small ogive windows, lined with lattice work, and towards the apartment it is also concealed by wooden lattice work, in which the joiners of the country display their skill in design and workmanship; these galleries are very narrow, and only admit of a divan covered with mattresses and cushions lined with silk;—here it is that the wealthy Turks or Arabs retire for the night; others are content with spreading cushions on the floor, where they sleep in their clothes, and without any other covering than the heavy and handsome furs which they habitually carry about their persons.

My town house has five or six apartments, of a uniform size, on the first floor, and as many on the second floor, besides a great number of small detached rooms, for European servants, in the upper part of the house; the janissaries, the Saïds, and the Arab servants, sleep at the street door, under the gallery, or in the court yard; to provide a room or a bed for them is never dreamt of; the people here have no other bed than the ground, and an Egyptian straw mat; the beauty of the climate has anticipated every want, and we ourselves experienced that the most delightful canopy is the splendid starry firmament, beneath which the light sea breezes waft some degree of freshness, and invite us to repose; there is little

or no dew, and we need but throw a silk handkerchief over our eyes, and thus sleep in the open air, without the slightest inconvenience.

This house is only intended as a place of security for my wife and child, in the event of the retreat of Ibrahim Pacha; I am entrusted with taking possession of the keys, as we shall only occupy it if the rest of the country should become insecure. Under the guarantee of European consuls, in a town encompassed by walls, and in the vicinity of a harbour where vessels of all nations constantly ride at anchor, there cannot exist any pressing danger for travellers. I have hired the town house for twelve months, at the price of a thousand piastres, amounting to about three hundred francs; the five country houses together cost me no more than three thousand piastres, making in all thirteen hundred francs a year for six houses, whilst the town house alone would cost me in Europe at least from four to five thousand francs.

On a neck of land, to the left of the town, is seen a charming habitation, such as the most fastidious might desire; it belongs to a rich Turkish merchant, to whom I had caused proposals to be made for it; he refused to let it on hire, but offered to sell it to me for 30,000 piasters, or about 10,000 francs. It rises in the centre of a spacious garden, which is planted with cedar, orange, vine, and fig-trees, and supplied with rock-water flowing through a handsome fountain. It is surrounded on two sides by the

sea, and the foam bathes the foot of the walls. The fine roadstead of Baireut spreads before it, with its ships at anchor; the echo is heard of the wind blowing through the rigging, and impeded in its force by an old Moorish castle, projecting into the sea, connected by bridges with handsome grass-plots—its elevated battlements throwing a dark shadow on the snowy ground of the Sannin, showing in the intervals the forms of the sentries of Ibrahim passing to and fro, with their looks directed towards the sea.

The house is far more handsome than the one I have just hired. All the walls are lined with beautifully sculptured marble, or cedar wainscotting, of the most exquisite workmanship; water-spouts are perpetually murmuring in the midst of the apartments of the ground floor; latticed and projecting balconies constructed all round the upper stories allow the females to pass, unobserved, their days and nights in the open air, and to feast their eyes with the splendid sight of the sea, the mountains, and the animated scenery of the harbour. This Turk received me with great cordiality; he lavished upon me his sherbets, his pipes, and his coffee, and led me in person through every apartment of his house. He had previously sent a black eunuch to signify to his wives that they should withdraw to the pavilion in the garden; but when we reached their apartment or harem, the order had not yet been carried into effect, and we perceived five or six young women—some of the age of fifteen or sixteen at most, the

others of from twenty to thirty—dressed in the rich and graceful costume of Arab women, and in all the disorder of their in-door toilet; they were rising in a hurry from their mats and divans, and flying with bare legs and feet, some hastily throwing a veil over their faces, others carrying away little children at the breast, in all the shame and confusion so natural in their state of surprise; they glided along a dark gallery, and the eunuch placed himself as a sentry at the door. The Arab merchant appeared neither embarrassed nor distressed at this occurrence; and we visited all the interior apartments of the harem with as much freedom, as we should have examined a dwelling inhabited by Europeans.

VISIT TO LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

Lady Esther Stanhope, a niece of Mr. Pitt, left England at the death of her uncle, and travelled over Europe. Young, handsome, and endowed with riches, she was courted every where with all the eagerness which her rank and fortune, her wit and her beauty, could not fail to attract; but she constantly rejected the offers of her most worthy admirers, and, after passing some years in the chief capitals of Europe, she embarked for Constantinople with a numerous retinue. The motive of this voluntary banishment from her native land was never ascertained; some have ascribed it to the death of a young English general, who was killed at that period in the Spanish war, and who

was ever present to the memory and the surviving affections of Lady Esther; others, on the contrary, to a mere taste for adventure, which was supposed to lurk in the breast of a young lady gifted with a bold, enterprising temper. Be this as it may, she left England, passed a few years in Constantinople, and finally embarked for Syria in an English vessel laden with the greater part of her wealth, with jewels of considerable value, and with articles of every kind which she intended for presents.

A storm overtook the vessel in the bay of Macri, on the coast of Caramania, fronting the island of Rhodes; the vessel struck against a rock a few miles from the shore, came to pieces in a few moments, and the treasures of Lady Stanhope were buried in the waves. She escaped with difficulty, and was borne, upon the wreck of the vessel, to a small desert island, where she remained twenty-four hours, without food or help of any kind; at last, some fishermen of Marmoriza, who were in search of the remains of the wreck, found her out, and brought her to Rhodes, where she made herself known to the English Consul. Her determination was not abated by this fatal accident. She proceeded to Malta, and from thence to England, collected the remains of her fortune, placed a portion of it in the sinking-fund, embarked in another vessel with all her riches, and with the presents she needed for the countries through which she designed to travel, and set sail. She had a prosperous voyage, and

landed at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, between Tripoli and Alexandretta, on the coast of Syria. She fixed herself in the environs of this place, learned the Arab language, kept company with all who were likely to promote her intercourse with the various populations of Arabs, Druses, or Maronites of the country, and prepared herself, as I was then doing, for exploring journeys into the most inaccessible parts of Arabia, of Mesopotamia, and of the desert.

After being thoroughly familiarized with the language, the costume, manners, and usages of the country, she organized a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents destined for the Arabs, and overran every part of Syria. She sojourned at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Homs, Balbec, and Palmyra. It was at the latter place that the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs, who had facilitated her approach to those ruins, assembled round her tent, to the number of forty or fifty thousand, and, charmed with her beauty, her grace, and her splendour, proclaimed her queen of Palmyra, and delivered firmans into her hands, by which it was agreed that every European who should receive her protection might proceed in perfect security to visit the desert and the ruins of Balbec and Palmyra, provided he pledged himself to the payment of 1000 piastres as a tribute. This treaty still exists, and would be faithfully executed by the Arabs, if positive proof were afforded them of Lady Stanhope's protection.

On her return from Palmyra, she narrowly

escaped being carried off by a numerous tribe of other Arabs, hostile to those of Palmyra. She received timely notice from one of her attendants, and owed her safety, and that of her caravan, to a forced night march, and to the swiftness of her horses, which travelled over an incredible extent of desert country for the space of twenty-four hours. She returned to Damascus, where she resided for some months under the protection of the Turkish Pacha, to whom the Porte had strongly recommended her.

After having led a wandering life in every eastern country, Lady Esther Stanhope settled herself at last in an almost inaccessible solitude, on one of the mountains of Lebanon, near Saïde, the ancient Sidon. The Pacha of St. Jean d'Acre, Abdallah Pacha, who entertained the most unbounded respect and attachment for her, granted to her the remains of a convent, and the village of Dgioun, inhabited by Druses. She had several houses built, and surrounded by a wall of enclosure, resembling our fortifications of the middle age; created a delightful artificial garden in the Turkish style, containing within it a pasture, an orchard, a bower made of vines, kiosques embellished with Arabian sculptures and paintings, water running through marble gutters, water spouts in the centre of the pavement of the kiosques, and arches formed of orange, fig and lemon trees. Lady Stanhope lived here during many years in a style of oriental splendour, surrounded by a concourse of Arab or European dragomen, a nume-

rous retinue of females and of black slaves, and in friendly and even political intercourse with the Porte, with Abdallah Pacha, with the Emir Beschir, the sovereign of Lebanon, and more particularly with the Arab Scheiks of the Deserts of Syria and Bagdad.

Her fortune, which was still considerable, was soon diminished by the derangement of her affairs occasioned through her absence from England, and she found herself reduced to an income of thirty or forty thousand francs, scarce adequate to the establishment Lady Stanhope is compelled to keep up in this country. Those, meanwhile, who had accompanied her from Europe either died or went away; the friendship of the Arabs, which must be constantly maintained by presents or illusions, cooled towards her; the intercourse between them grew less frequent; and Lady Esther fell into that state of absolute retirement in which I afterwards found her. This was the occasion, however, on which she displayed the energy, and the firm and lofty determination of her heroic character. She never dreamed for an instant of retracing her steps; she bestowed not a regret upon the world or the past; she did not succumb to her forlorn condition, to her misfortunes, to the prospect of old age and utter forgetfulness; she remained the solitary being she is still at this moment—without books, newspapers, or letters from Europe; without friends or even servants attached to her person; she is merely attended by some female negroes and black children, with a

certain number of Arab peasants to look after her garden and her horses, and to watch over her personal safety. It is generally supposed in the country, and my acquaintance with her leads me to form the same conjecture, that she derives her supernatural strength of mind and firmness of resolution, not alone from her innate temper, but also from exaggerated religious ideas in which the illuminism of Europe is mixed up with some oriental beliefs, and especially with the wonders of astrology. Be this as it may, Lady Stanhope is an object of admiration to the East, and of astonishment to Europe. Finding myself in the neighbourhood of her dwelling, I was desirous of seeing her; her turn for solitude and meditation was in such close analogy with my own inclinations, that I felt anxious to verify in person how near we approximated. But nothing is more difficult for an European than to be admitted to her presence; she declines all communication with English travellers, or their wives, and even with the members of her own family. I had thus very faint hopes of being presented, and was not the bearer of any letter of introduction; aware, however, that she maintained a distant intercourse with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a recommendation to these tribes in her own handwriting might be of essential service to me in my future journies, I determined upon dispatching an Arab to her with the following letter.

" My Lady,

" A traveller, and a stranger in the East, as you " are, coming like you in quest of nothing more " than a view of its character, of its ruins and of " the works of God, I have just landed in Syria " with my family. I should number as one of " the most interesting days of my pilgrimage that " on which I might be allowed to behold a lady " who is, in her own person, one of the wonders " of those regions I am ambitious to visit.

" Should you condescend to receive me, be " pleased to name the day most suitable to your " convenience, and to inform me whether I am to " appear alone, or whether I may be permitted to " bring with me some of the friends who have " accompanied me to this country, and who would " set as high a value as I do on the honor of being " presented to you.

" I beseech you, however, my Lady, not to " suffer your politeness to grant a favor that " might be repugnant to your habits of retirement. " I am too sensible of the value of freedom and of " the endearments of solitude not to appreciate " and respect the motives of your refusal.

" Accept the homage, etc."

Lady Stanhope's reply was not long delayed; on the 30th, at three in the afternoon, the equerry of her Ladyship, who is likewise her physician, arrived and brought me a message in which he was ordered to accompany me to Dgioun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

We proceeded on our journey at the hour of four. I had with me Doctor Leonardi, M. de Parseval, a servant and a guide, and we were all mounted. At the distance of half an hour's ride from Baireut. I traversed a wood of magnificent pine-trees, originally planted by the Emir Fakardin, on an elevated promontory which spreads on the right along the stormy sea of Syria, and on the left towards the beautiful valley of Lebanon; a delightful prospect, where the luxuriant vegetation of the west, the vine, the pyramidal poplar, the fig and the mulberry tree, mingle with some elevated shoots of eastern palm-trees, whose broad leaves were scattered as a bunch of feathers over the dark ground of the firmament. A little further on, we entered upon a kind of desert of red sand, heaped up into enormous moving waves resembling the swell of the ocean. The evening was extremely fresh, and the wind furrowed, ruffled and fluted them, thus conveying the resemblance of an agitated and foaming sea. This sight was new to me, and a mournful forerunner of the spacious desert I should have to cross in reality, There was seen no trace of men or animals on this undulating sand; we were only guided on the one side by the roaring of the surge and on the other by the transparent ridges of the summits of Lebanon; we soon fell into a kind of road or path strewed with enormous blocks of angular stones. This road, which runs along the sea shore as far as Egypt, led us to a ruined habitation, the remains of an old fortified tower, where we slept

away the dark hours of night, stretched on a mat made of weeds, and wrapped up in our cloaks.

As soon as the morn arose we mounted our horses. It was one of those nights when the sky is brilliant with stars, when the most perfect serenity reigns over those ethereal depths we were contemplating from a distance, whilst the surrounding nature seems groaning and tortured by the gloomiest convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast had been heightening for some leagues this painful impression. We had left behind us, with the twilight, the fine shaded slopes, the verdant vallies of Lebanon. Rugged hills rose up before us strewed from top to bottom with black, white and grey stones, the remains of earthquakes; on our right and left, the sea, swollen since morning by a dark storm, rolled its heavy and menacing waves, which, distinguished from afar by the shadow they threw before them, came bounding against the shore with the roar of thunder, and spread their broad and bubbling foam to the very verge of moist sand over which we were travelling, washing on each occasion our horses' feet and threatening to carry us off in their flow. A moon as bright as a winter sun enabled us by the rays it threw over the sea to witness its fury, and yet afforded us too scanty a light to quiet our anxiety respecting the perils of the road. Presently the glare of a large fire fell upon the ridge of the mountains of Lebanon with the white and dark fogs of morning, and spread over the whole scene a false and dim colour, which being

neither day nor night, has neither the clearness of one nor the serenity of the other; a painful hour for the eye and the mind; a struggle between contrary principles, of which nature sometimes presents the afflicting image, and which oftener harmonizes with the sensations of the heart.

At seven in the morning, under a burning sun, we quitted Saïde, the ancient Sidon, which projects into the sea as a glorious remembrance of a by-gone dominion; and we ascended bare and rugged hills of chalk, which insensibly rising by degrees, led us to the solitude we had vainly sought to descry. We had no sooner reached one elevation, than we descried a steeper one, to ascend in turn; mountains were linked with mountains, like the rings of a close chain, only leaving between them deep ravines without water, and strewed and whitened by masses of grey rock. These mountains are completely divested of vegetation or soil. They are skeletons of hills, worked upon for ages by water and by the winds. This was not the spot at which I expected to find the habitation of a woman who had seen all the world, and might have fixed her abode wherever she thought proper. At last, from the top of one of these rocks, my eyes fell upon a deeper and broader valley, bordered on all sides by more majestic but equally barren mountains. In the midst of this valley, and resembling the base of a large tower, the mountain of Dgioun took its rise, and formed a curve in the shape of groups of circular rocks, which narrowing as

they approached their summits, formed at last a kind of esplanade, some hundred toises broad, and were covered with beautiful green vegetation.

A white wall, flanked by a kiosque at one of its angles surrounded this mass of verdure; and here Lady Esther had established her residence. We arrived at noon; the house is not what we call one in Europe; it is not what in the East we should denominate a house. It is a confused and grotesque assemblage of ten or a dozen small cottages, containing each only one or two rooms, on the ground floor; these cottages are without windows, and separated from one another by small courts or gardens: an assemblage completely resembling in aspect the poorest convents that are met with on the high mountains of Spain or Italy, belonging to the Mendicant order.

According to her custom, Lady Stanhope was not visible, until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were conducted to a kind of narrow cell, dark, and almost wholly destitute of furniture. Here breakfast was served, and we then threw ourselves on a divan to wait the awaking of the hitherto invisible, romantic hostess of the palace. I fell asleep. At three o'clock, some one knocked at the door, and announced that her ladyship was ready to receive me. I crossed a court-yard, a garden, an open kiosque, with hangings of a geranium colour, then two or three dark passages, and I was at length introduced by a little negro child seven or eight years old, into the cabinet of Lady Esther. It was

so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, yet mild and majestic features, clad in an oriental costume. She rose from the divan, advanced, and offered me her hand. Lady Esther appears to be about fifty years of age, but she possesses those personal traits which years cannot alter: freshness, colour, and grace depart with youth; but when beauty resides in the form itself, in purity of expression, in dignity, in majesty, and a thoughtful countenance, whether in man or woman, this beauty may change with the different periods of life, but it does not pass away,—it eminently characterizes the person of Lady Esther Stanhope.

She wore a white turban, and on her forehead was a purple coloured woollen fillet, which fell on each side of her head as low as her shoulders. A long yellow cashmere shawl, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves, enveloped all her person in simple and majestic folds, while an opening of these folds upon the bosom, displayed a second tunic of rich Persian stuff, covered with flowers, which was attached round the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, as if she had never used any other from her youth.

"You have come a long way to see a hermit," said she to me; "you are welcome. I receive but few strangers, scarcely more than one or two

a year; but your letter pleased me, and I wished to know a person who, like me, loves God, nature, and solitude. Besides, something told me that our stars were friendly, and that we should suit each other. I see with pleasure, that my presentiment has not deceived me; your features, which I now see, and the very noise of your footsteps, as you came along the passage, teach me enough respecting you, to prevent my repenting the wish to receive you. Sit down, and let us talk, we are already friends."

"How, my Lady! can you honor so soon with the appellation of friend, a man whose name, and whose life are entirely unknown to you? You know not who I am."

"It is true," she replied, "I know not what you are, according to the world, nor what you have done, while you lived amongst mankind; but I already know what you are before God. Do not take me for a madwoman, as the world often calls me; but I cannot resist the wish to open my heart to you. There is a science at present lost in your Europe—a science which, cradled in the East, has never perished here, but still exists undistinguished. I possess it—I read in the stars—we are all children of some one of those celestial fires which presided at our birth, and of which the happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our fortunes, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gesture, in our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes, yet you are

known to me as well as if I had lived an age with you. Shall I reveal you to yourself? Shall I predict your destiny ?"

" Beware of that, I entreat you, my Lady," I replied with a smile. " I do not deny what I do not know; I will not affirm that, in nature, visible and invisible, in which all is connected and sustained, beings of an inferior order, like man, may not be under the influence of superior beings, such as angels or the stars; but I have no need of their revelation to know myself — corruption, infirmity, and misery; and as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should think that I profaned the Creator, who conceals it from me, if I demanded it from the creature. With respect to futurity, I believe only in God, in liberty, and virtue."

" No matter," said she, " believe what you please; I see evidently that you are born under the influence of three good, powerful, and potent stars; that you are endowed with corresponding qualities; these will lead you to an end, which, if you desired it, I would at present point out to you. It is God who brings you here, to enlighten your soul; you are one of those hopeful and benevolent men whom he needs as instruments, for the wonderful works which he will soon accomplish amongst mankind. Do you believe that the reign of the Messiah is arrived ?"

" I was born a christian; that is a sufficient answer."

" Christian !" she replied, with a slight sign of impatience; " I am also a christian; but he

whom you call Christ, has he not said, 'I still speak to you in parables, but he who is to come after me will speak to you in spirit and in truth:' well it is *he* whom we expect! Behold the Messiah who is not yet come, but who will not delay, whom we shall see with our eyes, and for whose advent everything in the world is preparing;—what will you answer, and how can you deny or distort the very words of your gospel, which you have just quoted? what are your motives for believing in Christ?"

"Permit me, my Lady, to decline pursuing such a discussion with your Ladyship. I never enter into it with myself. There are two lights for man; one that enlightens the mind, which is subject to discussion and doubt, and which often leads only to error and departure from the right path; the other enlightens the heart, and never deceives, for it is at once evidence and conviction; and for us poor miserable mortals, truth and conviction are synonimous. God alone possesses truth in its essence; we only possess it as faith. I believe in Christ because he brought upon the earth the most holy, the most fruitful, and the most divine doctrine that ever shed its rays on human intelligence:—a doctrine so celestial, can it be the fruit of deception and falsehood? Christ has spoken the language of reason. Doctrines are known by their moral beauty, as the tree is known by its fruits. The fruits of christianity (I speak rather of those yet to come, than of those already gathered and corrupted)

are infinite, perfect, and divine; hence the doctrine must be itself divine; hence the author is the divine Word, as indeed he styled himself;—behold why I am a christian; such is the religious controversy that I hold with myself; with others I never pursue any. One cannot prove to a man what he already believes."

"Well then," she said, "do you find the social, political, and religious world, properly organised? and do not you feel, what is felt by all, the want, the necessity of a revealer, of a redeemer, of the Messiah whom we expect, and already behold in our anticipations?"

"Oh, as to that," I observed, "it is another question; no one more than myself laments the universal sufferings endured by nature, man, and society; no one can admit more openly the enormous social, political, and religious abuses that prevail; no one more ardently hopes or desires the advent of one destined to repair the intolerable evils of humanity, or is more convinced that this repairer must be divine! If you call this expecting the Messiah, I expect him like you and more than you; I sigh for his speedy appearance, like you and more intensely; I perceive, in the staggering creeds of man, in the tumult of his ideas, in the void of his heart, in the depravation of his social state, in the repeated convulsions of his political institutions, all the symptoms of an overthrow, and consequently of an approaching and imminent change. I believe that God always shows himself at the very moment when what is human is proved to be insufficient, when

man confesses that of himself he is nothing. The world is in this state at present. I believe then in a Messiah, not far distant from our epoch, but in this Messiah I do not see Christ, who has nothing to add to the wisdom, the virtue, and truth that he has already taught us; but I see him whom Christ has said should come after him. That holy spirit always acting, always assisting man, always revealing to him, according to the time, and his wants, what he ought to know and do. Whether this divine spirit becomes incarnate in a man or in a doctrine, in a fact or an idea, matters little; I believe in it, I hope in it, and more than you, my Lady, I invoke it. You see, therefore, that we may understand each other, and that our stars are not so diverging as this conversation may first have led you to suppose."

She smiled; her eyes, sometimes transiently clouded while I detailed to her my profession of faith, brightening with tenderness, and a glance almost supernatural.

"Believe as you think proper," she said, "you are not the less one of those men whom I expected; whom Providence sends to me, and who have a great part to play in the drama which is preparing. You will soon return to Europe, but it is all over with Europe. France alone has a great mission still to accomplish, in which you will participate. I do not yet know how, but I can tell you to-night, if you wish it, when I have consulted your stars. I do not know the names of all; I at present see more than three, I perceive four, perhaps five, and, who knows, per-

haps still more. One of them is certainly Mercury, which gives clearness and colour to intelligence and speech. You must be a poet : I read it in your eyes, and in the upper part of your countenance ; lower down you are under the empire of wholly different and almost opposite stars; there is the power apparent of energy and action. The sun, also," said she suddenly, "has its influence upon you. I see it by the position of your head, and the manner in which it is thrown on your left shoulder. Return thanks to God! There are few men born under more than one star ; few of whom that one is fortunate ; fewer still, whose star, even when favorable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposite planet. You, however, have several ; they all combine to serve you, and all aid each other in your favour ; what is your name ?" I told her. "I never heard it before," she replied, with the accent of truth.

"Ah, my Lady, see what glory is! I have composed some verses in my life, which have caused my name to be repeated a million of times by all the literary echoes of Europe—but this echo is too feeble to traverse the ocean and your mountains ; and here I am a new man—a man completely unknown, whose name even has never been pronounced! I am the more flattered by the bountiful kindness with which you have honoured me, seeing that I owe it only to you and not to myself."

"Yes," said she, "poet or not, I love you, and

I hope in you; we shall see each other again, be assured of it. You will go back to Europe, but you will not long delay your return to the East. It is your country."

"It is, at least," I replied, "the country of my imagination."

"Do not laugh;" she said: "it is your true country; it is the country of your forefathers; I am sure of it. Look at your foot."

"I see nothing there, my Lady, but the dust of your paths, which covers it, and of which I should be ashamed in a drawing-room of old Europe."

"That is not it," she answered hastily; "look at your foot! I noticed it not myself before. Look! your instep is very high: there is space between the heel and the toes, when you place your foot on the ground, sufficient to let the water flow through it without wetting you. It is an Arabian foot—it is the foot of the East. You are a child of these climates, and we approach the day when each man will return to the land of his fathers. We shall see each other again."

A black slave entered at this moment, and prostrating himself before her, with his forehead on the carpet and his hands on his head, said a few words to her in Arabic.

"Go," said she to me, "dinner is served; dine quickly, and return soon. I will study you, and endeavour to see more clearly, than in the first confusion of my ideas, into your person and your future destiny. As for me, I never eat with any one: I live very abstemiously; a little bread and

fruit, when I feel hungry, are all I take; but I must not subject my guest to my regimen."

I was conducted through a bower of roses, laurel, and jessamine to the gate of the gardens. The cloth was laid for M. de Parseval and myself. We dined in haste; but she did not wait until we had risen from table, and sent Leonardi to say that she was waiting for me. I hastened to her, and found her smoking a long oriental pipe; she ordered one to be brought for me. I was already accustomed to see the most elegant women of the East smoke, so that I found nothing to shock me in that nonchalant and graceful attitude, nor in the odoriferous fumes which escaped in airy columns so often from the lips of beauty, interrupting conversation without suffering it to slacken. We conversed a long time in this manner, and always on the favourite subject—on the unique and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman—this modern magician—this Circe of the Desert, who fully reminded me of the most celebrated magis of antiquity.

It appeared to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Esther consisted of an able though confused mixture of the different religions, in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live. Inscrutable as the Druses, of whose faith, perhaps, she alone in the world really knows the mystic secret; resigned as a Mussulman, and a fatalist, like him; expecting, with the Jew, the Messiah; and with the Christian professing the adoration of Christ, and practising his charitable

morality. Add to this the fantastic colours and supernatural dreams of an imagination of oriental tint, and heated by solitude and meditation with the effect of some revelations, perhaps, of Arab astrologers,—and you will have an idea of the sublime and strange compound which it is more easy to call madness than it is to analyse and comprehend it. No! Lady Esther is not mad: madness, which is written so strongly in the eyes, is not expressed in her beautiful and amiable look: madness, which always betrays itself in conversation, interrupting the chain thereof by irregular, eccentric, and sudden departures from the subject, is in no wise to be perceived in the elevated, mystic, and cloudy, but well-sustained and connected conversation of her Ladyship. If I were to pronounce, I should rather say that it is a studied—a voluntary madness—conscious of itself, and acting from peculiar motives. The strong admiration which her genius has kindled, and still attracts among the Arab population surrounding the mountains, sufficiently proves that this affected madness is but a pretence. The men, in fact, inhabiting this country of prodigies—those men of rocks and deserts—whose imagination is higher coloured and more cloudy than the horizon of their sands and their seas, act according to the word of Mahomet or Lady Stanhope. They seek commerce with the stars, with prophecies, miracles, and the second sight of genius. Lady Stanhope understood this, at first by the exalted views of her superior intel-

ligence: afterwards, perhaps, like all beings endowed with powerful intellectual faculties, she deceived herself as well as others, and became the first neophite of the faith she had created for them. Such is the impression which this interview with her produced upon me. She can neither be judged nor classed by a word. She is a statue of gigantic dimensions, which can only be judged of from a point of view. I should not be surprised if some early day should realise a part of the destiny she promises herself—an empire in Arabia—a throne in Jerusalem! The least political commotion in the region of the East, which she inhabits, might raise her to that eminence.

On this subject I said to her, "I have only one reproach to make to your genius—it is that of being too timid in dealing with events, and of not having pushed your fortune where it might have led you."—"You talk," she replied, "like a man who still relies too much on human will, and not enough on the irresistible empire of destiny alone. My strength lies there; I await it; I do not call for it; I am growing old; my fortune is greatly reduced; I am at present alone, abandoned to myself on this desert rock, and a prey to the first daring wretch who chuses to force my gates. Surrounded by a band of unfaithful servants and ungrateful slaves, who rob me every day, and sometimes even threaten my life, it was but lately I owed my safety to this dagger, with which I was obliged to defend myself against the attack of a black slave, whom I had brought up.

Yet in the midst of these tribulations I am happy. I reply to every thing by the sacred word of the Mussulmans, Allah Kerim! the will of God be done! and I await with confidence the future, of which you have spoken; of the advent of which I would wish to convey to your mind the assurance you should entertain of it."

After having smoked several pipes aud drunk several cups of coffee, which negro slaves brought every quarter of an hour; "Come," said she, "I will conduct you into a sanctuary in which I suffer no prophane foot to enter; it is that of my garden." We descended a few steps, and I accompanied her in a state of perfect delight, over one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens I had yet seen in the East. Arbours without number, whose verdant arches bore, like thousands of lustres, the sparkling grapes of the land of promise; kiosques, whose sculptured arabesques were interlaced with jessamine, climbing plants, and the convolvulus of Asia; basons of water, artificial it is true, brought from the distance of a league, murmuring and spouting from *jets-d'eau* of marble; walks planted with all the fruit trees of England, of Europe, and of these fine climates; verdant lawns, planted with flowering shrubs, and compartments of marble, containing flowers with which I was unacquainted:—such were the characteristics of this garden. We reposed by turns in several of the kiosques which adorn it, while the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Esther lost nothing of that mystic tone

and elevation of subject, which it exhibited in the morning.

" Since destiny," said she to me, " has sent you hither, and such an astonishing sympathy between our stars permits me to confide to you what I would conceal from the prophane world, come, and you shall see with your own eyes, a prodigy of nature, of which the destination is only known to me and my adepts. The prophecies of the East had announced it for many ages, and you shall yourself be the judge whether these prophecies are accomplished. She opened a gate of the garden which led to a small inner court, where I perceived two magnificent Arab mares of the purest race and of a rare perfection of form. " Approach," said she to me, " and examine this bay mare; see if Nature has not accomplished in her, all that is written of the mare which is to carry the Messiah, and which is to be born ready saddled."

I saw, in fact, on this fine animal, one of those sports of nature, sufficiently rare to serve as an incitement to vulgar credulity amongst a half-barbarous people. The mare had, behind the shoulders, a cavity so large and deep, and imitating so completely a Turkish saddle, that one might say with truth she was foaled saddled, and but for the want of stirrups, one might mount her without requiring an artificial saddle. This beautiful animal seemed accustomed to the admiration and respect which Lady Esther and the slaves evinced for it, and seemed to feel the

dignity of its future mission. No one had ever mounted it, and two Arab grooms watched over, and never lost sight of it for an instant. Another mare, quite white, and in my opinion, infinitely more beautiful, partook, with the mare of the Messiah, in the respect and care of her Ladyship. No one had ever mounted it either. Lady Esther did not tell me, but she gave me to understand, that although the destiny of this mare was less holy, she had yet a mysterious and important one assigned her also, and I fancied that Lady Stanhope reserved the white one for herself, to mount on the day on which she should make her entry, by the side of the Messiah, into reconquered Jerusalem.

After seeing these fine animals led about for some time on a greensward beyond the enclosure of the fortress, and admired their graceful and supple motions, we returned to the house, and I renewed my entreaties to Lady Esther that she would at last allow me to present to her my friend and travelling companion, M. de Parseval, who, in spite of my remonstrances, had followed me to her residence, and was waiting in vain since the morning for a favor on which he placed so high a value. She at last gave her consent, and we returned to pass the afternoon, or perhaps the night, in the small apartment I have already described. Coffee and pipes reappeared in oriental profusion; and the saloon was soon filled with such a cloud of smoke, that the figure of Lady Stanhope could no longer be seen except through an atmosphere resembling

such a one as a magician might have conjured up. She conversed on subjects less sacred to her mind with the same energy, the same gracefulness, the same command of words, but in a far less supernatural manner than she had done in the course of the day, when we were unobserved. "I hope," said she suddenly, "that you are an aristocrat, your appearance denotes it."—"You are mistaken, my Lady," I replied; "I am neither an aristocrat nor democrat; I have lived long enough to have found, on examining both sides of the medal of human nature, that they are both equally hollow; my principles are as little aristocratic as they are the reverse. I am a man, and an exclusive advocate of any system that may tend to improve and perfect the whole man, whether he be born at the top or at the foot of the social scale! I neither espouse the cause of the people nor of the great, but that of mankind in general; I do not believe that aristocratic or democratic institutions possess the exclusive virtue of rendering human nature perfect; this virtue is only to be found in a divine code of morals, the fruit of a perfect religion; faith is the key to civilization of nations."

"True," answered Lady Esther, "but I am an aristocrat in spite of me; and you must own that if vices are to be found in aristocracy, they are at least compensated by exalted and redeeming virtues, whereas democracy exhibits, to my view, the lowest, the most malignant vices, and I seek in vain for elevated qualities."—"This, my Lady,

is not the way in which we should argue the question: we find vices and virtues in both extremes; but the vices of the upper classes have in some degree a dazzling aspect; whereas the vices of the lower classes appear in all their deformity, and offend more deeply the moral sense of the beholder; the difference is in the appearance, not in the reality. A vice which is common to both is, it must be acknowledged, a far greater vice in a rich, well-bred and well-informed man, than in one who is ignorant and in want of bread:—with the former, it is an act of choice, with the last, of necessity; let us then contemn vice wherever we find it, especially in a depraved aristocracy, and let us not pronounce judgment upon men as distinguished into two classes, but upon the individual man; the great if they were of the people would indulge in plebeian vices; and the people would adopt the vices of the great, were they sharing in their distinctions! the balance is even between them; we must not poise the scales."—"Well then," said Lady Esther, "let us proceed to another subject; but allow me to think you are as aristocratic as I am: it would grieve me to number you amongst those young Frenchmen who raise the popular fury against every person who has been exalted above others by Providence, by nature, and by the community at large; and who pull down the edifice with the view of erecting out of its ruins a pedestal to their invidious meanness."—"Be under no apprehension," I replied; "I belong not to these men,

but to the party who do not despise their inferiors in the social scale, whilst they respect those above them; whose wish, be it a dream or not, is to raise all men, without regard to the place they hold in the arbitrary hierarchies of politics, to the same degree of knowledge, of liberty, and of moral perfection; and, gifted as you are with religious feelings, believing that God bears an equal love to all his children, and expecting a second Messiah to set all things right, you will, no doubt, agree in opinion with me and my party."—"Undoubtedly," she rejoined; "but questions of human policy no longer engage my attention: I have had enough, and even too much of them during the ten years which I passed in the study of my uncle, Mr. Pitt, when all the intrigues of Europe were incessantly vibrating in my ears. Young, I despised mankind; I will no longer hear of it. Whatever men do for their fellow men is fruitless: mere forms are indifferent to me."—"They are not less so to myself," I replied. "God and virtue," she added, "are the foundation of everything."—"This is precisely my opinion," I replied; "let us then discuss a subject upon which we both agree."

Turning to lighter subjects, and joking on the power of divination, which enabled her to read through a man at a first glance, and on a mere inspection of his star, I put her talent to the proof, and questioned her respecting two or three travellers of my acquaintance, of whom she had only had a passing view during the last fifteen years. I was struck with the extraordinary correctness of

her glance at two of them. Amongst other instances, she analised, with wonderful clearness of perception, the mind of one who was intimately known to myself—a mind very difficult to understand at first sight, of great loftiness, but disguised under the features of the most gentle and engaging good nature; and a circumstance which raised my astonishment to the highest pitch, and gave me most cause to admire the tenacious memory of this woman, is, that the traveller in question had only been two hours in her company, and that sixteen years had intervened between his visit and the account I was asking her of the impression she had formed of him. All the faculties of the soul are concentrated and fortified by solitude. Prophets, saints, great men and poets have felt this wonderful truth, and their turn of mind has led them all to seek the retirement of the desert, or a solitude in the midst of men.

Our conversation fell, as is always the case, upon Bonaparte. "I imagined," said I to her, "that your enthusiasm for the man would raise a barrier between us."—"My enthusiasm," answered Lady Esther, "consisted in sorrowing over and pitying his misfortunes."—"Such also was my feeling towards him," I rejoined: "we are again agreed."

I could not account to myself that a religious and moral woman should extol the power of mere force, divested of religion, morals, or liberty! Bonaparte was, no doubt, a great restorer of the social edifice, but too indifferent to the quality of the materials which he applied to the building:

he moulded his statue with dirt and selfishness, instead of gifting it with divine and moral attributes—with virtue and liberty!

The night thus passed away in a free and unaffected range on the part of Lady Esther, over every subject incidentally introduced, and again dropped in this desultory conversation. I felt that no string was wanting to this lofty and vigorous mind; that all the stops of the key chain gave a correct, full, and powerful sound, excepting, perhaps, the metaphysical chord, which too great a stretch, too solitary a life, had forced or raised to a tone far too elevated for human understanding. We took leave, on my part, with the most lively regret; on hers, with courteous expressions of disappointment at our parting.

"We must not bid each other farewell," she said to me; "we shall often meet on this journey, and oftener still in future journeys, which you do not even contemplate at present. Retire to rest, and bear in mind that you leave a friend amidst the solitudes of Lebanon." She held out her hand to me; I placed mine to my heart, according to Arab custom, and we withdrew.

At four in the morning of the following day, M. de Parseval and I were riding along the steep declivity leading from Lady Esther's abode into the deep valley of the torrents of Belus. We forded the torrents, which were nearly dried up by the summer heats, and began to ascend the high mountains of Lebanon that separate Dgioun from Deir-el-Kammar, or the Convent of the Moor,

a palace of Emir Beschir, the sovereign ruler of the Druses, and of all the mountains of Lebanon. Lady Esther had given us her physician for our dragoman, and one of her grooms for our guide.

After two hours' ride, we reached a deeper, narrower, and more picturesque valley than any of those we had travelled over. On our right and left, arose, like two perpendicular ramparts, to the height of three or four hundred feet, two chains of mountains, appearing to have been recently torn asunder by a blow from the world's Creator, or, perhaps, by the earthquake which shook Lebanon to its very foundations when the Son of Man, resigning his soul to God, at no great distance from those mountains, heaved that last sigh which dispelled the spirit of error, oppression, and falsehood, and breathed truth, liberty, and life, over a renovated world. Gigantic blocks, detached from both sides of the mountains, and scattered like pebbles cast into a brook by the hands of children, formed the frightful, deep, and rugged bed of this dried-up torrent. Many of these stones were larger and higher masses than the loftiest houses. Some were laid perpendicularly, like solid eternal cubes; others, suspended on their angles, and supported by the recumbent weight of other unseen rocks, still appeared in the act of falling, and presented the image of an animated ruin, of a constant fall, of a chaos of stones, an inexhaustible avalanch of rocks—sombre, grey or black rocks, opaque, and veined with white and fiery streaks, petrified waves of a stream of granite. Not a

drop of water was seen in the deep cavities of this bed, calcined by the burning sun of Syria. Not a blade of grass, a stem, or a creeping plant, either in the torrent or on the rugged and hard slopes on both sides of the abyss: it was an ocean of stones, a cataract of rocks, which, from their diversity of shape, the strange variety of their reclined and falling positions, the play of shade and light upon their sides and surface, appeared in a state of liquid motion.

If Dante had designed a picture in one of the circles of his hell, the hell of stones, of aridity, of ruins, of nature's fall, of the world's degradation, of ages in their decay, this is the scene he would have taken for his model. The river is such a one as we may expect to behold in the world's last agony, when fire shall have consumed every thing, when the bowels of the earth shall be laid bare, and be no more than a mutilated block of calcined stones beneath the footsteps of the fearful judge descending from heaven to visit it. We followed for two hours this valley of lamentations, without any other variation to the scene than the repeated windings of the torrent itself between the mountains, and the more or less frightful grouping of the rocks in their foaming bed of stones. This valley will ever be indelibly impressed on my imagination. This must have been the primitive land of all, the land of tragic poetry and of human wailings. The pathetic and lofty language of the prophecies is felt here in all its wild, pathetic, and lofty nature. Every image of

scripture poetry is engraven in large letters on the furrowed face of Lebanon and of its gilded tops, its streaming, or its silent and dead valleys. The divine spirit, the superhuman inspirations which are breathed upon the souls and the harps of a poetical people, to whom God spoke by symbols and images, made thus a more vivid impression upon the minds of the sacred bards, from their earliest infancy, and fed them with a stronger nourishment than that which is administered to us, old and pallid inheritors of the ancient harp, who are exclusively attracted by the aspect of a graceful, gentle, and cultivated nature, a nature as civilized and as faded as ourselves.

We reached, at noon-day, the highest mountains we had to cross, and began to descend by the steepest paths, where our horses' feet shook on the rolling stone which alone separated us from the precipices. After descending for an hour, we perceived, at the turning of a hill, the fantastic palace of Dptedin, near Deir-el-Kammar. We uttered a cry of surprise and admiration, and involuntarily stopped our horses to contemplate the novel, picturesque, oriental scene which opened to our view.

At the distance of a few paces, an immense sheet of foaming water issued from a mill-dam, and fell, from a height of fifty or sixty feet, upon rocks, which broke it into floating fragments. The roaring of this water-fall, the freshness it imparted to the air, its splash, which moistened our burning foreheads, prepared our delighted senses

for the enjoyment they anticipated. Above this water-fall, which was lost in unfathomable abysses, a spacious and deep valley opened, in a funnel-shape, before us. It was planted, from base to summit, with vines, mulberry and fruit trees, and the soil was covered, in all directions, with the freshest and most delicate verdure. Some handsome villages were hanging in terraces over the declivities of all the mountains that surrounded the valley of Deir-el-Kammar. A faint opening was seen on one side only of the horizon, and afforded us a glimpse of the Syrian sea, above the less elevated summits of Lebanon. "*Ecce mare magnum,*" said David—"yonder is the vast blue sea, with its waves, its roarings, and its immense reptiles!" David was, perhaps, on this spot when he uttered that poetic exclamation! In fact, the Egyptian ocean is seen tinged with a deeper blue than the firmament, and blended in the distance with the horizon by the vaporous and violet-coloured haze which conceals the whole shore of this part of Asia. The hill of Dptedin, on which stands the palace of the Emir, sprang from this valley, and rose like an immense tower flanked with rocks, which were covered with ivy, and emitting sheafs of undulating verdure from its fissures and battlements. This hill ascended to the level of the steep road on which we were suspended; a narrow and roaring abyss separated us from it. On its summit, and a few paces from us, the Moorish palace of the Emir extended its majestic proportions over the whole platform of Dptedin, with its

square towers admitting the light through indented ogives at their summit. The long galleries rose above one another, and presented an extended line of light arcades, shooting up like the trunks of the palm trees, which crowned them with their aërial branches. Its spacious courts descended, by gigantic gradations, from the summit of the mountain to the walls of enclosure of the fortifications. At the extremity of the largest court, upon which we looked down from an elevated position, the irregular front of the palace of the women presented itself to our view. It was adorned with light and graceful colonnades, whose hollow and slender shafts of uneven and irregular form rose up to the roof, and bore, in a parasol-shape, the light hangings of painted wood, which served as a portico to the palace. A marble staircase, ornamented with balustrades sculptured in arabesques, led from this portico to the entrance door of the palace of the women. This door, sculptured in wood of various colors, inserted in the marble, and surmounted with Arabic inscriptions, was lined with black slaves, splendidly attired, armed with silver-mounted pistols, and Damascus sabres sparkling with gold and chasings. The spacious courts fronting the palace were likewise filled with a crowd of servants, courtiers, priests, or soldiers, under all the varied and picturesque costumes exhibited by the several distinct populations of Lebanon; the Druses, the Christians, the Armenians, the Greeks, the Maronites, and the Motoualis. Five or six hundred Arabian

horses were fastened by the head and feet to extended ropes, which crossed the court from one extremity to another; they were saddled, bridled, and covered with cloths of the brightest colors. In the court were also seen groups of camels, some lying down, others on their legs, others again kneeling, to be relieved from or to receive their load. On the highest terrace of the interior court, some young pages mounted were running races, throwing the djerid, avoiding each other by stooping to their horses' necks, turning back at full speed upon their disarmed adversary, and performing, with remarkable grace and vigour, all the rapid evolutions which this military game calls forth. After having contemplated, for a few moments, this oriental scene, so new to us, we approached the immense massive gate of the first court of the palace, guarded by Arabs armed with muskets and long slender blades, resembling the stem of a light reed. We dispatched from thence to the Prince the letters of which we were the bearers. Soon afterwards he sent in his first physician, M. Bertrand, born in Syria of a French family, and still retaining the language and the remembrance of his parent country. He led us to the apartment which the hospitality of the Emir placed at our disposal; and our suite and horses were removed by slaves to another part of the palace. Our apartment consisted of a handsome court, adorned with Arabesque pilasters, with a fountain of spouting water in the centre, which flowed into a marble bason; of three rooms, with a

divan or apartment of still larger dimensions, formed by an area or opening upon the inner court, without doors or curtains to conceal the view: this is the passage between the dwelling and the outside, which serves as a garden to the indolent Mussulmans, its motionless shade being a substitute to them for that of trees. They have neither the industry to plant nor the energy to seek trees in those places where nature has spontaneously placed them within reach. Our rooms, though appendages to this magnificent palace, would have appeared in too ruinous a state for the habitation of the poorest of our peasants. The openings were without glass windows, a luxury unknown in the East, notwithstanding the severity of the winter in these mountains. There were neither beds, nor furniture, nor chairs; nothing beyond the bare decayed walls, with large rat and lizard holes. The flooring was of beaten uneven earth, mixed up with chopped straw.

Rush mats were brought in by slaves who spread them on the floor, and covered them over with damask carpets; they then supplied us with a small Bethlehem table made of wood inlaid with mother of pearl; these tables are less than half a foot in height or diameter; they resemble a fragment of broken column, and only afford room for a tray, upon which the Mussulmans place the five or six dishes composing their repast.

Our dinner was laid on this table, and consisted of stewed rice, a dish of some milk mixed with oil, and some slices of hashed mutton pounded with

boiled rice, with which they stuff a species of gourds resembling our cucumbers; it is in fact the choicest and most savory of all oriental dishes. Our drink was mere water, which is drunk out of long-necked wooden bowls, passed on from hand to hand, and poured into the mouth without touching the lips. Spoons, knives, or forks, there were none; the custom is to help oneself with the fingers; but the repeated ablutions of the Mussulmans renders it less repulsive to them.

We had scarcely done dinner, when the Emir sent to say that he expected us. We crossed a large court ornamented with fountains and a portico formed of tall slender columns shooting from the ground and supporting the roof of the palace. We were introduced into a splendid saloon, the pavement of which was of marble, and the walls and ceiling painted in vivid colours and elegant arabesques by artists from Constantinople. Water-spouts murmured in the angles of the apartment; in the furthest recess of it, behind a colonnade whose intercolumnations were grated and glazed, was seen an enormous tiger, reposing with its head resting upon its crossed paws. In one half of the apartment were secretaries in flowing robes, with silver inkstands stuck like a poniard in their girdles; Arabs richly attired and armed; negroes and mulattoes waiting the orders of their chief, and some Egyptian officers dressed in European vests and a Greek cap of red cloth, with a long blue tuft falling upon the shoulders. The second portion of the apartment was raised a foot above

the other, and a broad divan of red velvet extended along the walls. The Emir was sitting at the angle of this divan. He was a fine old man of a quick and penetrating eye, a fresh and animated complexion; he wore a grey undulating beard; a white robe secured with a cashmere girdle, covered him all over, and the bright handle of his broad poniard rose breast high out of the folds of his robe, and showed a sheaf of diamonds of the size of an orange. We made our obedience to him in the manner of the country, by first placing our hands on our foreheads and then on our hearts; he returned our salutation with a graceful smile, and beckoned to us to approach and sit by his side. An interpreter was kneeling between us. I opened the conversation, and expressed the pleasure I felt in visiting the beautiful and interesting country over which he ruled with so much firmness and wisdom; and said, amongst other things, that the highest praise of his administration was to be found in my being enabled to reach his presence; that the safety of the roads, the luxuriance of the cultivation, the order and peace prevailing in the towns were living witnesses of the prince's virtue and capacity. He thanked me, and asked repeated questions with regard to Europe, and especially to its policy in the struggle between the Turks and Egyptians, which indicated at once the interest he felt on the subject, and a knowledge and aptitude for business, rarely to be met with in an eastern sovereign. Coffee and long pipes were brought in and fre-

quently renewed; and the conversation was kept up for nearly an hour.

I was delighted with the wisdom, the understanding, the noble and dignified manners of this aged Prince; and I rose after our long conversation to accompany him to his baths, which he insisted on personally showing to us. These baths consist of five or six halls, paved with marble in small compartments, the roofs and walls of which were stuccoed and painted in water-colours, with great taste and elegance, by artists from Damascus; spouts of hot, cold, or tepid water issued from the pavement and spread their temperature through the halls; the last was a vapour bath, in which we were unable to remain longer than a minute. Several handsome white slaves, with naked figures, their legs covered with shawls made of silk and thread, remained in those halls, in readiness to exercise their function of bathers. The Prince proposed to us that we should join him in a bath, but we declined, and left him in the hands of his slaves, who were preparing to strip him.

We proceeded from thence, with one of his equerries, to visit the courts and the stables where his beautiful Arabian stallions were secured. None can form an idea of the Arabian horse who has not visited the stables of Damascus, or of the Emir Beschir. That superb and graceful animal loses its beauty, its gentleness, its picturesque shape, when transplanted from its native soil and its customary habits, to our cold climate, and to the shade and solitude of our

stables. It must be seen near the tent of the Arab of the desert, its head placed between its legs, shaking its long black mane like a moving parasol, and brushing its beautifully polished sides with the turning sweep of its tail, the extremity of which is always dyed of a purple colour. It must be seen also with its splendid cloths set off with gold and pearl embroidery, its head covered with a net of blue or red silk, worked with gold and silver lace, terminating in dangling points falling upon its nostrils, by which he alternately veils or exposes to view, at each undulation of the neck, the fiery, broad, intelligent, and gentle ball of the protruding eye; it must be seen especially when mixed, as at that moment, in a group of two or three hundred horses, some lying in the dust, others kept in check by iron rings, and fastened to long ropes which crossed the courts; others again escaping to the sands, and leaping at a bound over the lines of camels which impeded their course; others were held in hand by young black slaves, dressed in scarlet vests, and resting their caressing heads upon the shoulders of these children; others playing together without restraint like colts in a field, springing upon each other, rubbing their foreheads, or mutually licking their beautifully shining and silvery hair, their eyes fixed upon us with anxious curiosity, owing to our European costume and novel accents, but soon growing to be familiar, and gracefully holding out their necks to our caressing and coaxing.

The transparency and mobility in the physiog-

nomy of these horses exceed all belief; their thoughts are depicted in their eyes, and in the convulsive motion of their cheeks, their lips, their nostrils, in as striking and characteristic a manner as the impressions of the soul upon a child's countenance. When we approached them for the first time, they made mouths and grimaces, as indicative of repugnance and curiosity, as any that a man, susceptible of strong feelings could have made at the aspect of an unforeseen and disquieting object. Our language especially struck them with astonishment; and the movement of their eyes, pricked up and thrown back, or stretched forward, attested their surprise and uneasiness. My attention was particularly directed to several mares of inestimable value reserved for the Emir himself. I proposed to the equerry, by the aid of my dragoman, a sum as high as 10,000 piastres for one of the handsomest; but no price can induce an Arab to part with a blood mare, and I failed this time in effecting any purchase.

We returned to our apartments at the close of day, and a supper resembling the dinner was served up. Several of the Emir's officers came to visit us in his name; and his principal physician, M. Bertrand, passed the evening in our company. We were able to hold a conversation together, thanks to the little Italian and French he had retained as a family recollection. He entered into all the most interesting details respecting the domestic life of the Emir of the Druses. This Prince, though seventy-two years old, having

recently lost his first wife, to whom he was indebted for his fortune, had just married again. We regretted not having been able to obtain a sight of his new wife, who is said to be remarkably handsome. She is only fifteen years of age, and was a Circassian slave, whom the Emir sent to purchase at Constantinople, and converted to Christianity ere he married her; for the Emir Beschir is himself a Christian, and even a Catholic; or, rather, he is a type of the law in all countries professing a tolerating creed: he belongs to every official form of worship prevailing in his dominions—is a Mussulman towards Mussulmans, a Druse towards the Druses, a Christian towards Christians. His palace contains mosques as well as a church; but, for some years past, his domestic religion,—the religion of the heart,—is Catholicism. His policy is such, and the terror of his name so well established, that his profession of the Christian faith neither inspires terror nor mistrust in the Mussulman Arabs, the Druses, or the Motoualis who live under his sway. He administers justice to all, and all alike respect him.

When supper was over, the Emir sent us some of his musicians and singers, who extemporized Arabic verses in our praise. Among his servants are some Arabs exclusively employed in these ceremonies. They are in all respects what the troubadours were in the castles of the middle ages, or the popular bards in Scotland. Standing behind the cushions of the Emir, or of his sons, whilst they are enjoying their repasts, they sing

verses in praise of their masters, or of the guests whom the Emir deigns to honor. We procured from M. Bertrand a translation of some of these poetic effusions, which were seldom possessed of any merit, or were so extravagant in their ideas that it would be impossible to convey their meaning by images or ideas adapted to any European language.

The only sentiment any way intelligible, which I find noted down in my album, is the following:

"Your ship had wings; so has likewise the "Arab's courser. The murmur of its nostrils, in "its flight over our mountains, sounds like the "wind blowing upon the ship's sails. The move- "ment of his swift gallop has, upon a faint heart, "the effect of the ship's rolling; but it requires "the heart of the Arab. May its back ever prove "to you a seat of honour, and often bear you to "the divan of our Emir."

There was then amongst the Emir's secretaries one of the greatest poets of Arabia, though I was only afterwards apprized of it. When he learned, from other Syrian Arabs, that I was myself a European poet, he addressed verses to me which bore, as usual with them, that impress of affectation and study, and exhibited that false play upon words which characterise all decaying languages and nations, but which are, nevertheless, stamped with a loftiness of talents and ideas far superior to what Europeans can imagine.

We slept upon cushions of the divan spread over a mat, to the sound of water-spouts mur-

muring, in all directions, through the gardens, the courts, and the apartments of this portion of the palace. I beheld, at day-break, through the gratings, several Mussulmans at their prayers in the large court of the palace. They spread a carpet upon the ground to protect them from the dust, remained standing for a moment, then stretched themselves at full length, repeatedly touching the carpet with their foreheads, and always turning their faces towards the mosque; they afterwards lay down at full length, with their faces to the carpet, again striking the ground with their foreheads, rose up, and frequently went over the same ceremonies, resuming the same attitudes, and muttering their prayers. I never could observe the slightest ridicule in those attitudes and ceremonies, however strange they appear to our ignorance. The physiognomy of Mussulmans is so penetrated with the religious sentiment they express through these gestures, that I have always entertained the highest respect for their mode of praying; every thing is sanctified by the motive. Wherever the idea of the divinity enters into and acts upon the heart of man, it imprints a superhuman dignity upon him. The following is the language that suggests itself on the occasion:—

"I worship not like thee, but with thee, the "common Lord of all, the Lord in whom thou "believest, whom thou desirest to acknowledge "and to honour, as I desire to acknowledge and "to honour him in another manner. It ill be-

" comes me to turn thee into ridicule—it behoves
" God alone to judge between us."

We passed our morning in visits to the palaces of the Emir's sons, which are at a short distance from that of the Emir, to a small Catholic church, every way resembling our modern village churches in France or Italy, and also to the gardens of the palace. The Emir Beschir has built another palace in the country, at the distance of about a mile from Dptedin. The road to it is his only ride, and almost the only road on which even an Arabian horse may gallop without danger; in every other direction, the paths leading to Dptedin are so steep, so suspended over the perpendicular sides of those precipices, that it is impossible to tread them, even at a slow pace, without shuddering at the danger.

Previously to quitting Dptedin and Deïr-el-Kammar, I will transcribe some curious and authentic notes which I collected on the spot, relating to the skilful and warlike old man we have just visited.

NOTES

RELATING TO THE EMIR BESCHIR.

When the last descendant of the Emir Fakardin died, the government of the mountain country devolved to the Chab family, which has only been settled on the Lebanon for a period of a hundred and ten years. The following is the

account given of that family by the old Arabian chronicles of the desert of Damascus.

Towards the commencement of the first century of the Hejira, at the time when Syria was invaded by the armies of Aboubekir, a man of signal valor, named Abdalla, an inhabitant of the small village of Bet-chiabi, in the desert of Damascus, covered himself with glory at the siege of that town, and was slain under its walls. The Mussulman general showered every favor upon his family which quitted Bet-chiabi and settled at Housbaye on the Anti-Lebanon.

The primitive stock of that family is still to be found there, and from it has sprung the branch now reigning on Lebanon.

The Emir Beschir, one of Abdalla's descendants, was left an orphan at an early age. His father, the Emir Hassem, had been invested with the pelisse of Hakam, and had received the ring of authority, when the Emir Milhem, his uncle, retired from public affairs, with the intention of ending his days in peaceful solitude; but the administration of Hassem proving unskilful and devoid of energy, Milhem was compelled to resume the command, in order to repair the errors of his nephew, and to calm the disturbance created by his inexperience.

The public authority afterwards passed in succession from Mansour to Joussef, one of them the father, the other the son of Milhem, as related by Volney. When Joussef assumed the command for the first time, the Emir Beschir

was only seven years old. Joussef kept him near his person, and had him brought up with proper care. Some years afterwards, he discovered in him an active and energetic mind, and associated him to the cares of government.

At this period, Djezzar, Pacha of Acre, who had succeeded to Daher, had been for a long time past harrassing the Emir Joussef by aggressions and exorbitant impositions. War broke out between them; but Beschir was unable to follow his uncle in this expedition; it was only in 1784 that he took part in the second expedidition against Djezzar Pacha. Young Beschir, who was then twenty-one years of age, was exposed to great danger in the town of Ryde, of which the Druses had taken possession. Pursued by a body of the Pacha's troops, and forced to evacuate the town, he found himself surrounded by the enemy in his retreat: Beschir rode at full gallop towards a wall, from the summit of which he leaped under a shower of balls; he fortunately escaped unhurt, but his horse was killed by the fall.

On his return to Lebanon, the Emir Beschir devoted his attention to business, and endeavoured to restore order in the public administration of the Emir Joussef; ambition soon took possession of his soul, he recollected whose son he was, and though poor, he coveted the supreme power; his memory and his courage had secured to him the friendship of many powerful families; he laboured to win over to his party, other

families disgusted by the bad administration of the Emir Joussef, and succeeded in interesting in his favor, a powerful and very influential family, that of Kansar, the head of which, who was the most talented man in the Lebanon, was possessed of universal wealth, and bore the title of Scheik Beschir, or great and illustrious. Nothing more was wanting to the Emir Beschir than a favorable opportunity, which now presented itself.

Ever since 1785, at which period Djezzar Pacha had restored to Joussef the command he had taken from him upwards of a twelve month before, hostilities had wholly ceased between the two princes. The Emir Joussef sent some of his officers every year to St. Jean d'Acre, who brought him back the pelisse of command, with the customary compliments ; nevertheless, he always felt apprehensive that a misunderstanding should spring up between him and the Pacha, which in fact soon occurred.

In 1789, a violent rupture broke out between those two princes, and the Emir Joussef being unable to resist his enemy, determined to abdicate. Beschir was in high repute; he was beloved by Joussef who sent for him, and advised his going to St. Jean d'Acre and soliciting the ring of command. Beschir at first refused, and gave his uncle to understand that he could in that case be compelled to remove him from his dominions, as the Pacha would require it, and as his presence in the Lebanon would furnish perpetual food to factions. Joussef was actuated by two

motives in proposing this step to his relative; that of preserving the authority in his family, and of retaining the command when Beschir should have smoothed every difficulty, either by the means of conciliation, or by having recourse to arms.

He accordingly insisted, and upon his promising to retire from the country as soon as the Emir Beschir should have been invested with the command, the young prince took his departure for St. Jean d'Acre. Djezzar Pacha received him with kindness, conferred upon him the command over Lebanon, and gave him eight thousand men to assist in consolidating his power, and in capturing the Emir Joussef. On reaching the bridge of Gessen-Cadi, Beschir secretly wrote to his uncle, acquainted him with the instructions he had received from the Pacha, and urged him to withdraw. The Emir Joussef fell back upon Gibel, in Kosrouan, where he collected his partisans. Beschir added to his own troops those he had brought from Acre, and marched against Joussef, whom he overtook in the Kosrouan; he gave battle to him, and caused him a great loss of men; nevertheless, many months elapsed without any final result of the contest.

With a view of settling this quarrel, Joussef sent an express to St. Jean d'Acre, who promised to the Pacha a larger tribute than was paid by Beschir, if he would restore him to the command. Djezzar consented, summoned him to Acre, invested him with the pelisse, and to enable him to expel Beschir, supplied him with the eight

thousand men, who had already fought against him. The Emir Beschir withdrew to the district of Mar-Meri, from whence he endeavored to supplant his rival, by offering still more than the Emir Joussef had promised: the Pacha accepted the offer, and Joussef was again compelled to give way. He returned to Acre, with the intention of trying fresh intrigues; but Beschir offered the sum of 4000 pieces (each of the value of 500 pieces of forty cents,) if he would put Joussef to death, wishing to terminate in this manner the troubles which disturbed the mountain country.

Djezzar was then at Damascus. The chief of his custom-house, a Greek, who possessed his full confidence, and who was considered as the Pacha of Acre during his absence, entered into a treaty in his name, and informed his master of the bargain he had concluded. The proposal proved at once very acceptable to Djezzar, who ratified the treaty, and ordered the Emir Joussef and Gandour his minister, to be hanged.

Djezzar had no sooner despatched this order, than he repented of it; it occurred to him that the hostility between the two princes was useful to his interests, and he sent a second order, revoking the first; but whether it arrived too late, or that the minister was bought over, the Emir Joussef was hanged. This execution excited the Pacha's anger; he repaired to Acre, made strict inquiry into the business, pretended that he had been deceived, and had the custom-house officer

drowned, along with all his family, and several other persons accused of participation in the deed.

Djezzar confiscated the immense treasures of his favorite, and wrote to the Emir Beschir a letter of reproaches. The tone of the dispatch satisfied the young Prince that he was exposed to danger. He endeavoured to justify himself to the Pacha, who dissembled until the period of the re-election of a governor; Djezzar then invited the Prince to St. Jean d'Acre, for the purpose of receiving the investiture.

He came in full confidence, accompanied by the Scheik Beschir, his minister; but they had no sooner arrived, than they were thrown into a dungeon, where they had to endure every species of hardships during a captivity of eighteen or twenty months. The object of Djezzar, in treating them in this manner, was to compel them to pay a heavy ransom; but the Prince had none to offer; he had been too short a time in authority to have amassed great wealth; his minister, however, supplied what was wanting. He sent clandestinely to the Pacha the widow of a prince of the Druses, named Sest-Abbous, with whom he had been in habits of intimate intercourse; he charged her to tender to the Pacha the required sum, and to pretend that she would pledge her own jewels to complete the ransom. She took her departure; she was a bold, talented woman, of great penetration. She found the Pacha at

Acre, and acquired such an ascendancy over him, by her wit and graceful manners, that Djezzar considerably reduced the sum he at first demanded. The investiture was restored to the Emir Beschir, who was reinstated in the favour of the Pacha.

During this captivity, the brethren of the Emir Joussef and his cousin the Emir Kaïdar of Bubda had seized upon the supreme power, and taken every requisite measure to prevent the Emir Beschir's return to his dominions, if Djezzar should restore him to liberty. On being released from confinement, the Prince did not deem it prudent to appear as yet among his people, but sent the Scheik Beschir, his minister, to sound the public mind, himself withdrawing to the village of Homs, to await the effect of his negociations. He endeavoured, moreover, to secure the interest of the Emir Abbets, a Druse prince of Solima, who had hitherto maintained a strict neutrality, and who enjoyed the highest consideration amongst both Druses and christians, especially those of the district of Marcaeutre.

The Emir Abbets, deeming the cause of the Emir Beschir to be that of justice, took part with him, and offered him an asylum. As the means of communication were beset with difficulties, he forwarded his dispatch by an Italian, a lay brother of the convent of Solima. Beschir, repairing to his partisans, whose numbers had been augmented by the liberality and skill of the Scheik

Beschir, fell with impetuosity upon the troops of his rivals, dispersed them, seized upon the two princes, and had them strangled on the spot.

Having thus acquired peaceful possession of power, the Emir Beschir married the widow of a Turkish prince, who was descended, like himself, from the Chab family, and whom he had caused to be put to death two years before. By this union he became possessed of an immense fortune. Previously to marrying this Princess, who was of remarkable beauty, he had her baptised. His marriage proved extremely happy. The Princess, when in her sixty-eighth year, was afflicted with infirmities, and a paralytic stroke, which deprived her of the use of her legs; nevertheless, they were a model of the sincerest and most perfect conjugal affection.

The Emir Joussef had left, at his death, three children of tender years. Georgios-Bey, and his brother Abdalla reared them with care, in the hope of their one day reviving the party of Joussef, and oversetting the Emir Beschir; but the latter overcame all these obstacles, and until the year 1804 he enjoyed the supreme power.

Events of the highest importance were then taking place in Egypt. Bonaparte had entered Syria, with a corps of troops, and reached the gates of St. Jean d'Acre, which was to open the East to his arms. The French general, by his correspondence and his emissaries, urged the Prince of the Lebanon to espouse his cause, and to assist him in obtaining possession of the town. The

Emir Beschir replied, that he was well disposed to join him, but would only do so after the capture of Acre. A Frenchman was one day reproaching the Emir with his not having enthusiastically embraced the cause of the French army, and with his having perhaps prevented, by this neglect, the regeneration of the East; he answered him in these words :—

" Notwithstanding the ardent desire I felt to join General Bonaparte, and my deep settled hatred of the Pacha, I had it not in my power to embrace the cause of the French army; the fifteen or twenty thousand men I could have sent from the mountain had been of no avail towards the success of the siege. Had Bonaparte carried the town without my assistance, he would have invaded the mountain without fighting a battle; for the Druses and the Christians longed for his appearance; I should, therefore, have been deposed from my command; on the other hand, had I assisted General Bonaparte, and had we failed to carry the town, which would assuredly have been the case, the Pacha of Acre would have brought me to the gallows, or thrown me into a dungeon. Who then would have come to my relief? What protection could I have implored? Was it that of France, so distant from us, involved in a war with England and all Europe, and torn by factions and a civil war?"

General Bonaparte duly appreciated the critical position of Prince Beschir, and as a proof of his friendship, presented him with a splendid musket,

which Beschir has preserved in memory of the Great Captain.

Previously to resuming the narrative of the events which followed the downfall of the Emir Joussef's party, it will not be irrelevant to relate an adventure in which may have originated the ferocious temper of Djezzar Pacha.

In the first years of his command, he went, according to custom, to meet the caravan on its return from the pilgrimage to Mecca. This formality subsequently devolved on the Pacha of Damascus, and the Pacha of Acre was only called upon, thenceforward, to supply the wants of the caravan, and to pay a tribute to the Arabs of the Desert. The Mamelukes to whom Djezzar had confided in his absence the custody of his seraglio, forced the gates, and abandoned themselves to all the brutality of their passions. The Pacha returned, but instead of flying at his approach, the Mamelukes seized upon his treasure, and closed the gates of the town, determined to resist his attacks. Djezzar could not hope to conquer them with the weak escort which accompanied him; nevertheless the Mamelukes sent him word that if he would allow them to withdraw with their arms and horses, the gates of the town should be opened to him; otherwise, they would repel his aggressions, and die in the breach rather than surrender.

Djezzar Pacha had no occasion to deliberate; he knew that he was hated alike by Turks and Christians, on account of his extortions; he was

also aware that if the Emir Joussef should become acquainted with the danger of his position, he would form a league with the Mamelukes, and wage a war which might prove fatal to him.

He granted to the Mamelukes their demand; and they withdrew in all haste while the Pacha was entering the town. Djezzar had scarcely reached his palace, when he sent his cavalry in pursuit of the Mamelukes, but the attempt was in vain; the Mamelukes reached Egypt unmolested. Djezzar then gratified his revenge upon his wives; he had them all flogged, thrown into a broad ditch, and covered over with slack lime. He only excepted from this atrocious execution his favorite wife, who, attired by his orders in her jewels and finest apparel, was shut up in a chest and thrown into the sea.

This event spread a gloom over Djezzar's temper. He was of an avaricious and plundering disposition; he became ferocious and cruel; nought was heard from him but threats of plucking out eyes, or cutting off noses and ears. The moment before he expired, being unable to speak or to order executions, he beckoned to those about him and pointed to the head of his bed; fortunately his meaning was not understood. After his death, a long list was found of persons he had doomed to destruction, as soon as he should have been restored to health. His ferociousness did not desert him at the moment of descending to the tomb.

Let us return to Prince Beschir. The sons of

the Emir Joussef were no sooner of age to dispute his power, than Giorgios-Bey and Abdalla determined to carry their threats into effect. They availed themselves of a slight misunderstanding between Djezzar and Prince Beschir, and stirred up the partisans of their pupils. Taken by surprise, the Emir was compelled to retire to the Huran and implored the mediation of the Pacha, holding out a bait to his avarice and cupidity. Djezzar interfered, and imposed a treaty which conciliated both parties, but proved far more advantageous to Beschir, to whom he assigned the country of the Druses, leaving the lands of Gibel and of Kosrouan to the sons of Joussef.

This treaty was only kept a few years. The sons of Joussef sought every possible means of overcoming their enemy. As they were superior in strength, they succeeded; and Djezzar having refused to attend any longer to Beschir's representations, the usurpation was sanctioned. The Emir had, thenceforward, no other resource left but that of seeking the protection of the Viceroy of Egypt.

The English Admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, was at this time coasting the shores of Syria with some ships of war. Beschir requested he would receive him on board, and transport him to Egypt. After remaining several months at sea, and touching at Cyprus, Smyrna, Candia and Malta, he landed at Alexandria, with a few friends who had remained true to him, and proceeded in search of the Viceroy.

The Viceroy gave him the most courteous reception, treated him with all the consideration due to his importance, loaded him with presents, and sent him back to Syria on board of one of Sir Sydney Smith's ships, with a letter for Djezzar, full of reproaches and threats, and in which he signified his order to him that he should reinstate Emir Beschir in his command.

The Viceroy was powerful; Djezzar Pacha hastened to comply; for the tone of the despatch made him sensible that he should neglect no means of satisfying the demands of Prince Beschir. He accordingly enjoined to the sons of Joussef, who could not venture to offer any resistance, that they should conform in all respects to the treaty; and until the moment of his death, the most profound peace reigned between both parties.

The Emir Beschir, however, did not exclusively rely upon Mehemet-Ali's protection; he beheld the party of the three princes daily increasing, and was apprehensive of falling into some snare; for he knew the ardent thirst of revenge with which they were animated against him. The skill of Giorgios-Bey and Abdalla, their ministers, greatly added to his uneasiness. He therefore determined to make an end of them by a decisive blow, calculated to strike his enemies with terror. To accomplish this plan, he availed himself of the investiture of Soliman Pacha, Djezzar's successor. At this period, perfect tranquillity appeared to reign in the Lebanon: the three princes peacefully governed their provinces,

and appeared to submit, without afterthought, to the supremacy which the treaty conceded to their enemy, whilst their ministers were secretly making every preparation for renewing the attack.

The Emir Beschir gained the start of them. Apprised by his spies of the favorable moment, he summoned Giorgios-Bey to Deïr-el-Kammar, under the pretext of transacting business with him; at the same time, the Emir Hassem, his brother, fell upon Gibel, seized upon the princes, and ordered Abdalla to be hung. The three brothers were conducted to Yong-Michaël, where their eyes were put out. Their property was confiscated to the use of Emir Beschir. On hearing of these events, Giorgios-Bey threw himself out of a window of his prison, and was killed on the spot; this did not prevent the Emir from ordering the body to be hung up as a warning to his enemies. Five chiefs of Deïr-el-Kammar and a brother of the Scheik Beschir, all of the family of Grumbelad-el-Bescantar, accused of lending assistance to the fallen princes, were put to death, and their property was confiscated.

After these executions, the Prince Beschir assumed the supreme authority over all the Lebanon, assigning to his brother, Hassem, the command of the Kosrouan, the chief town of which was Gaza; but as he died soon afterwards, the Emir Beschir was accused of having poisoned him, in consequence of his being suspected of entertaining ambitious projects. This is a groundless accusation, which public opinion has discarded.

About the year 1819, the countries of Gibel-Biscarry, of Gibes and of the Kosrouan rose up in insurrection, owing to the levy of a contribution which excited general discontent. The insurgents resolved, by the advice of the Bishop Joussef, to make an immediate attack upon the Emir Beschir, in the country of the Druses, where he resided at the time. Without affording the insurgents any leisure to collect their forces, the Prince proceeded in person to meet them at the head of a small body of troops, after ordering the Scheik Beschir, his lieutenant-general, to follow him with three thousand men he had hastily assembled. The Emir entered the country of the Gibes, and encamped in a valley of the district of Agousta, between Djani and the territory of Gazyr. On the following night and early the next morning, he sustained a sharp firing from several of the enemy's detachments which occupied the heights. His tent was riddled with shot, and in spite of the intreaties of his son, Halil, he refused to alter his situation. At a later hour of the day, the enemy's firing having increased, Beschir imagined that the rebels had augmented their forces, and wanted to cut off his retreat. He suddenly sprang up from the carpet on which he had remained extended during the firing, mounted his horse, and rode up to the enemy with his small escort. The insurgents dispersed at his approach, without offering any resistance, and he reached Gibes, where he adopted energetic measures to prevent the augmentation of their forces.

The Scheik Beschir, his lieutenant-general, who was following him by slow journies, passed the Dog River, and took possession, with his three thousand men, of the two first villages of the Kosrouan, Yong-Michaël and Yong-Monsback, which were in his way; on the day of this capture, the advanced posts arrested a priest who was bearing despatches to the Bishop Joussef; the Scheik Beschir having read the letters, presented his kangiar to the person who brought them to him, and ordered him to slay the priest, and to bury him on the spot where he had been arrested.

Two hours afterwards, another secret messenger shared the same fate.

The Scheik Beschir renewed his march on the following day, invaded the Kosrouan without meeting with opposition, and caused all those persons to be strangled whose names had been inserted by the Emir Beschir in a note he had sent to him. He reached in this manner Gibel-Biscarra, where he joined the Prince, returning from Gibes. The Emir Beschir remained nine days in this province, which sufficed him to put an end to the revolt; this he accomplished by ordering to be hanged or strangled all the rebels of distinction in the three districts of Gibes, the Kosrouan and Gibel-Biscarra; several others were bastinadoed, and compelled, moreover, to pay exorbitant ransoms.

Amongst the latter, was a poor old man, seventy-five years of age, who was condemned to pay seventy purses: he was not able to do so

his son wrote to say that he would raise a loan for the purpose, and requested his sanction; the old man replied that he would not pay anything, adding expressions by no means flattering to the Prince. The letter was intercepted, and the old man was doomed to the punishment of the *osselets;* the unhappy man, already broken down by age, could not withstand such excruciating torments; and being taken home by an order from the Scheik Beschir, he died after twenty days of sufferings; the sum to which the father had been condemned, was levied upon the son; and his property was confiscated to the use of the Emir, who only left him 1,000 piastres.

The Emir Beschir ascended to the country of Eden, passed the cedar trees, and descended to Balbek by the other side of the mountain, whilst the Scheik Beschir occupied the insurgent province. On arriving at Balbek, the Prince ordered his lieutenant-general to return back by the same road, and on his way, to levy upon the three provinces a contribution of 400 purses, (of 500 pieces each.)

It would raise astonishment that, with three thousand men, the Prince of the Lebanon should have been able to quell an insurrection in three such powerful provinces, were it not borne in mind that the insurrections were not general, and that the party of Beschir, in these provinces, greatly assisted in quelling them.

The Pacha of Damascus had sent in the meanwhile, an Aga to Bkaa with instructions to levy,

according to custom, a contribution in kind upon lands under the dependence of his government. This officer penetrated into the village of Haunic, subject to the principality of the Lebanon, and levied on it some contributions of money and cattle. The inhabitants, unwilling to submit to them, gave intimation of this act to the Prince Beschir, who wrote to the Aga signifying his displeasure; the latter disregarding his remonstrances, committed the greatest extortions, and returned home. The exasperated Prince complained to the Pacha of Acre, and expressed in strong language his resentment. Abdalla, either out of consideration for Beschir, or a desire to take personal revenge of the Aga, ordered the Pacha of Damascus to inflict a severe punishment upon him. The latter gave an evasive reply, indicating his surprise at the part taken by the Pacha of Acre, in a matter relating to christians. Abdalla transmitted his reply to Beschir, encouraging him to take a signal revenge upon the Pacha of Damascus. The Prince of the Lebanon hastily collected ten thousand men, and took the direction of Damascus. The Pacha came out to meet him, and both armies were repeatedly engaged; but Prince Beschir was uniformly victorious.

Pending these occurrences, Abdalla issued a false firman declaring the Pacha of Damascus to have been deprived of his government, which was united to the Pachalik of Acre. But the Pacha of Damascus having appealed to the neighbouring Pachas, and to the court of Constantinople, the

latter condemned the Pacha of Acre to death, and degraded Prince Beschir from his government. The Emir was already at the gates of Damascus, when the firman was received. He then found out that Abdalla's firman was a forgery, and deemed it more prudent to withdraw to the province of Deir-el-Kammar, where having learned that the fate of Abdallah was reserved for himself, he took refuge in the environs of Baireut, beseeching the governor to afford him and his escort an asylum. The latter refused, under pretence that the Emir's presence would excite a commotion in the town. The Prince then notified to his brother, the Emir Abets, a man he had left in command of the mountain, that he intended returning to his dominions and trying the fortune of war against the Pachas sent by the Sublime Porte; but his brother replied that the mountain was destitute of provisions and money, and strongly advised him not to have recourse to so perilous an expedient.

In these unpromising circumstances, the Prince turned his eyes to Egypt, and applied to a Frank, requesting he would procure him the means of quitting Syria. M. Aubin enabled him to embark, between Baireut and Saïde, on board a French vessel about to sail for Alexandria. After his departure, the Scheik Beschir and his brother Abets entered into a league with the Coabs and Pachas, and affected the command of the mountain. This was the origin of the dissensions which, in 1823, desolated the Lebanon.

The combined forces laid siege to St. Jean d'Acre in July 1822, and continued it without success until April 1823, when it was raised. The young Pacha of Acre, who was noted for his avaricious disposition, now devised the means of releasing himself from the tribute which he owed to the Porte. In furtherance of this object, he caused the officers who were bearers of this tribute to be assassinated near Latakia, and compelled the assassins to restore him the money. He then complained to the Porte of the murder perpetrated upon his agents, and of the plunder of the service-money belonging to the Grand Seignior. The Pacha of Acre hoped at first, by this odious proceeding, to release himself from the tribute, and afterward to compromise the Pacha of Latakia, to whom the Grand Seignior would not fail to send the bow-string, annexing at the same time his government to that of Acre. But Abdalla Pacha was mistaken.

The Grand Seignior being informed of his perfidy, for the second time demanded his head. But what availed against Acre, the Pachas of Damascus, Aleppo, and Adana, with an army of twelve thousand men of all arms, ill-disciplined, without any artillery capable of effecting a breach, and with only a few cannon of heavy calibre, having no suitable shot; three or four thousand horsemen without baggage, and an infantry who indulged day and night in smoking beneath their tents. Abdalla Pacha, feeling himself accordingly possessed of the strongest

fortress in the East, fearlessly prepared for a vigorous resistance.

An English corvette, at anchor in the road, offered one of its officers to direct the artillery of the besiegers. The Pachas accepted, and gave him the command of all the cannon. But he discovered at the end of three days that he could never carry the town with the assistance of Turks who would not bring their cannon close to the walls—the only means of effecting a breach.

In spite of the army of the Pachas, Abdalla remained calm and undisturbed. He had nothing to apprehend, on the land side, from such ill-organized troops, and replied to their cannon's roar by a firing of musketry, to signify how much he despised their attacks. He was provided with a well-paid garrison; provisions and ammunition, whether brought from Europe or Asia, reached him by sea in abundance; he was even suspected of keeping up a secret understanding with the Greeks of the Morea.

The Emir Beschir, who was at this period under the protection of the Viceroy of Egypt, kept up a regular correspondence with Abdalla, who, through the interference of Mehemet-Ali, sued for peace and solicited of the Porte his pardon. If the Pacha had nothing to apprehend on the land side, he could not be without alarm lest the Divan of Constantinople should blockade the town by sea, and interrupt his communications from without,—a measure which would have brought his

people to a state of famine, induced his soldiers to revolt, and compelled him to hold out his neck to the bowstring of the Sublime Porte. The Divan granted his pardon, aware that Abdalla might have delivered up the town to the insurgents of the Morea; but it condemned him to a fine of 3,000 francs, and to pay the expenses of the war.

Having obtained the pardon of Abdallah Pacha, the Viceroy now solicited that of the Emir Beschir, who was accordingly restored to his government. He availed himself of the circumstance to make the Divan sensible of his power, and to exercise a direct influence over the Prince of the Lebanons, whose political interests are intimately connected, at the present day, with those of Mehemet Ali.

Towards the end of 1823, the Emir Beschir disembarked at St. Jean d'Acre, in order to regulate, with Abdalla, the expenses of the siege of that town, and fix the amount of the debt which should fall to his share.

On his return to the Lebanon, he levied a contribution of a thousand purses, his circumstances being much reduced in consequence of his exile, and of the expense caused by his stay in Egypt. His subjects were also poor; and being unwilling to incur the risk of their enmity by so heavy a tax, he resolved to inflict it upon his old Lieut.-General, the Scheik Beschir, by way of revenging the intrigues he had entered into with his brother Abets for the purpose of depriving him of the sovereignty of the mountain. The Scheik Beschir

refused to pay, and withdrew into the Karan, a province of the Lebanon; he subsequently returned to his palace at Moctura, from whence he entered into a secret understanding with Prince Abets to overthrow Beschir. He even succeeded in engaging into the conspiracy three young brothers of the Prince who had, until then, remained in their provinces without mixing in any intrigues against him.

This conspiracy might have proved fatal to the Emir Beschir, had it not been for the assistance he received from Abdalla Pacha.

The Scheik Beschir was pursued and arrested in the plains of Damascus, with an escort of two hundred followers. He might easily have effected his escape; but relying on the assurance given to him by the Turkish officer, in the name of the Pacha of Damascus, that he had been pardoned by the Prince of the Lebanon, he surrendered himself, and was led to Damascus. On arrival he was stripped of his clothes, one of his hands was tied before him, the other behind his back, and he was thrown into a prison, where he remained many months. He was tried for his life at Constantinople, and he was condemned to death. When he was presented with the bow-string, his countenance underwent no change—he merely asked permission to speak to the Pacha and to the Prince; but received for answer that this would be of no avail; that neither the one nor the other could interfere, as the sentence proceeded from Constantinople. He submitted to his fate, and

was strangled; his head was then severed from the body, which was cut into pieces and thrown to the dogs.

This execution took place at the commencement of 1824. The three brothers of the Prince were then arrested, their tongues were cut off, their eyes put out, and they were afterwards exiled, with their families, each of them in a village at a distance from the other. From that moment tranquillity has reigned over the Lebanon; the Chab family enjoying their power unmolested, thanks to the active police the Emir has established in the country under his sway, and to the friendship of Abdalla Pacha, who was, nevertheless, well aware of the intimate intercourse subsisting between the mighty Prince and Mehemet-Ali.

Such has been the policy maintained up to the present day by the Emir Beschir; and every thing indicates that he will successfully pursue it in the new crisis in which he has been placed by the struggle of Mehemet-Ali against the Ottoman empire. The Emir had taken no part in the war until the moment when Ibrahim Pacha, victorious at St. Jean d'Acre, sent to his father in Egypt the Pacha Abdalla, defeated and a prisoner, and immediately entered Syria. The Prince of Lebanon was then compelled to declare himself; and, according to Oriental custom, he saw the finger of God in Ibrahim's success, and took part with him. Nevertheless he did so with regret, and, to all appearances, reserved to himself the pretext of

compulsion to pacify the Porte in case of need. It is probable that if Ibrahim Pacha should experience a reverse of fortune, the Emir Beschir would again side with the Turks, and aid them in crushing the Arabs. Ibrahim, who entertains suspicions of this double-handed policy, compromises the Prince by every means in his power. He has compelled him to send one of his sons and one of his best horsemen to accompany him towards Homs; and his other sons have also left the mountain, and exercise military sway, in Ibrahim's name, over the principal towns of Syria.

The existence of Emir Beschir is dependent upon Ibrahim's triumph at Homs. Should he be defeated, the Turks will take signal vengeance on the Christians of the Lebanon and the Prince himself; on the other hand, if Ibrahim remains master of Syria, he will not long suffer a power independent of his own to continue unmolested; he will either endeavour to undermine it by policy, or utterly to overthrow it by annihilating the Chab family. Were the Emir Beschir a younger and a more active man, he might counteract these various aggressions, and fix, for a long time to come, perhaps for ever, his authority, and that of his sons, over the most inaccessible, the most populous, and the wealthiest part of Syria. The mountaineers under his orders are brave, intelligible, and well-disciplined; the roads leading into the heart of the country are inaccessible; the Maronites, whose numbers on the Lebanon are greatly

on the increase, would be devoted to the Emir by the common feeling of Christianity and their hatred and terror of Turkish dominion. The only obstacle to the formation of a new power in those countries is to be found in the difference of religion between the Maronites, the Druses, and the Motoualis, who are nearly in equal numbers on the mountains which obey the Emir's authority. A community of religious sentiments is the strongest bond of nationality. Such, at least, has hitherto been the case. Civilization, in its progress, individualizes the feelings of religion, and the national feeling rests upon other common interests; these, however, not being of so grave a character, all feelings merely national are found to decay; but what can be more powerful upon the mind of man than his religious creed—his inward faith in it? It is the voice of his intelligence—the thought absorbing all others; namely, laws, country: every thing with a people is centered in their religion. This is probably the cause which will prevent the East from settling into a united and powerful nation, and is bringing about the downfall of the Turkish empire. We perceive no signs of a common existence—no symptoms of a possible nationality, except in those parts of the empire where the tribes of one and the same worship are seated. Amongst the Greek and Asiatic race, the Armenians, the Bulgarians, or the Servians—every where else we see men congregated; but they do not constitute a nation.

END OF THE NOTES RESPECTING THE EMIR BESCHIR.

5th October, 1832.

I descended to-day the lower slopes of the Lebanon, which decline from Deir-el-Kammar to the Mediterranean, and rested for the night in a retired khan of those mountains.

At five in the morning we mounted our horses in the court of the Emir's palace. On issuing from the gate, you first descend into a path on part of the rock, and turning round the hill of Dptedin. To the right and left of these paths, the corners of earth, supported by artificial terraces, are planted with mulberry-trees, and in the highest state of cultivation. The trees and vines spread their shade in all directions over the ground, and numerous rills are brought down by Arab husbandmen from the summit of the mountains, forming trenches on their way and watering the trees and gardens. The gigantic shadow of the palace and of the terraces of Dptedin, floats above the whole scene, and follows the traveller to the foot of the hill, where he ascends another mountain bearing the town of Deir-el-Kammar on its summit. We reached it after a quarter of an hour's ride. Deir-el-Kammar is the capital of Emir Beschir and of the Druses, and contains in its enclosure a population of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. With the exception, however, of an old edifice ornamented with Moorish sculpture and high balconies, bearing a perfect resemblance to the remains of one of our castles of the middle age, Deir-el-Kammar does not deserve

the name of a town, still less of a capital; it may be likened to a small town of Savoy or Auvergne, or to a large village of a distant French province. The day was dawning when we passed through it; droves of mares and horses were coming out of the courtyards of the houses, and spreading along the unpaved streets and squares of the town; a few black tents of Zingari were pitched in one of those squares, which was rather larger than the rest; men, children, women half-naked or wrapped up in the common covering of white flannel, which is their only clothing, were squatting round a fire, combing their hair and clearing it of the insects which annoyed them. A few Arabs in the service of the Emir were riding through the town in their magnificent costume, with splendid arms at their girdle and lances twelve or fifteen feet long in their hand. Some were carrying news to the Emir respecting Ibrahim's army; others were descending to the coast with orders from the Prince to the detachments commanded by his sons, and encamped in the plain. Nothing is more rich and imposing than the array and costume of these Druse warriors. Their immense turbans of dazzling-coloured shawls arrayed in graceful folds, throw over their sunburnt countenance and dark eyes, a shade which adds to the loftiness and wild energy of their physiognomies; long mustachios conceal their lips, and hang down on both sides of the mouth. A kind of short red tunic is the uniform dress of the Druses and of all the mountaineers; this tunic, ac-

cording to the importance and wealth of the wearer, is spun with cotton and gold, or merely with cotton and silk, the front and back dazzling with elegant designs, in which the variety of colours contrasts with the gold and silver of the tissue; immense pantaloons with numberless folds cover their legs; their feet are protected by short boots of red morocco and slippers of yellow morocco over them; furred vests with hanging sleeves, are thrown loosely over their shoulders. A girdle of silk or morocco such as the Albanese are in the habit of wearing, encircles the body with its many folds, and serves for the horseman to secure his arms. The handles of two or three kangiars or yatagans, the poniards and short sabres of the East, are seen projecting out of their girdle and shining upon the breast; the stocks of two or three pistols inlaid with gold or silver complete this portable arsenal. The Arabs, moreover, are always armed with a lance, the handle of which is made of slender, pliant, yet durable wood, resembling a long reed. This lance, their chief weapon, is adorned with waving tufts and silken cords; they generally hold it in their right hand, the point towards the sky, and the handle nearly touching the ground; but when they put their horses to a gallop, they brandish it horizontally above their head, and in their military sports fling it to an extraordinary distance, and pick it up by stooping to the ground. Previously to flinging the lance, they give it for some time an oscillating movement, which afterwards adds greatly to the

force of the throw, and carries it to the intended spot. We met a great number of those horsemen in the course of the day. The Emir Beschir had himself supplied us with a few to guide and do us honour; they all bowed to us with great courtesy, and stopped their horses to leave the path open for our passage.

At about two miles from Deir-el-Kammar, there is obtained one of the most magnificent views of the Lebanon. On the one side, its deep gorges, which the traveller is about to enter, suddenly open beneath the feet. On the other, the castle of Dptedin rises in the form of a pyramid on the summit of its hill, covered with verdure and surrounded by the foaming waters; before him the mountains, gradually descending to the sea—some dark, others of a lighter aspect,—unroll themselves like a cataract of hills, and disappear either amongst verdant ridges of olive-trees in the plains of Sida, or on a rising hill of a brick-coloured sand along the shores of Baireut. Here and there, the contour of the mountain sides, and the varied lines of their immense descending ridges, are terminated and broken by the tops of cedars, of fig, or broad-crested pine-trees; numerous villages shine at their feet or on their summits. This prospect terminates in the sea; the eye following, as upon an immense map or an embossed plain, the slopes, the undulations, the intersections of the coasts, the capes, the promontories, the gulphs of its shores from the Carmel to Cape Batroun, along an extent of fifty leagues.

The air is so fine that one can fancy any object to be almost within a few hours' travelling, which it would require three or four days to reach. At those distances, the sea appears so mixed up with the firmament, with which it is blended in the horizon, that it is impossible at the first glance to distinguish the two elements from each other, and the land appears to float in an increased double ocean. It is only by fixing the sea with more attention, and by observing the little white sails on its blue surface, that it is possible to distinguish the object in view. A slight and more or less gilded haze floats above the waves, and separates the sky from the water. At some moments, light fogs raised up from the sides of the mountains by the morning breeze detach themselves, like a bird's white feathers consigned to the winds, and are carried away to the sea, or evaporated by the rays of the now burning sun.

Quitting this magnificent scenery, we began to descend by a path more perilous than I had ever seen in the Alps. The declivity is perpendicular, and the road less than two feet wide; unfathomable precipices line it on one side and a wall of rocks on the other; the hollow of the path is paved with rolling rocks, or with stones so well polished by the waters, by the horses' shoes and the camels' feet, that those animals are obliged to select, with the utmost care, a stepping place; and as this place is always the same, they have in the course of time scooped cavities in the stone, wherein their hoofs sink a few inches, and it is only

owing to those cavities offering a point of resistance to the horse's shoe, which has thus a firm hold, that the animal escapes falling. One also meets now and then with steps cut in the rock, of the height of two feet, or blocks of rounded granite which it would be impossible to step over, and which must be turned by availing ourself of spaces between them barely wide enough to admit the legs of the animal; this description applies to nearly all the roads in this part of the Lebanon. The sides of the mountains occasionally turn off or become flat, affording a less rugged road on layers of yellow dust, freestone or mould. It is difficult to conceive how a country like this can breed at all times such numbers of fine horses. No Arab, however inaccessible his village or his dwelling, is without a horse, and we constantly observed them carelessly mounting, or descending, with pipes in their mouths, the steepest hills which the roebucks of our mountains would have found it difficult to climb.

After descending for an hour and a half, we caught a glimpse of the end of the gorge through which we had to make our way. A river resounded in its depth, still veiled by the fog of its waters and by the tops of carob and walnut-trees, plantains and Persian poplars growing on the extreme slope of the ravine. Handsome fountains issued, on the right of the road, from grottoes of rock decked with a thousand unknown creeping plants, or from the middle of grass-plots covered with autumnal flowers. We soon perceived a

house between trees on the borders of the river or torrent, which we forded. We there came to a stop, in order to afford rest to our horses, and to enjoy for a moment one of the most extraordinary sights we had ever beheld on our journey.

The gorge, into the depth of which we had descended, was completely filled with the waters of the river, bubbling round some masses of rock that had fallen into its bed. Here and there, islands of a mouldy soil exhibited gigantic poplars rising to a prodigious height, and throwing their pyramidal shadow against the sides of the mountain where we were seated. The waters of the river were contracted, on our left, by two walls of granite, which they seemed to have split in attempting to force their way through; these walls rose to the height of four or five hundred feet, and approaching each other at their further extremity, appeared like an immense arcade, which the lapse of time had forced to give way and fall upon itself. Tops of Italian pine-trees were scattered like bunches of wall-flowers on the ruins of decayed walls, and detaching themselves, bore the appearance of a dark green spot on the plain bright blue of heaven. On the right, the gorge ran in windings for about a quarter of a mile between wider and less rugged banks; its waters flowed unobstructed, embracing a multitude of small islands or verdant promontories, covered with the richest and most smiling vegetation. It was the first time I had beheld the poplar tree, since I left the banks of the Rhone and of the

Seine. It extended its pale and moving veil over all this valley of the river; but as it was neither planted nor pruned by human hands, it grows here in clusters, and spreads its branches at will, and accordingly in more majestic, varied and graceful forms than in our own country. Between these masses of trees and other groups of rushes and large reeds which covered the islands, we perceived the broken arches of an old bridge built by the ancient Emirs of Lebanon, but for centuries past falling to ruins. Beyond the arches of this ruined bridge, the gorge opened outright upon an immense inward scene of valleys, plains and hills strewed with villages inhabited by the Druses, the whole surrounded, like an amphitheatre, by a circular chain of high mountains; the hills were nearly all of a green hue, and covered with forests of pine trees. The villages were suspended over, and appeared to be connected with, one another; but after crossing some of them, we discovered that the distance between them was considerable, owing to the difficulty of the way by the paths, and the necessity of descending or ascending the deep ravines which separate them. From any one of these villages is easily heard the voice of a man speaking in the adjoining hamlet, though it requires an hour to travel from one to the other. What added to the effect of this fine landscape, was the sight of two monasteries of large dimensions, planted, like fortresses, on the summit of two hills behind the river, and resembling blocks of granite, grown black with age. The one

is inhabited by Maronites who devote themselves to the instruction of young Arabs intended for the priesthood. The other was deserted; it had formerly belonged to the order of the Lazarites of Lebanon; and now served as an asylum and refuge to young jesuits, sent there by their order, at the request of the Maronite Bishop, to furnish the Arab chiefs with rules and plans for their guidance; they live there in complete retirement and poverty, and in exemplary sanctity. I became acquainted with them at a later period. One of them is learning the Arabian language, and strives in vain to convert some Druses of the neighbouring villages; he is a man of great talents and learning; the other is engaged in the study of the healing art, and travels over the country, gratuitously distributing medicines; both are beloved and respected by the Druses and even by the Motoualis. But they can have no hope that success will attend their sojourn in Syria. The Maronite clergy are much attached to the Roman church; nevertheless, this clergy has its traditions, its independence, its own discipline, which it would not permit the spirit of Jesuitism to invade; it claims to exercise the true spiritual authority, and to govern the minds of the people of Lebanon. It would soon find rivals in active and stirring European bodies; and this rivalry would naturally alarm the local clergy.

After having rested for half an hour in this enchanting spot, we again mounted our horses, and began to ascend the steep brow which stood before

us. The path grew more and more rugged as it arose on the last chain of Lebanon, which separated us from the coast of Syria. In proportion, however, as we ascended, the aspect of the immense bason which we left on our right became more gigantic and imposing.

The river we had quitted, after a halt, followed a winding course, in the midst of this plain slightly undulated with hills, and sometimes spread in blue and brilliant lakes resembling those of Switzerland. The dark hills, being crowned on their summits by clusters of fir-trees, repeatedly interrupted the course of the river, and appeared to separate it into a thousand luminous sheets. Other hills, springing by slow degrees from the plain, rose up, gathered into masses, leaned against each other with their coverings of furze in blossom, and bore, here and there, at wide intervals, trees with broad tops, which flung dark shades over their sides. Large cedar and fir-trees descended from still higher summits, and dropped in clusters and glades round the numerous Druse villages, of which we beheld the rising terraces, the balconies, and ogive windows, from the centre of the verdant pine-trees. The inhabitants, chiefly clad in fine scarlet mantles, and their foreheads covered with red, broad-folded turbans, ascended their terraces to see us pass, adding, by the brilliancy of their costume and their majestic attitudes, to the grand, the singular, and picturesque effect of the scene. Water was flowing in all directions from handsome Turkish fountains

placed at the entrance and exit of these villages. The women and young maidens, who came to fill their long narrow pitchers, were grouped round the basons, and removed a corner of their veils to obtain a glimpse of us. The population appeared a noble race of beings. Men, women, and children, all were the picture of health and strength. The women are extremely handsome. Their features bear, in general, the stamp of pride and dignity, without any expression of ferocity to disparage them. We were every where greeted with courteous politeness. Offers of hospitality were made by all the villages in turn; we did not avail ourselves of them, but continued to ascend, for about three hours, the steep acclivities shaded by fir-trees. We finally reached the last white and naked crest of the mountains, and the immense horizon of the coast of Syria unfolded itself at once to our view. This was an aspect very different from what had struck our eyes for many days past; it was the horizon of Naples, seen from the top of Vesuvius, or from the heights of Castellamare. The immense ocean was at our feet, boundless, or showing no other limits to the eye than a few clouds heaped up at the furthest extremity of its waves. Under these clouds the imagination fancied the appearance of land, the island of Cyprus, which is, however, at the distance of thirty leagues from the shore. Mount Carmel was on the left; and on the right, and far out of sight, the endless chain of the coasts of Baireut, Tripoli, Syria, Latakia, and Alexandretta;

lastly, but under a confused aspect, and the gilded haze of night, were some shining points of the mountains of Taurus; but this might have been an illusion, so great is the distance. Immediately beneath our feet the descending path commenced; and, after gliding on the rocks and dry furze of the ridge where we stood, we found it less abrupt, and opening from summit to summit: at first, the eye rested on the grey heads of rocky hills; next, upon the dark-green tops of oak, pine, cedar, and carob-trees; lower down again, upon gentler slopes, upon the paler and more yellow verdure of plantains and sycamores; lastly appeared grey hills covered with the leaves of olive trees; and the whole finally mingled and died away in the narrow plain which separates Lebanon from the sea.

Along the capes were seen old Moorish towers protecting the shore; within the gulphs, large villages and towns, their walls reflecting the sun's rays, their creeks dug in the sands, and their boats run aground, or their vessels sailing in or out of harbour; Saïde and Baireut in particular, encompassed by their fertile plains of olive, lemon, and mulberry-trees, their minarets, the domes of their mosques, their castles and embattled ramparts, rose out of this ocean of colours and streaks, and rivetted the beholder to two projecting spots on the coast. Beyond the plain of Baireut, the mighty Lebanon, intersected by the course of the river, arose again, of a yellow and gold colour, in the foreground, like the pillars of Pæstum; next assuming a grey, sombre, and

tarnished appearance; then becoming green and black in the region of forests; and lastly shooting up its snowy tops, which seemed to melt in the transparency of the sky, at an elevation where the bright rays of day-light rested in undisturbed serenity on layers of perpetual whiteness. Neither Naples nor Sorrentum, neither Rome nor Albano, can exhibit such an horizon.

After descending for about two hours, we met with an isolated khan, beneath magnificent plantains, on the edge of a fountain. It will be proper to describe, once for all, what is called a khan in Syria, as well as in every other Eastern country; it is a hut, the walls of which are of ill-joined uncemented stones, affording no protection from wind or rain; these stones are generally blackened by the smoke of the hearth, which continually filters through the open spaces. The walls are about seven or eight feet high, and covered over with pieces of rough wood retaining its bark and largest branches; the whole is shaded with dry faggots, answering the purpose of a roof. The inside is unpaved, and is, according to the season of the year, a bed of dust or of mud. One or two stakes support the roof of leaves, and the traveller's cloak and arms are suspended thereon. In one corner is a small hearth raised upon a few rough stones; a charcoal fire is constantly burning upon this hearth, and one or two copper coffee-pots, are always full of thick farinaceous coffee, the habitual refreshment and only want of the Turks and Arabs. There are in general two rooms similar

to the one I have described. One or two Arabs are authorized, in return for the tribute they pay to the Pacha, to do the honours of the dwelling, and to sell coffee and barley-flour cakes to the caravans. When the traveller reaches the door of these khans, he alights from his horse or camel, and removes the straw mats or damask carpets which are to serve him for a bed; they are spread in a corner of the smoking-room; he sits down, calls for coffee, lights his pipe, and waits until his slaves have collected some dry wood to prepare his repast. This repast usually consists of two or three cakes, half baked on a heated pebble, and of some slices of hashed mutton, which is boiled with rice in a copper pot. It rarely happens that rice or mutton can be procured in the khan; the traveller must then be satisfied with the cakes and the excellent fresh water which is always found in the neighbourhood of khans. The servants, the slaves, the moukres, (camel-leaders,) and the horses, remain round the khan in the open air. There is generally in the neighbourhood some noted and long-standing tree, which serves as a beacon to the caravan; this is mostly an immense sycamore fig-tree, such as I have never seen in Europe; it is of the size of the largest oaks, and grows to an older age. Its trunk sometimes measures thirty or forty feet in circumference, and is often larger; its branches, which begin to spread at an elevation of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, at first extend in an horizontal direction, to an immense distance; the upper branches then

group themselves in narrower cones, and resemble from afar our beech-trees. The shadow of those trees which Providence seems to have scattered here and there, as an hospitable cloud over the burning soil of the desert, extends to a great distance from the trunk; and it is not unusual to see perhaps sixty camels and horses, and as many Arabs, encamped, during the heat of the day, under the shadow of one of these trees. In this, however, as in every thing else, it is painful to notice the indifference of Eastern people and of their government. These plantains, which should be preserved with care, as inns provided by Nature for the wants of the caravan, are left to the stupid improvidence of those who benefit by their shade; the Arabs light their fires at the foot of the sycamore, and the trunks of most of these splendid trees are blackened and hollowed by the flames of Arab hearths. Our little caravan settled itself under one of those majestic sycamores, and we passed the night wrapped up in our cloaks, and stretched on a straw mat in a corner of the khan.

4th October, 1832.

We took our departure from the khan this morning, and after a few hours' ride over abrupt steepnesses of the Lebanon, we reached the handsome villages situated mid-way down the slope. All the ruggedness of the mountain disappears at this spot, and we proceeded for two hours through

the most smiling and fertile hills, not inferior in beauty to those of Tuscany. Parapet walls support terraces of earth, where the vines intermix with other trees, casting their shade over every kind of crop, without impeding their growth. Villages, in which every thing indicates order, peace, toil, and its rewards, are scattered over these hills; the houses, or rather castles of the scheiks command them in the same manner as our gothic castles of old rose above our villages. Immense convents of Maronite monks occupy the summits of the hillocks like as many fortresses. The monks are seen to enter or sally forth, leading the plough to the fields, or going in quest of mulberry leaves. The Arabs, without distinction of sexes, are peaceably labouring in the enclosures, and cast a look at us, smiling at our European costume. The Scheik, attended by his principal domestics, is usually seated on a carpet at the entrance of his castle, or beneath a broad sycamore tree in the midst of the road; he is in the attitude of smoking, and bows to us laying his hand on his breast, and saying, *Sala el kaer:* be this a blessed day to ye, travellers!

We have at last reached the plain, which we are crossing under a canopy of verdure formed by the long reeds, the vine, the palm, the fig, and the mulberry trees. From time to time the isolated habitation of an Arab or Syrian-Greek husbandman detaches itself from this forest of leaves; the children are playing with long-tailed Syrian sheep in front of the house; handsome young girls, with

their faces uncovered, are carrying pitchers of water on their heads, and the father and mother are seen at the foot of the mulberry trees working those fine variegated silk stuffs, of which they secure the threads from one tree to another, and twist them while pacing beneath the shade. Scotland, Saxony, Savoy, and Switzerland, do not exhibit to the traveller a more busy scene of life, peace, and contentment, than is found at the foot of these mountains of the Lebanon, where we only expected to meet with a people of barbarians.

5th October, 1832.

I met my wife and child in good health, and employed in embellishing and ornamenting our winter abode. I remained some days with them previously to starting for Palestine and Egypt. Ibrahim Pacha has gained a decisive victory at Homs; he is advancing upon Caramania, and will cross the Taurus, driving the Turks before him. No apprehension is any longer felt for the peace and safety of this country: I shall therefore be able to travel with my mind at ease respecting what is dearest to me in life. Our newly acquired friends at Baireut, Messrs. Bianco, Jorelle, Farrer, Laurella, and Abbott, will provide, during my absence, for all emergencies that might occur. I am going to prepare my caravan, and to depart as soon as the first rains shall have cooled the heat, which had reached thirty degrees, and still prevails at this moment along the coast of Syria.

JOURNEY TO BAIREUT;

ACROSS SYRIA AND PALESTINE TO JERUSALEM.

8th October, 1832.

I started with eighteen horses attached to my suite and baggage, these forming our caravan. We slept at a khan, at three hours' journey from Baireut, on the same road as that I had to traverse to visit Lady Esther Stanhope. We arose at three o'clock the next morning, and crossed at five the river Tamour, the ancient Tamyris; the rose laurel was in full flower on its borders. We followed its margin, its frothy waves washing the feet of our horses, as far as Saïde, the ancient Sidon—a mere shadow of the ruined city, of which it has lost even the name—retaining no trace whatever of its past grandeur. A circular jetty formed of huge stones surrounds a haven filled with sand, from which a few fishermen and their children were pushing into the sea a frail bark without masts or sails—the sole maritime image remaining of this second queen of the seas. At Saïde we went to the French khan, an immense receptacle of our ancient commerce in Syria, and where our consuls presided, and hoisted the French flag. There is no longer any commerce or any Frenchmen here. There remains, indeed, at Saïde, in the immense deserted khan, an old

and respectable French agent, M. Giraudin, who has, with his family, inhabited it these fifty years. Though become oriental, he received us with all the friendship of a countryman in a distant region famed of old for its hospitality, and not degenerated in this respect, during the lapse of ages.

We dined with these worthy people, and afterwards slept a few hours. What a charming picture did the host and his family present of the generous hospitality of the East! The sons brought us water to wash, while their wives and mother prepared our repast. At four o'clock p. m. we mounted our horses accompanied by the sons, and several of their friends. One of them mounted on a superb Arabian, and performed the exercise of the djerid. At two hours' distance from Saïde, they quitted us, thanking us for our visit, and affectionately wishing us a prosperous journey.

We travelled two hours more, and then alighted for the night, to sleep under our tents close to a delightful fountain called El Kantara, which diffused its limpid streams at a few paces from the briny wave. A gigantic tree overshadowed with its branches the whole caravan. The plain forms a delicious garden, reaching even to the shore; an immense caravan of camels had already halted there, and shared the field with us. The neighing of the horses; the cries of the camels; the smoke of the evening fires; and the transparent lights of the lamps through the striped cloth of the

tents, occasioned reflections on a life of repose, on the family hearth, and distant friends, which were impressed upon our features, as we sank, tired and listless, each upon his saddle which served for a pillow.

In the morning, while the moukres and slaves bridled the horses, two or three Arabs struck the tents, which were speedily folded and fastened to the saddles of the mules. Nothing remained on the spot on which, but a few hours before, we were established as in a permanent abode, save the embers of a nocturnal fire, which the solar rays would soon extinguish. This circumstance formed a true and striking image of human life, often used in the Bible, and which created a powerful impression upon my mind every time it occurred.

We departed from Kantara before daybreak, and ascended several barren and rocky hills, stretching like promontories into the sea. From the summit of the last and most elevated of these ascents, Tyre is beheld, appearing at the extremity of a vast and barren elevation. Between the sea and the last heights of Lebanon, which here rapidly diminish, extends a naked barren plain of about twenty miles in length, and four or five in breadth, of a yellow tint, covered only with thorny shrubs, browsed by the camels of the caravan, on their passage. Tyre is built on a peninsula stretching into the sea, and connected with the continent by a narrow neck of land covered with a golden sand, wafted by the wind from Egypt.

This city, at present called Sour by the Arabs,

is situated at the further extremity of the above mentioned peninsula, and seems to rise out of the waves. At a distance, you would still imagine it to be a new, beautiful, white and animated city; but it is nothing more than a fine shadow, which vanishes on approaching it. A few hundreds of falling houses, in which the Arabs fold large flocks of sheep and black goats with long hanging ears, which defiled before us in the plain, are all that remains of Tyre! She has no longer a port on the sea, no longer roads upon land: the prophecies respecting her have been long since accomplished.

We travelled on in silence, occupied by the thoughts of this desolation, and of the dust of empire which we trod under our feet. Passing along a path, between the ruins and the grey and naked hills of Lebanon, which here descend to the plain, we arrived at the city, now flanked by a sand-bank, which seems its only existing rampart, but which will doubtless, ere long, bury the town under its mass. I thought of the prophecies, and endeavoured to bring to my recollection some of those eloquent warnings with which the divine spirit inspired Ezekiel. I could not recall the words, but I discovered the meaning in the deplorable reality before my eyes. A few lines which I had traced at random on my departure for the East came fresh into my mind.

I have not heard, beneath the cedars old,
Resounding cries from busy nations rolled:
Nor seen, where Lebanon's black heights aspire,
God's missioned eagles dart from thence on Tyre.

I had now before me the "black" Lebanon; but, I said to myself, my imagination has deceived me: I see neither the eagles nor the vultures, which, according to the prophecies, were to descend unceasingly from the mountains, to despoil even the remains of the city, accursed of God, and the enemy of his people.

At the moment I made these reflections, something huge, grotesque and motionless, appeared at our left on the summit of a pointed rock, which advanced into the plain not far distant, close to the route of the caravans. It looked to me like five statues of black stone, placed on the rock as on a pedestal; but from certain motions almost imperceptible of these colossal figures, we fancied, on approaching nearer, that they were five Bedouin Arabs, clothed in their sacks of black goat's hair, who were looking at us as we passed.

When, however, we came at the distance of fifty paces from the rock, we saw one of the five figures display a pair of immense wings, which it flapped with a noise resembling that of a sail shaking in the breeze, and it now became clear that the figures were those of five eagles, of the largest kind I had ever seen in the Alps, or in the menageries of our cities. They did not take flight, but remained unmoved at our approach. Seated like kings of the desert, they seemed to regard Tyre as their proper prey, whereunto they were going to return. They appeared conscious of

possessing it by divine right; as if they were willing instruments of a prophetic vengeance, which they were determined to execute upon man and in spite of man.

I could not cease from contemplating this prophecy in action—this wonderful fulfilment of the divine menaces, of which chance had rendered us witnesses. Never had anything more supernatural struck my eyes, or riveted my mind; and it required an effort of reason not to see, behind these five gigantic eagles, the great and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance—of Ezekiel—rising above them, and pointing out to them, with eye and hand, the city which God had given them as a prey—while the wind of divine wrath agitated the flowing snowy beard of the prophet, and the fire of celestial indignation sparkled in his eyes.

We halted at the distance of forty paces; the eagles merely turned their heads, as if disdainfully regardless of us. Two individuals belonging to the caravan galloped to the foot of the rock, armed with their guns. The eagles paid no attention to this; the guns were loaded with ball, and several shots were fired, which made them fly heavily away for a moment, but they voluntarily returned to the fire, and hovered long over our heads, without being struck by either of the balls —as if they meant to say—"Your efforts against us are powerless; we are the eagles of God."

I now found that my poetical imagination had

exhibited to me the eagles of Tyre less faithfully, less impressively, less supernaturally than the fact warranted; and that there is ever in the most obscure rays of the *mens divinior* of poets something of that divining and prophetic instinct which utters the truth without knowing it.

We arrived at noon, after a march of seven hours in the midst of the plain of Tyre, at a place called the Wells of Solomon. All travellers have described these wells; they consist of three reservoirs of limpid running water, which issue, as it were, by enchantment, from a low, dry, and barren soil, at the distance of two miles from Tyre. Each of these reservoirs, raised artificially about twenty feet above the level of the plain, is full to the brim, and is indeed continually running over. The excess of the fluid is employed to turn the wheels of mills, and the water is conveyed to Tyre by aqueducts, half ancient, half modern, which have a beautiful effect, seen on the horizon. It is said that Solomon ordered these wells to be made, to recompense Tyre and its King Hiram for the services he had received from that monarch's navy, and from his artists, during the building of the Temple. Hiram had brought the marbles and the cedars from Lebanon.

These immense wells are each from seventy to eighty feet in circumference; their depth is unknown; one indeed is said to be bottomless. No individual has ever been able to learn by what mysterious channels the waters from the moun-

tains arrive, and there is at least every reason to believe that they are immense Artesian wells, constructed thousands of years before their discovery by the moderns.

We quitted the Wells of Solomon at five o'clock ; and having marched two hours over the plains of Tyre, arrived at night at the foot of a high mountain, rising abruptly from the sea, and which forms the cape, or Raz-el-Abiad. The moon rose above the dark summits of Lebanon on our left, but not high enough to illuminate their sides. She sank, and left us in the shade, her rays being still thrown on immense fragments of white rock, and shining with all the brilliancy of flame cast upon marble. These fragments of rock were many of them actually in the sea, and the waves, dashing their foam against them, extended almost to our feet—their violence shaking the narrow precipice on which we trod. The sea sparkled, meanwhile, like a sheet of silver ; while here and there a sombre cape advanced into the bosom of the deep, or some profound cavern penetrated the shattered side of the mountain. The plain of Tyre extended behind us, and we could still distinguish the fringes of golden yellow sand, which marked the limit between the sea and land. The shade of Tyre presented itself at the extremity of its promontory, and by chance, no doubt, a light was displayed in some of its ruins, which, at a distance, might have been taken for a light-house; but it was the pharos of solitude and desolation,

which guided no vessel, which shone but in our eyes, and called forth only the sigh of pity for the fate of the queen of the sea.

This route on the precipice—with all its varied accessories, solemn and sublime—the night, the moon, the sea, and its abysses,—lasted for about an hour—one of the hours the most strongly imprinted in my memory of all that God has permitted me to enjoy on earth! What a sublime gate does this passage form, whereby to enter tomorrow on the soil of miracles—the land of the manifestation—whereon are still impressed visible traces both of the old and the new covenant between God and man.

On descending from the summit of this cape, we enjoyed the same prospects which had struck us in ascending: precipices as profound and sonorous, and as white with foam—fissures as deep in the blanched rocks, opened under our feet and attracted our attention; the waves dashed against these with the same violence that we had witnessed during the whole length of the stormy coast of Syria—as the ancient Hebrew poets were used to designate it. The moon, higher advanced in her career, shed a stranger light over this tumultuous and solitary scene, and at length, the vast plain of Ptolemais opened before us.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, in the month of October; our horses, exhausted by a journey of thirteen hours, paced slowly their iron-

protected hoofs on the pointed and shining rocks which alone form the roads of Syria—irregular steps of stone, which no horseman would dare venture on in Europe. We, ourselves, were worn out with fatigue; but struck with the grandeur of the spectacle, and the reminiscences it produced, walked silently on foot, leading our horses by the bridle, now casting a look on that sea we should have to cross in order to behold again our own rivers and mountains, and now on the long, black, even summit of Mount Carmel, which began to appear at the limit of the horizon.

We at length arrived at a species of khan, that is, at a half-destroyed building where a poor Arab cultivates a few fig-trees and gourds between the fissures of the rocks, near a fountain. The khan was occupied by camel-drivers of Naplous, bringing corn from Syria, for the army of Ibrahim; the fountain was dried up by the heats of autumn; we, nevertheless, planted our tents on a soil covered with round and rolling stones. We secured our horses, and then drank a few drops of the fresh water, that remained in our jars, which had been filled at the Wells of Solomon.

From the time of our quitting the Plain of Tyre and the mountains, water began to be very scarce. Fountains are only met with at from five to six hours' distance from each other; and often when you arrive at one, you find nothing

in the bed of the spring but dry and burning mud, which retains the imprint of the last camels or goats who had slaked their thirst therein.

On the 11th, we struck our tents by starlight: the images of the stars being reflected from the waves at our feet. Having descended, for about an hour, the last hills which form the White Cape, or Raz-el-Abiad, we entered on the Plain of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais.

The siege of Acre, by Ibrahim Pacha, had recently reduced the city to a heap of ruins, under which, from ten to twelve thousand men were buried, with thousands of camels. Ibrahim, being conqueror, and anxious to place his important conquest out of the reach of a reaction of fortune, was occupied in restoring the walls and houses. Every day, his followers dug up from the ruins hundreds of the dead, half decomposed—and the putrid exhalations of these, corrupted the air throughout the whole plain. We, therefore, passed at as great a distance from the walls as possible, stopped at noon at an Arab village, called the Waters of Acre, in an orchard of pomegranates, fig trees and mulberry trees, and near the mills of the pacha. At five o'clock, we quitted it to encamp in a grove of olive trees, on the summit of the first hills of Galilee.

On the 12th, we set out again at break of day. We first passed over a hill planted with olives and green oaks, dispersed in groups, or growing as underwood under the browsing teeth of the goats or camels. When we arrived at the other

side of this hill, the Holy Land, the Land of Canaan, displayed its whole extent to our view. The impression was great, delightful and profound. It was not a land naked, rocky, and barren — a mingled heap of low, uncultivated mountains—as the land of promise had been painted to us, on the faith of some misguided writers, or a few travellers hastening with all speed to arrive at the Holy City, and return, and who had only seen of the vast and varied domains of the twelve tribes, the rocky route which led them, under a burning sun, from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Deceived by these writers, I only expected to find what they described—a country of trifling extent, without any extensive views, without valleys, without plains, without trees, and without water. A country, dotted with grey, white hillocks, where the Arab robber conceals himself in the shade of the ravines, to plunder the passenger. Such may, perhaps, be the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but such is not Judea, as we beheld it the first day from the summit of the hills which border Ptolemais; as we found it on the other side of the hills of Zebulon and of Nazareth; at the foot of Mount Hermon, or Mount Carmel; as we found it, indeed, in its entire breadth and in all its varieties, from the heights which command Tyre and Sidon to the Lake of Tiberias; from Mount Theban to the hills of Samaria and Naplous, and from thence to the walls of Sion.

In the first place, we have before us the Plain

of Zebulon. We are placed between two slight undulations of land, scarcely worthy the name of hills; the vale which lies between them, forms the path of our route: this path has been traced by the feet of camels, which have ground the dust for four thousand years—or by the large and deep holes which the pressure of their feet, always planted in the same spot, has dug on the white and friable rock which extends from the Cape of Tyre to the sands of the Lybian Desert. On the right and left, the sides of the hills are shaded here and there, at the distance of ten paces, with tufts of evergreen shrubs; at a greater distance, rise trees with knotty trunks, interlaced branches, and a sombre and motionless foliage. They are principally green oaks of a peculiar species, the stem of which is more slight and stately than those of Europe, and whose velvet-surfaced leaves are round, and not indented like those of the common oak of Europe. The carob tree, the mastic, and more rarely, the plane tree and the sycamore, complete the clothing of these hills; there are, besides, many other trees whose names I do not know: some of them have leaves like the fir, or the cedar, and others, (which are the most beautiful,) resemble immense willows by the colour of their bark and the tender yellow hue of their foliage, but infinitely surpassing the willow in extent, in size and elevation: the most numerous caravans may encamp around their colossal trunks with their camels and their baggage, and be sheltered under the foliage of the

branches. Between the spaces left by these trees, on the sides of the hills, are seen masses of a whitish or blue-grey rock, which have pierced the soil, and are devoid of vegetation; but between these blocks of rock is found a deep, light and black vegetable soil, which would produce plentiful crops of wheat or barley with the slightest care of the husbandman. Other spots are covered with a prickly underwood, wild pomegranate trees, rose trees of Jericho, and enormous thistles, the stem of which is as high as the head of the camel. One of these hills thus described, you see them all nearly in their actual forms, and the imagination may represent to itself their effect, when cited in sketching the landscape of the Holy Land. Our route lay between these two hills, and we descended on a slightly inclined plane, leaving the sea and the Plain of Ptolemais behind us, when we perceived the first valley of the Land of Canaan. It was that of Zebulon, the garden of the tribe of that name.

To the right and left before us the two hills which we had just crossed, opened gracefully in corresponding curves, like two subsiding waves which part gently and harmoniously, to clear a path for the vessel gliding on the deep; the space which they leave between them gradually extends and becomes a valley of an oval form, the longer extremities of which are shaded by two other lines of hills; this plain seems to be about a league and a half in breadth, and from three to four leagues in

length. From the elevation on which we were, at the gorge of the hills of Acre, the eye naturally descended and involuntarily followed the flexible sinuosities, until it lost itself in the bases of the mountains which terminate the view. On the left, the lofty, gilded, and rugged summits of Lebanon, uplifted boldly their pyramids in the sombre blue of a morning sky; on the right, the hill which bore us rose insensibly as it receded, going, as it were, to unite itself with other hills, and forming various groups of different elevations, some barren, others clothed with olive and fig-trees; a Turkish village adorned the summit, the white minaret of which contrasted strongly with the sombre colonnade of cypress, which almost entirely surrounded the mosque. In front, the horizon, which terminates the plain of Zebulon, and which extended before us to the space of three or four leagues, formed a perspective of hills, mountains, valleys, sky, vapours, and shade, altogether blended with such harmony of colours and lines, such a happy symmetry, and varied too by effects so different, that I could not remove my gaze. Recollecting nothing in the Alps, Italy, or Greece, to which I could compare this magic *ensemble*, I cried "It is Poussin or Claude Lorraine!" Nothing, in fact, can equal the sweet majesty of this prospect of Canaan but the pencil of those two painters, to whom the divine spirit of nature had revealed her beauty; we can only find a similar union of the grand and the gentle, of the strong and the graceful, of the picturesque and the fertile, in the landscapes

imagined by those two great men, worthy to emulate these scenes, which the hand of the great Supreme painter had designed and coloured for the habitation of a people then pastoral and innocent.

At the very foot of the mountain, and at about half a league distance on the plain, a mound, entirely detached from the surrounding hills, rose, as it were, out of the earth, like a natural pedestal, destined exclusively by nature to support a fortified place. Its sides rose almost perpendicularly from the level of the earth to the summit of this kind of natural altar, and they exactly resembled the ramparts of a fortified town, traced and raised by the hands of man. The summit itself, instead of being unequal and rounded like the summits generally of hills or mountains, was quite flat, as if meant to bear something with which it should by right be surmounted when that people should arrive for whose uses it was destined.

In all the charming plains of the country of Canaan, I have since observed these mounds or *mamelons*, bearing the form of quadrangular or oblong altars, and evidently destined to protect the first abodes of a timid and fearful nation. Their destiny, indeed, is so legibly written in their isolated and singular shapes, that the moss alone which covers them prevents our being deceived and fancying them raised by the people who afterwards built upon them. But how could so small a nation have ever constructed so many enormous citadels of earth, when the whole army

of Xerxes could not have elevated one? To whatever faith we may belong, we must be blind not to recognise a special and providential destination for these natural fortresses, elevated at the mouth and at the issue of nearly all the plains of Galilee and Judea.

Behind the *mamelon* of which we have spoken, and on which the imagination might easily picture an ancient city, with its walls, its bastions, and its towers, the first hills gradually ascend from the plain, bearing, like grey or black spots on their sides, bowers of olive trees and green oaks. Between these hills, and the more elevated and sombre mountains to which they serve as bases, and which command them majestically, some torrent doubtless issued in foam, or some deep lake sent up its vapours, warmed by the first rays of the morning sun; for a blueish white mist extends over this vacant space, and partially conceals, throwing them completely into the background, the second line of mountains under this transparent curtain, which was here and there pierced by the rays of Aurora.

More distant, and still higher, a third chain of acclivities, completely dark, displayed their round but unequal summits, and gave to the landscape that tint of majesty and gravity which must necessarily be found in all that is sublime, either as an element or a contrast. From distance to distance there are breaks in this third chain, through which the prospect extends, bounded by a pale silvery sky tinted with rosy clouds; and behind

this magnificent amphitheatre aspire two or three peaks of the distant Lebanon, rising like promontories in the sky, and receiving the luminous shower of the first solar rays suspended above them; they indeed seem so transparent, that one might fancy he saw through them the trembling light that they had hidden from us. Add to this spectacle the serene and warm vault of the firmament, the limpid color of the twilight, the depth of the shadows which characterise an Asiatic atmosphere; image on the plain a khan in ruins, or immense herds of red cows, white camels, and black goats coming with a slow step to seek water, scanty in its quantity, but limpid and savoury; represent to yourself some Arabs, mounted on their fleet coursers, traversing the valley, their arms inlaid with silver, and their scarlet dresses sparkling in the sun; together with a few women of the neighbouring villages, clothed in their long sky-blue tunics, with the ends of their large white sashes falling to the ground, and wearing blue turbans ornamented by bandelettes strung with Venetian sequins; add here and there, on the flanks of the hills, a few Turkish or Arab hamlets, their walls of the color of the rocks, and their houses roofless, and scarcely to be distinguished from the rocks themselves; let a cloud of azure smoke rise from distance to distance between the olive trees and cypresses which surround these villages; not forgetting stones hollowed out like troughs (the tombs of the patriarchs), with some shafts of granite columns, sculptured capitals, etc.,

lying here and there about the fountains, under the feet of your horses;—combine these accessories, and you will have a most exact and faithful picture of the delicious plains of Zebulon, of Nazareth, of Saphora, and Tabor. Such a country, repeopled by a new Jewish nation, cultivated and watered by intelligent hands, fecundated by a tropical sun, producing spontaneously every plant necessary or delightful to man, from the sugar-cane and the banana to the vine and the corn of the temperate zone—from the cedar to the pine of the Alps; such a country would, I say, again become the land of promise, if Providence restored to it a people with the political elements of repose and liberty.

From the plain of Zebulon we passed on, ascending little hillocks, each more barren than the former, to the village of Saphora—the Saphora of holy writ, the ancient Diocesan of the Romans; the largest city of Palestine in the time of Herod Agrippa, after Jerusalem.

A great number of blocks of stone, hollowed out for tombs, traced our route to the summit of the mamelon on which Saphora is situated. Arrived at the topmost height, we beheld an isolated column of granite still standing, and marking the site of a temple. Beautiful sculptured capitals were lying on the ground at the foot of this column, and immense fragments of hewn stone, removed from some great Roman monument, were scattered everywhere round, serving the Arabs as boundaries to their property, and

extending as far as a mile from Saphora, where we stopped to halt in the middle of the day. A fountain of excellent and inexhaustible water flows herefrom, for the use of the inhabitants of two or three valleys: it is surrounded by some orchards of fig and pomegranate trees, under the shade of which we seated ourselves, and waited more than an hour before we could water our caravan—so numerous were the herds of cows and camels which the Arabian shepherds brought from all parts of the valley. Innumerable files of cattle and black goats wound across the plain and the sides of the hill leading to Nazareth.

I lay down, enveloped in my cloak, near the fountain, under the shade of a fig tree at a little distance, and contemplated, for a long time, this scene of ancient days. Our horses were around us, their legs tied, and Turkish saddles on their backs; their manes hung down, and their heads were sheltered beneath them. Our arms—sabres, guns, pistols, etc., were suspended over-head to branches of the fig and pomegranate trees. Bedouin Arabs, clothed with a single piece of blue and white striped stuff, made of goats' hair, were seated in a circle not far from us, and contemplated us with vulture-like eyes. Some women of Saphora, dressed exactly like the wives of Abraham and Isaac, with blue tunics tied round the waist, and over them the full folds of another white one falling gracefully, brought, on their heads (on which they wore blue turbans), empty urns which, having filled, they carried away in the

same manner, supporting them with their two hands, like the Caryatides of the Acropolis. Girls, dressed in the same costume, were washing at the fountain, and laughed amongst themselves on looking at us. Others, again, were dressed more richly; their heads covered with bandelettes, strung with piastres or gold sequins. They danced under a large pomegranate tree, at some distance from the fountain and from us: their dance, lazy and slow, was only a monotonous round, accompanied, from time to time, with a few steps without art, but not without grace. Woman was born graceful; though manners and customs may modify in her this peculiar charm. These Arabian women were not veiled like those we had hitherto seen in the East; and their features, though slightly marked, had a delicacy and regularity which distinguished them from the Turkish race. They continued to dance and sing during all the time we halted, and did not appear offended at the notice we took of their movements and costume. We were told that they were assembled there to receive the bridal presents which a young Arab was gone to purchase at Nazareth, for one of the girls of Saphora, to whom he was betrothed; and a little while afterwards, we met these presents on the road. They consisted of a sieve, to sift the flour from the bran, a piece of calico, and another of a richer material, to make a dress for the bride.

This day commenced in me new and different impressions from any which my journey had hitherto inspired. I had travelled with the eyes,

with the thoughts, and the mind. I had not travelled with the soul and with the heart, as I should do on touching the land of prodigies, the land of Jehovah and of Christ; the land of which every name had been a thousand times lisped by my infant tongue; whose images had made the first impression on my young and tender imagination; the land from which had flowed for me, at a later period, the lessons and sweets of religion, that second life of our soul! I now felt, internally, as if relieved from something cold and dead within me. I felt what one feels in discovering, amongst a group of a thousand unknown persons, the figure of a mother, a sister, or a beloved wife! —what one feels on going from the street into the temple—namely, something that inspires meditation, a calm internal peace, tender and consolatory, which we do not experience elsewhere.

The temple, to me, is at present this land of the Bible, of the Gospel, on which I now imprint my first steps!—I prayed to God in silence, in the depth of my thought. I rendered him thanks for having permitted me to live long enough to view this sanctuary of the Holy Land; and from this day, during the remainder of my journey in Judea, in Galilee, and in Palestine, the material, yet poetical impression that I received at sight of these places was mingled with a more living sentiment of respect and tenderness. My journey became often one continued prayer; and the true enthusiasm, the most natural to my soul—the enthusiasm for nature and for

its Author—were as fresh and as lively in me almost every morning, as if so many years of grief and sorrow had never withered them in my bosom! I felt that I was still a man, in appearing before the shadow of the God of my youth.

On visiting the places consecrated by one of those mysterious events which have changed the face of the world, we have a somewhat similar feeling to that of the traveller, who after laboriously ascending the current of a mighty river like the Nile or Ganges, at length discovers and contemplates its hidden source. It seemed to me also, as I ascended the last hills which separated me from Nazareth, that I was going to contemplate, on the spot, the mysterious origin of that vast and fertile religion which, for these two thousand years, has made its road from the height of the mountains of Galilee through the universe, and watered so many human generations with its pure and living waters! There is its source! there, in the hollow of the rocks on which I tread: this hill, the summit of which I am attaining, has borne on its sides the salvation, the life, the light, the hope of the world. It was there, at a few paces from me, that the Man-model was born amongst men, to withdraw them by his word and his example from the ocean of error and corruption into which the human race was fast submerging. If I considered the matter as a philosopher, it was the point at which occurred the greatest event that has ever startled the moral and political world;—an event, the influence of

which is yet felt throughout the whole compass of social order. From hence arose, as from the bosom of obscurity, poverty, and ignorance, the greatest, the most just, the wisest, most virtuous of men: this land was his cradle!—the theatre of his actions and of his affecting discourses! From hence, while yet young, he went with a few unknown and uneducated men whom he had inspired with the confidence of his genius and the courage necessary to their mission—which was, boldly to attack an order of ideas and things not powerful enough to resist his doctrines, but sufficiently so to put him to death;—from hence, I repeat, he went with alacrity to conquer death and obtain the empire of posterity! From hence, in fine, flowed Christianity—at first an obscure spring, an almost unperceived drop of water in the hollow of the rock of Nazareth; in which two sparrows could scarcely have allayed their thirst, and which a ray of the sun could have dried up; but which now, like the great ocean of mind, has filled every abyss of human wisdom, and bathed in its inexhaustible waves the past, the present, and the future. Were I therefore incredulous as to the Divinity of this event, my soul would still have felt powerful emotions on approaching its primitive theatre; and I should have uncovered my head and bowed profoundly to that occult and all-powerful will which has made so many great things flow from so feeble, so unperceptible a commencement.

But on considering the mysteries of Christianity as a Christian, my reveries were different.

It was there, beneath that small portion of blue sky, at the bottom of that narrow and sombre valley, under the shade of that little hill whose old rocks seem yet split with the joyful trembling they felt in giving birth to and bearing the infant Word, or trembling with the pain they felt in burying that Word when crucified: it was there, lay that sacred and fateful spot which God had chosen from all eternity to launch upon the earth his truth, his justice, and his incarnate love, made manifest in an infant God. It was there where, at the appointed hour, the Divine breath descended on a poor cottage, the abode of humble labour, of simplicity of mind and misfortune. It was there where it animated within the bosom of a pure and innocent virgin something as gentle, as tender and benevolent as herself,—suffering, patient, and sighing like man;—powerful, supernatural, wise, and strong like God. It was there that the God-man passed obscure years of concealment, subject to our ignorance, our weakness, our labour and our poverty; and exercised his life in mortal functions on earth, before he taught it by his word, healed its wounds by his miracles, and regenerated it by his death. It was there that the Heavens opened and darted on Earth the Holy Incarnate Spirit, the fulminating word, which was to consume to the end of time both error and iniquity; to prove as in the fire of a crucible our virtues and our vices; and kindle before the holy and pure God, that incense which can never be extinguished, the incense of

the altar, the perfume of charity and universal truth.

As I made these reflections, my head bent, and my brain filled with a thousand thoughts still more weighty, I perceived at my feet, at the bottom of a valley hollowed out like a bason or a small lake, the white and gracefully grouped houses of Nazareth on the two sides and at the extremity of this bason. The Greek church, the high minaret of the Turkish mosque, the long thick walls of the convent of the Latin fathers, were all at once perceptible; a few streets formed of smaller houses, but of an elegant and oriental shape, were grouped round these larger edifices and animated with the noise and the movements of life. All around this valley or bason of Nazareth, were seen clumps of the high thorny napal; fig trees deprived of their autumnal leaves; with green and yellow light-leaved pomegranates—the whole giving a freshness and a grace to the landscape, like the flowers of the field round a village altar. God alone knows what passed at that moment in my heart; but by a spontaneous, and as it were an involuntary movement, I found myself on my knees, at the feet of my horse, upon one of the blue and dusty paths of the precipice we were descending. I remained, I suppose, several minutes in silent contemplation, wherein all the thoughts of my life as a sceptic or a christian rushed upon my mind with such confusion, that it was impossible to class them; these words alone escaped my lips: *And the word was made*

flesh, and dwelt amongst us. I pronounced them with the sublime, profound and grateful sentiment they are calculated to inspire: the place indeed suggests them so naturally, that I was struck, on arriving in the evening at the sanctuary of the Latin church, to find them engraven in letters of gold, on the marble table of the subterranean altar in the house of Mary and Joseph.—Having made this exclamation, bowing my head respectfully to the earth which had given birth to Christ, I kissed it in silence, and moistened with tears of repentance, of love, and hope, that soil which has seen so many shed, which has imbibed so many, and from which I invoked a portion of truth and love.

We arrived at the convent of the Latin fathers of Nazareth, as the last rays of evening gilded the high yellow walls of their church and monastery. A large iron gate opened before us; our horses entered, sliding over the shining sonorous flags of the front court of the convent, which echoed beneath the iron hoofs of our steeds. The portals closed behind us, and we dismounted in front of the very gate of the church, on the site of which formerly stood the humble abode of that mother who presented her bosom to the Holy Ghost—who gave her milk to a God.

The superior, and father guardian were both absent. Some Neapolitan and Spanish brethren, occupied in winnowing the corn of the convent under the gate, received us very coldly, and led us to a long passage, into which the cells of the

brethren, and the chambers destined for strangers opened. We waited a considerable time before the Curate of Nazareth arrived; he, however, was extremely polite, and ordered a chamber and a bed to be prepared for each of us. Fatigued with the march, and the emotions of the day, we threw ourselves on our beds, deferring until morning our visit to the consecrated spots, unwilling to injure the *ensemble* of our impressions by a hasty glance at those sacred places, in the centre of which we now reposed.

I rose several times during the night to pour out my soul to God, who had chosen this very spot for his word to go forth from to the universe.

The next morning an Italian father came to take us to the church, and to the subterraneous sanctuary, which was formerly the house of Joseph and Mary. The church presents a large and lofty nave of three tiers. The upper tier is occupied by the choir of the Fathers of the Holy Land, and it communicates with the convent by a back door; the lower tier is appropriated to worshippers; it communicates with the choir and the great altar by a handsome staircase, with gilded balustrades. From this part of the church, and under the great altar, a staircase of a few steps leads to a little chapel with a marble altar, lighted with silver lamps, placed on the very spot were tradition supposes the Annunciation to have taken place. This altar is raised under the vault, half natural, half artificial of a rock, against which the sacred house was no doubt built. Behind this first vault, two

darker subterranean arches served, it is said, for the kitchen and cellar of the Holy Family. These traditions, more or less faithful; more or less modified by the pious requisitions of popular credulity—or by a desire, natural to all these monks, possessors of such a precious relic, to augment its interest by multiplying details,—have added perhaps some benevolent inventions to the powerful remembrances of the place; but there cannot be any doubt that the convent, and especially the church, were originally constructed on the very spot whereupon stood the home of the divine heir of heaven and earth. When a little time after his death his name was spread like the light of a new aurora, whilst his mother and his disciples were still alive, it is certain that they would transmit to each other that worship of love and grief which the absence of the divine Master had left them, and often go themselves, and take newly converted christians to the places where they had seen him, whom they now adored, live, speak, act, and die. No human piety could preserve so faithfully the tradition of a place dear to memory as the piety of the faithful and of martyrs. We may, therefore, rely, as to the exactitude of the principal sites of redemption, on the fervour of a new religion and the vigilance of an immortal worship.

We fell on our knees on these stones, under this vault, which had been a witness of the most inconceivable mystery of divine charity for man; and we prayed. The enthusiasm of prayer is also a mystery between God and man: like modesty,

it throws a veil over the thoughts, and hides from our fellow-creatures what is only intended for heaven.

We visited also the vast and commodious convent, which is an edifice similar to all the convents of France and Italy, and where the Latin fathers exercise the ceremonies of their worship as freely, and with as much care and publicity, as they would do in a street of Rome, the capital of christianity. We have in this respect greatly calumniated the Mussulmans. Religious toleration, I will say more, religious respect, is profoundly imprinted in their manners. They are themselves devout, and regard with so jealous an eye the liberty of their own pious exercises, that the religion of other men is the last thing they would think of interfering with. They have sometimes a kind of horror for a religion of which the symbol is different to their own ; but they despise and hate every man who does not pray to God in some form ; they cannot comprehend how such men can exist—so evidently is the thought of God always present to their minds, and filling their souls. From fifteen to twenty Spanish and Italian fathers live in this convent, occupied in singing the praises of the infant God and the glory of his Mother, in the very temple where they lived, poor and unknown. One of them, who is denominated Curate of Nazareth, is specially charged with the superintendance of the christian community of a city which numbers from seven to eight hundred catholic worshippers ;

two thousand Shismatic Greeks ; some Maronites, and only two thousand Mussulmans. The Father took us, in the course of the day, to the church of the Maronites ; to the ancient synagogue where Jesus went to receive instruction, as a man, in the law which hereafter he was to purify ; and to the work-shop where Joseph exercised his humble trade of a carpenter. We remarked, with surprise and pleasure, the marks of deference and respect which the inhabitants of Nazareth, even the Turks, every where shew to the fathers of the Holy Land. A Bishop, in the streets of a Catholic city, would neither be more honoured, nor more affectionately saluted, than the fathers are here. Persecution is further removed from the priest, by the manners of the East, than by those of Europe—and if he desires the palm of martyrdom, it is not here that he must seek it.

14th October, 1832.

We departed at four o'clock in the morning for Mount Tabor, the spot assigned to the Transfiguration, a thing improbable, because at that peri the summit of Mount Tabor was covered with a Roman citadel. The isolated position, and the elevation of this charming mountain, which rises like a bower of verdure from the plain of Esdraelon, caused it to be selected in the time of St. Jerome, as the site of this sacred scene. A chapel has been erected on the summit, where pilgrims go to hear mass ; no priests reside there :—they go from Nazareth.

We arrived at the foot of Mount Tabor : it is a superb cone, perfectly regular, and covered every where with vegetation and the green oak. The guide had misled us. I sate down alone at the foot of a beatiful oak near the spot chosen by Raphael for his picture of the disciples dazzled by a brightness from heaven, and I waited until the Father celebrated mass. It was announced from above, by the firing of a pistol, in order that we might kneel on the natural steps of this gigantic altar, before Him who raised the altar, and extended the starry canopy which covers it.

At noon we started for Jordan, and the Sea of Galilee, and crossed by one o'clock the low, and tolerably shaded hills from which Mount Tabor rises. We entered on a large plain, twenty miles long, and as many wide, with a ruined khan in the midst, of the architecture of the middle ages. We then passed several villages of poor Arabs, who cultivate the plain. Each village has a well, situated at a little distance, near which are planted a few fig and pomegranate trees, the only trace of comfort to be seen. The houses can alone be distinguished when we are very near them ; they are, in fact, from six to eight feet high—a species of cubes of mud, with cut straw to form the roof—which roof serves as a sort of court-yard, where all their furniture is displayed, consisting of a mat and a blanket: the children and the women remain there always. The women are not veiled ; they paint their lips and eye-brows blue, with a slight tatoo-

ing round the lips and on the cheeks. They are clad in blue vests, tied above the hips with a white sash : they all bear the appearance of poverty and suffering. The men are covered with a cloak without seams, of a heavy stuff, striped irregularly with black and white ; the legs, arms and chest are naked.

After having crossed, in the space of six hours, this yellow, rocky, yet fertile plain, we perceived the land slope suddenly before us, and discovered the immense valley of Jordan, and the first azure reflections of the beautiful lake of Gennasareth (or Sea of Galilee, as it was called by the ancients, and in the Gospel.) It soon opened entirely before us, surrounded on every side, save the south, with high grey or black mountains. At its southern extremity, and immediately beneath our feet, it narrowed, leaving a passage for that river of the prophets and the Gospel—the Jordan !

The Jordan issues in a winding form, and enters the low and marshy plain of Esdraelon, at about fifty paces from the lake. In passing it bubbled a little, thus greeting us with its first murmur, under the ruined arches of a bridge of Roman architecture. It was there, whither we directed our steps down a steep and stony descent, and where we wished to salute the waters consecrated by the recollections of two religions ; in a few minutes we were on the banks, and having dismounted, bathed our heads, our hands, and feet in the soft waters, which are blue and warm like the waters of the Rhine when

they issue from the lake of Geneva. The Jordan at this spot, which is probably about the middle of its course, would not be called a great river, in a country of larger dimensions; but it is much greater than the Eurotas, and all the rivers, whose fabulous historical names are imprinted early in our memory, and convey with them the idea of greatness, rapidity, and abundance, which the aspect of the reality destroys. The Jordan, even here, is more than a torrent; although, at the end of a dry autumn, it rolls gently in its bed, about a hundred feet wide, presenting a sheet of water, from two to three feet deep, clear, limpid, and transparent (so that pebbles may be counted at the bottom), and of that beautiful colour, which enables water to reflect the deep-blue firmament of Asia—nay, more blue itself—even than the sky, which, in reflecting, it enriches.

At from twenty to thirty paces from the river, the shore, which is now dry, is covered with rolling stones, reeds, and a few tufts of rose-laurel, which are still in flower. This shore is five or six feet below the level of the plain, and manifests what the size of the river must be when at its height; it will then, I conceive, be about ten feet deep, and from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet wide. It is narrower, both higher up and lower down the plain; but then it is more confined, and consequently deeper. The spot where we contemplated it is one of the four fords which the river furnishes in its course. I drank, in the

hollow of my hand, of the waters of Jordan—of that water of which so many divine poets had drank before me—of that water which had flowed on the innocent head of the voluntary victim! I found it perfectly soft, of an agreeable flavour and great limpidity. The habit which one contracts in the East, of drinking water only, and drinking it often, renders the palate an excellent judge of a new water. The water of Jordan only wants one quality—coolness. Though I had been heated by a march of eleven hours in the sun on a sultry day, my hands, lips, and forehead felt the sensation of warmth in touching the water of the river.

Like all travellers who come, after braving so many fatigues and dangers from great distances, to visit, in its deserted state, this once royal river, I filled several bottles with its waters to take to my friends, who were less fortunate than myself; and I filled the holsters of my pistols with pebbles, which I gathered on its shores. Why could I not also carry with me the holy and prophetic inspiration with which it slaked the thirst of the bards of its sacred banks—and, above all, a little of that purity which it contracted, no doubt, in bathing the purest and the most holy of the children of men!

Having re-mounted my horse, I rode amongst the ruined pillars which supported the bridge or aqueduct, of which I have already spoken. I saw nothing but the common masonry of all the Roman constructions of that period; there was

neither marble, sculpture, nor inscription—not a single arch remained; but ten pillars were still standing, and one might discover the foundations of four or five others. Each arch must have been about ten feet wide, which agrees very well with the width of one hundred and twenty feet, which, by the eye, I assigned to the river.

However, what I here write as to the width of the river Jordan, is only to satisfy the curiosity of those who wish to form an idea of the river, and not to lend arms either to the enemies or the defenders of the Christian faith—pitiful arms on both sides! What matters it whether the Jordan be a torrent or a river?—whether Judea be a sterile rock or a delicious garden?—whether this mountain be only a hill, or the whole kingdom only a province?—Men who combat and quarrel on such questions are as insensible as those who fancy they have overthrown a creed of two thousand years, when they have laboriously sought to give the lie to the Bible, and a blow to the prophecies. Would one not fancy, on witnessing this strife about a word misunderstood, or misinterpreted on both sides, that religions are only geometrical matters, demonstrated by a figure or destroyed by an argument—and that generations of believers and unbelievers are all waiting the end of the discussion, to pass immediately on the side of the best logician or the most erudite and ingenious antiquary? Sterile disputes which pervert, but do not convert! Religions are not capable of proof; they are not to be demonstrated; they

can neither be established nor overturned by logic; they are, of all the mysteries of nature and the human mind, the most mysterious and inexplicable; they belong to instinct, and not to reason;—like the winds which blow from the east and the west, but of which no one knows the cause or the point of departure. They exist, God alone knows from whence or why, for how many centuries, or for what countries of the globe! They exist because they exist: we do not adopt them—we do not quit them at will, on the word of such or such a person!—they form part of the heart rather than of the mind. Where is the man who will say—I am a Christian, because I have in one book a satisfactory answer—in another an insoluble objection? Any sensible man, of whom we should demand an account of his faith, will he not answer, I am a Christian because the fibres of my heart are Christian; because my mother brought me up in the Christian faith; because the sympathies of my mind and soul are for this doctrine; because I live in community with my own times, without foreseeing what the future may bring to pass!

We saw two villages suspended on the steep banks of the lake of Gennasareth—one at a quarter of an hour's march in front of us, on the other side of Jordan—the other at a few hundred fathoms on our left, and on the same side of the river. We were ignorant by what race of Arabs these villages were inhabited; and we had been warned to be on our guard, and to fear a surprise from the Arabs

of Jordan, who will not suffer any one to pass their plains or their river with impunity. We were well mounted and well armed; and the rapid and unexpected conquest of Syria by Mehemet Ali, had struck all the Arabs with such alarm and astonishment, that the moment was well chosen to attempt bold excursions on their territory. They were ignorant who we were, and why we marched with so much confidence amongst them; and they might naturally suppose that we were followed close by forces superior to any they could bring against us. The fear of the morrow and the dread of a prompt vengeance were, therefore, our best security.

Under this idea, I boldly encamped in the middle of the Arab village last-mentioned, of which I do not know the name; it is built, if we may apply the term to shapeless masses of stone or mud, on the very verge of the elevated shore of the Sea of Galilee. While our Arabs pitched their tents, I descended alone the rapid declivity leading to the lake, which bathed it murmuring, and bordered it with a white fringe of foam, that occasionally appeared and disappeared. I had scarcely time to bathe myself in these waters, the theatre of so many actions of the great moral poem of the Gospel, and to gather for my friends in Europe a few handfuls of its shells; already had the sun descended behind the high and black volcanic summits of the table-land of Tiberias. Some Arabs who were wandering on the shore had seen me descend alone, and thinking that

they might be tempted by the occasion, I walked up to them with my gun in my hand. They saluted me by placing each his hand on his heart.

I returned to the tents; we threw ourselves down on our mats, with our right hands on our arms, to be ready at an instant in case of need. Nothing, however, interrupted the silence and the slumbers of this beautiful night, during which we were lulled to sleep by the soft murmurs of the waves of the sacred sea, dashing against the shore; by the gentle gales which rustled between the cords of our tents; by the pious thoughts and recollections which were excited in us.

The next morning, at break of day, we left our tents to go and bathe again in the lake. We saw nothing but the Arab women combing their long black hair on the terraces of the cottages; a few shepherds occupied in milking the goats and cows for us; and the naked children of the village playing familiarly with our horses and dogs. The cock crowed, the infant cried, the mother nursed or gave it the breast, as in any peaceful hamlet in France or Switzerland. We congratulated ourselves in having risked this excursion in a part of Galilee so much dreaded, and so little known; and we had no doubt of meeting with the same pacific reception had we penetrated still farther into Arabia. We had been furnished with all the means necessary for traversing in security Samaria, and the country of Napolus, (the ancient Sichem) by M. Cattafago, who is all-powerful in this country, and who offered to get us announced

by his numerous Arab friends, and accompanied by his own brother.

Personal inquietude compelled me to renounce this route, and to return by that of Nazareth and Mount Carmel, where I hoped to find dispatches and letters from Baireut. However, we mounted our horses, to ride as far as the limit of the sea of Tiberias, the sacred borders of the fine Lake of Gennasareth. The caravan retired in silence from the village where we had slept, and ascended on the western side of the lake, at a few paces from its waves, upon a rocky and sandy shore, with here and there tufts of rose-laurel, and some shrubs with slight indented leaves, bearing a flower similar to our lilac. On our left, a chain of peaked hills, black, barren, hollowed in profound ravines, and spotted, at various distances, by immense isolated volcanic stones, extended the whole length of the western coast; and advancing in a sombre and naked promontory to nearly the middle of the sea, hid from us the city of Tiberias, at the extremity of the lake, on the side of Lebanon. Not one of us spoke, so intently were our minds occupied by the scene before us, and the reflections to which it gave birth. As to myself, no spot on earth ever spoke so forcibly or so deliciously to my heart. I have always loved to wander over the physical scenes inhabited by men I have known, admired, loved, or revered, as well amongst the living as the dead. The country which a great man has inhabited and preferred, during his passage on the earth, has

always appeared to me the surest and most speaking relic of himself :—a kind of material manifestation of his genius—a mute revelation of a portion of his soul—a living and sensible commentary on his life, actions, and thoughts. When young, I passed many solitary and contemplative hours, reclined under the olive trees which shade the gardens of Horace, in sight of the delightful cascades of the Tiber; and often have dropped to sleep in the evening, lulled by the noise of the beautiful sea of Naples, under the hanging branches of the vines, near the spot where Virgil wished his ashes to repose, because it was the most delicious site his eyes had ever beheld. How often, at a later period, have I passed mornings and evenings seated at the foot of the beautiful chesnut trees in the little valley of Charmettes, to which the remembrance of Jean Jacques Rousseau attracted me, and where I was retained by sympathy with his impressions, his reveries, his misfortunes, and his genius ; and I have been thus attracted with respect to several other authors and great men, whose names and writings were deeply engraven on my memory. I wished to study them ; to become acquainted with them on the spot that had given them birth, or that had inspired them ; and almost always a scrutinizing glance might discover a secret and profound analogy between the country and the individual who had graced it ; between the scene and the actor ; between nature and the genius which derived its inspirations therefrom. But it was

now no longer a great man or a great poet merely, whose favoured residence here below I visited. It was the Man of men—the Man divine; nature, genius, and virtue themselves become flesh; the incarnate Divinity, whose traces I had come to adore on the very spot whereon he sojourned—on the very waves that had borne him—on the hills on which he had sate, on the stones whereon he had reposed his head. He had, with his mortal eyes, seen this sea, these waves, these hills, these stones; or rather, this sea, these hills, these stones, had seen him. He had trodden a hundred times that path on which I now respectfully walked; his feet had raised that same dust which mine now raised. During the three years of his divine mission, he went and came, without ceasing, from Nazareth to Tiberias, from Tiberias to Jerusalem. He had sailed in the barks of the fishermen of the Sea of Galilee. He calmed its tempests, he walked on its waves, giving his hand to the apostle of little faith, like me—a celestial hand, of which I have greater need than he had, in the tempest of opinion, and of thoughts still more terrible!

The great and mysterious scene of the Gospel passed, in fact, almost entirely on this lake, the borders of this lake, and the mountains which surround and overlook it. Behold Emmaus, where he chose at hazard his disciples, amongst the meanest of mankind, to testify that the strength of his religion was in the doctrine itself, and not in its powerless organs. Behold Tiberias, where

he appeared to St. Peter, and founded in three words the hierarchy of his church. Behold Capurnaum—behold the mountain where he delivered the fine sermon of the mount—behold that on which, as God, he manifested the heavenly beatitudes—behold that from which he said, "I have compassion on the people," and multiplied the loaves and fishes, even as his word creates and multiplies life in the soul—behold the gulph of the miraculous fishing—behold, in fine, the entire Gospel, with its affecting parables and its tender and delicious images, which appear to us such as they appeared to the hearers of the divine Master when he pointed out to them, with his finger, the lamb, the fold, the good shepherd, and the lily of the valley:—behold, to conclude, the country that Christ preferred on earth; that which he has chosen for the exordium of his mysterious drama; that wherein, during his obscure life of thirty years, he had his parents and his friends according to the flesh; that wherein nature, of which he had the key, appeared to him with the greatest charms:—behold these mountains from whence he saw, like us, the sun rise and set in revolutions which measured so rapidly his mortal days:—here did he successively repose, meditate, pray, and cultivate love to God and benignity to man.

SYRIA—GALILEE.

13th October, 1832.

The Sea of Galilee is about a league broad at its southern extremity, where we visited it; it then widens insensibly as far as Emmaus, the extremity of the promontory which concealed from us the City of Tiberias. The mountains which had confined it thus far suddenly open into large gulphs on both sides, and form a vast and nearly circular bason, from whence the waters extend and develope themselves in a bed from thirty to forty miles in circuit. This bason is not regular in its form; the mountains do not descend in every part to its waves; sometimes they leave between them and the sea a little low plain, green and fertile as the plains of Gennasareth: sometimes they separate and open, to give a passage to the blue waves in the gulphs excavated at their feet, and darkened by their shade. The hand of the most graceful painter would not be able to sketch outlines more vivid and picturesque than the creating hand has given to these waters and these mountains; they seem to have prepared the evangelical scene for the work of grace, of peace, of reconciliation and love, which work was, in the fulness of time, to be accomplished! On the east, the mountains form, from the summits of Jeboa, which are perceived on the south, to the summits of Lebanon, which display themselves on the north, a confined

but undulating and flexible chain, whose sombre circles seem ready to open and break here and there to give us a glimpse of the sky between.

These mountains are not terminated at their summits by those sharp points and rugged inequalities which give to the high chains an idea of something old, terrible, and in ruins—which sadden the heart while they elevate the mind. They present a gentle, undulating outline of rounded hills of steep or mild ascent, some studded with green oaks, others with shrubs, others naked but fertile, and offering various traces of cultivation. Others, in fine, merely borrowed and reflected the various tints of morning and evening, by shades of pale yellow, blue, and violet, in richer hues than ever painter's pallet produced. Their sides, which give birth to no valleys, form an irregular rampart; they are torn in different parts by deep ravines, as if the mountains had burst asunder by their own gravity; and the natural accidents of light and shade, which render these ravines luminous or dark, produce a fine effect. Lower down, they lessen in size, and form a mass of mounds, dispersed here and there over the soil, making a charming contrast with the water which reflects them. Scarcely anywhere, on the eastern side, does the rock pierce the thick rich vegetation which covers it; and this Arcadia of Judea, therefore, always unites, with the majesty and gravity of mountainous countries, the smiling image of fertility, and a varied abundance of productions.

Ah, if the dews of Hermon still fell upon its bosom!

At the end of the lake, towards the north, this chain of mountains declines in elevation as the distance increases. We can distinguish a plain which unites with the lake in one unbroken line. At the extremity of this plain we perceive a white mass of foam, apparently rolling from a height into the sea: it is the Jordan, precipitating itself from thence into the lake, which it traverses without the waters being mingled. It leaves this lake tranquil, silent, and pure, at the spot we have described.

The whole of this northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee is bordered by a line of fields which appear to be cultivated. We can perceive the yellow stubble of the last harvest, and immense fields of rushes, which the Arabs cultivate wherever the ground is marshy. I have already described the volcanic hills on the western side, along which we have journeyed since the morning; they extend without interruption as far as Tiberias. Avalanches of black stones, hurled from the still open craters of a hundred extinguished volcanic cones, every instant intersect our path along the precipitous side of this sombre and funereal hill. The road presented no variety save in the singular forms and the great masses of hardened lava, which surrounded us on every side, and in the remains of walls, gates of destroyed cities, and columns lying on the ground

over which our horses were at every instant obliged to pass. The borders of the Sea of Galilee, on this side of Judea, have presented, so to speak, only one continued city. These fragments accumulated under our feet the multitude of towns, and the magnificent constructions which their mutilated fragments prove, recalled to my mind the road which leads along the foot of Mount Vesuvius, from Castellamare to Portici. As there, the borders of the Lake of Gennasareth seem to have borne cities instead of harvests and forests.

After two hours' march, we arrived at the extremity of a promontory which advances into the lake, and the town of Tiberias burst suddenly upon us, like the vivid and brilliant apparition of a city two thousand years old. It covers the side of a black, naked hill, which descends rapidly towards the lake. It is surrounded by a high square wall, flanked with from fifteen to twenty battlements. The points of two high white minarets rise alone above the walls and towers. All the rest of the town seems to conceal itself from the Arab of the desert, under the shelter of these high walls, and presents only to the eye the terraces of the houses intersected by dark lines.

Arrived there, we visited the Turkish mineral baths of Emmaus, presenting an isolated cupola, surrounded by magnificent fragments of the Roman and Hebrew baths. We established, ourselves in the saloon of the bath. I immersed myself in a bason full of running water, of the

temperature of one hundred degrees Fahrenheit; then slept an hour; afterwards, re-mounted my horse, and witnessed a tempest on the lake, which I had been very anxious to do. The water was green as the rushes which grew on its banks—the foam livid and dazzling—the waves high and rapid. A great noise was occasioned by the waves throwing masses of volcanic rock on the shore; but not a bark was in peril nor even in sight. There was not, in fact, one on the lake. We entered Tiberias at noon, amidst a storm of rain; took refuge in the Latin church, and had a fire lighted in the middle of the deserted aisles of the first christian temple ever erected.

The interior of Tiberias does not merit even the rapid glance I have taken of it, presenting only a confused assemblage of a few hundred houses, like the mud and straw huts of the Arabs. We were saluted in Italian and German by several Polish and German jews, who, at the close of their lives, having nothing farther to expect but the uncertain hour of death, come to pass their last moments at Tiberias, on the borders of their native sea, in the heart of their dear country; happy in the hope to die under their own sun, and be buried in their own land, like Abraham and Jacob. To sleep in the tomb of our fathers! What a testimony of the inextinguishable love of country!—In vain will it be denied!—There is a sympathy, an affinity, between man and the earth of which he was formed—from which he issued. It is proper, it is delightful, to restore to its place

the residue of that dust which had been for a few days borrowed. May I, Oh my God! sleep also in the land and near the dust of my fathers.

Nine hours of march, without a halt, brought us back to Nazareth, by the way of Cana, the place of the first miracle of our Saviour. It is a pretty Turkish village, gracefully seated on the two sides of a hollow of fertile land, surrounded by hills covered with nopals, oaks, and olive trees: pomegranate, palm, and fig trees also abound near it. We saw several women with their flocks, gathered round the troughs of the fountain.

They shew in this village the house of St. Bartholomew; and near it is that where the miracle of changing the water into wine took place. The latter is in ruins and roofless. The monks still pretend to exhibit the jars which contained the wine of the prodigy. There are monkish embroideries which disfigure everywhere the simple and rich tissue of religious tradition.

After resting a little while, and slaking our thirst at the fountain of Cana, we set off, by moonlight, for Nazareth. We crossed some plains that appeared tolerably well cultivated, and then a series of well-wooded hills, which increased in height as we approached the last-mentioned town. In three hours and a half we arrived at the gates of the Latin convent, at Nazareth, wherein we were again received.

In the morning I was surprised to hear myself addressed in Italian: it was by the voice of the

former Vice-Consul of France at St. Jean d'Acre, M. Cattafago, a well-known and very important personage throughout all Syria, where his title of agent to the Europeans, and his friendship with Abdalla, the Pacha of Acre, his commerce and his riches, have rendered him celebrated and powerful. He is still Consul for Austria, at St. Jean d'Acre. His costume was a mixture of the oriental and European. He wore a pelisse trimmed with ermine, and an immense three-cornered cocked hat—the distinctive sign of French agents in the East.

This hat dates from the war in Egypt: it is the religiously preserved relic of some one of Bonaparte's generals. It is only worn on official occasions, at the audiences of the Pacha, or when a European visits the country, whom they suppose would be reminded by it of his household gods. M. Cattafago is a little old man, with the strongly marked, piercing and intelligent countenance of the Arabs. His eyes are full of fire, but softened by benevolence. Politeness illumines his countenance with a ray of superior intelligence. It is easy to conceive the ascendant which such a man must necessarily have over the Arabs and Turks, who, in general, want that principle of activity which sparkles in his looks, and exhibits itself in every movement. He held in his hand a packet of letters for me, which he had just received from the coast of Syria, by a courier of Ibrahim Pacha, and a series of French journals, which he had received for himself. He naturally thought

that it would yield both surprise and pleasure to a French traveller to find, in the midst of this desert, and at a thousand leagues from his country, fresh news from Europe.

I read the letters, which gave me great uneasinees for the health of Julia. M. Cattafago left me, begging me to go and breakfast with him at a pavilion that he had built at Nazareth, and where he passes alone the burning season of summer. I opened the journals; my own name was the first that struck me. It was that number of the *Journal des Débats*, in which was inserted the lines that I had addressed to Sir Walter Scott on leaving home. The sentiments they contain acquired fresh force from the place in which I now saw them again: for this spot is the scene of the greatest revolutions of the human mind. It is a spot from which the spirit of the Most High has powerfully shaken the social system of the world, and from which the renovating blessings of Christianity first started to traverse the earth—in like manner as an idea, itself the offspring of Christianity, had shaken the opposite coast of these seas, from whence my accents were returned to me.

Spectator, wearied out with life's great game,
Rude is the path which thou hast left behind:
Nor bard, nor prophet, have the nations now,
To take their lead, or to enchant their way.

Spectateur fatigué du grand spectacle humain,
Tu nous laisses pourtant dans un rude chemin.
Les nations n'ont plus ni barde ni prophète
Pour enchanter leur route et marcher à leur tête;

The trembling throne hath shaken off its kings;
Chiefs rule a month—and reigns count by the day.
The impetuous breath of thought, the equinox
Fiery, by which the soul is overthrown,
Alloweth none, not even but in hope,
To stand upright upon the height of power,
It thrusts them turn by turn upon the height,
Plunging them giddy in th' abyss below.
In vain the world invokes a saving pow'r,
Time, stronger than ourselves, drags us along;
When the sea's low, a child can curl the tide,
But man is small when the epoch is great.
Behold! king, citizen, chief, or tribune,
God puts his hand on all, but chooseth none;
And power, the meteor—rapid, burning, bright,
While falling o'er us, judges and devours.
'Tis done—the word has breathed upon the deep,
Chaos doth incubate another world.

Un tremblement de trône a secoué les rois;
Les chefs comptent par jour et les règnes par mois;
Le souffle impétueux de l'humaine pensée,
Equinoxe brûlant dont l'ame est renversée,
Ne permet à personne, et pas même en espoir,
De se tenir debout au sommet du pouvoir;
Mais poussant tour à tour les plus forts sur la cime,
Les frappe de vertige et les jette à l'abîme.
En vain le monde invoque un sauveur, un appui,
Le temps, plus fort que nous, nous entraîne sous lui;
Lorsque la mer est basse, un enfant la gourmande,
Mais tout homme est petit quand une époque est grande!
Regarde! citoyens, rois, soldat ou tribun,
Dieu met la main sur tous et n'en choisit pas un;
Et le pouvoir, rapide et brûlant météore,
En tombant sur nos fronts, nous juge et nous dévore.
C'en est fait; la parole a soufflé sur les mers,
Le chaos bout et couve un second univers,

And for the human race, whose sceptre yields,
Salvation is in all, no more in one.
By the vast rolling of the new-born sea,
By movement of the vessel and the sky,
By the huge waves that crumble o'er our heads,
Mankind now doubles the fierce cape of storms,
And reaches, through the thunder and the night,
The stormy tropic of another world.

I re-perused these verses as if they had been written by another, so completely had I forgotten them; I was struck anew with the sentiment which had inspired them, with the sentiment of the general instability of all things—of that vertigo and that universal dimness of the human mind which runs on with too great rapidity to think where it is going—but which has the instinct of a new and unknown end, to which God leads it by the rude and precipitous path of social revolutions. I admired, also, that wonderful power of locomotion possessed by the human mind through means of the press and the newspapers, whereby a thought which had entered my fancy six months before in the woods of Saint Point, had been able to trace me, like a child who seeks its father, and to

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Et pour le genre humain que le sceptre abandonne,
Le salut est dans tous et n'est plus dans personne!
A l'immense roulis d'un océan nouveau,
Aux oscillations du ciel et du vaisseau,
Aux gigantesques flots qui croulent sur nos têtes,
On sent que l'homme aussi double un cap des tempêtes,
Et passe sous la foudre et dans l'obscurité,
Le tropique orageux d'une autre humanité!

strike the old echoes of the rocks of Nazareth with the sounds of a young, but already universal language.

20th October, 1832.

Having breakfasted with M. Cattafago, one of his brothers, and some Arabs, I traversed anew the environs of Nazareth, and revisited the stone in the mountain, where Jesus went, according to tradition, to take his repasts with his first disciples. M. Cattafago gave me letters for St. Jean d'Acre and for the Muetzlin of Jerusalem.

On the 21st, at six in the morning, we departed from Nazareth. All the Spanish and Italian fathers of the convent were assembled in the court, pressed round our horses, and offered us, besides their prayers for a prosperous journey, fresh provisions, excellent bread baked during the night, olives, and Spanish chocolate.

I gave five hundred piastres to the superior, to repay him for his hospitality—but which did not prevent some of the young Spanish fathers from whispering their wants in my ear, and receiving, secretly, a few handfuls of piastres, to buy snuff and other little conventional comforts, to divert their solitude.

Travellers have given a romantic but false picture of these convents of the Holy Land. Nothing can be less poetical or less religious, when viewed closely. The idea is great and beautiful.—Men tearing themselves from the comforts of the civi-

lization of the west, to go and expose their existence, or lead a life of privations and martyrdom amongst the persecutors of their worship, on those very spots where the mysteries of their religion consecrated the earth. They may be imagined to fast—to watch—to prey—amidst the blasphemies of the Turks and Arabs, in order that a little Christian incense may still smoke on each site where Christianity had its birth. They appear to the fancy as guardians of the cradle and the sacred tomb; the angel of judgment might find them alone in this place, like the holy women who watched and wept near the empty sepulchre. All this is very fine and grand in idea, but the reality presents a much less fascinating picture. There is no more persecution—no more martyrdoms; all round these establishments, a Christian population is ready to obey the orders of, and perform services to, the monks of the convents. The Turks never molest, but, on the contrary, protect them. The Turks are, indeed, the most tolerant nation in the world, admiring worship and prayer in whatever language or in whatever form they may seem to exist;—they only hate Atheism, which they very properly consider as a degradation of human intelligence, and a greater insult to humanity than to God. These convents are, besides, under the powerful and inviolable protection of the Christian powers, represented by their consuls. On a complaint of the superior, the consul writes to the Pacha, and justice is immediately done. The monks, in short, whom I have seen in the

Holy Land, so far from exhibiting the aspect of that mortification for which they obtain so much credit, appeared to me the happiest, the most respected, and the most formidable inhabitants of these regions. They occupy a sort of fortified chateaux, something like our old castles of the middle ages. These dwellings are inviolable, surrounded by walls, and closed by gates of iron, which open to none but the Catholic population of the neighbourhood, who come to worship, to receive pious instruction, and to pay, in respect and devotion to the monks, the tribute due to the altar. I never went out, accompanied by one of these fathers, into the streets of any town in Syria, without seeing the women and children come around him and kiss his hands, and even the hem of his garment. The Turks themselves, far from insulting them, seem to partake the sentiment of respect which they excite in the Christians.

Now, who are these monks?—In general they are Spanish or Italian peasants, who have been placed while young in the convents of their own countries, and who, growing weary of the monastic life, desire to diversify it by the sight of other regions, and ask to be sent to the Holy Land. Their residence in the houses of their order established in the East seldom lasts longer than two or three years; when a vessel comes to take them back, bringing out others. Those who learn Arabic, and devote themselves to the service of the catholic population in these cities remain longer, and often indeed pass their whole lives

here. These have the occupations and duties of our country curates, but experience more veneration and devotedness. Others remain shut up within the walls of the convent, or pass, to make their pilgrimage, from one house to another—now at Nazareth, now at Bethlehem—a little while at these, then a little while at Jaffa, or at the convent of St. John in the Desert. They have no other occupation than the service of the church, and walking on the terrace or in the gardens of the convent. They have no books, no study, no useful employ of any kind. They are eaten up by *ennui*. Cabals get formed in the heart of the convents: the Spaniards scandalize the Italians, and the Italians retaliate on the Spaniards.

We were not a little edified by the tales which the monks of Nazareth set forth of each other. We did not find a single one who could support the smallest reasonable conversation on those subjects even, which, being connected with their vocation, ought to have been the most easy and familiar to them. Not the slightest knowledge was displayed of sacred antiquity, of the Fathers themselves, or of the history of the places they inhabited. All they knew was in fact confined to a certain number of popular and ridiculous traditions, which they transmit to each other without examination, and give to travellers as they have received them from the ignorance and credulity of the Christian Arabs of the country. They all sigh for the moment of their release, and return to Spain or Italy without one

desirable result either for themselves or for religion.

But the convent store-rooms are always well filled, and the cellars contain the best wines produced in the country; they alone knowing how to make them. Every two years a vessel arrives from Spain, bringing to the superior the revenue sent by the catholic powers of Spain, Portugal, and Italy. This sum, augmented by the alms of the pious christians of Egypt, of Greece, of Constantinople, and of Syria, furnishes them, as it is said, with a revenue of from £3,000 to £4,000 sterling, which is divided amongst the different convents, according to the number of the monks and the necessities of each community. The buildings are kept in good repair; and in the religious houses I visited there was every appearance of prosperity, indeed of comparative wealth.

I never saw any thing disgraceful amongst the monks of the Holy Land; ignorance, idleness and *ennui* are the three great evils, and these might, and ought to be, remedied. These men appeared to me to be sincere and inoffensive, but credulous even to fanaticism;—some of them at Nazareth seemed real saints upon earth, animated with the most ardent faith and the most active charity; humble, mild, and patient, and willing servants of their brethren and of the strangers who visit them. Their candid and tranquil countenances are engraven in my memory, and their hospitality in my heart:—their names also I retain; but what avails it that their names should

be pronounced on earth provided they are written in heaven, and that their virtues remain entombed in the shades of those cloisters where it is their pleasure to hide them!

Same date.

On quitting Nazareth, our road wound round a mountain clothed with fig trees and nopals (the plant to which the cochineal adheres). To the left, opened a green and shady valley; a pretty country house, which recalled those of Europe to our minds, stands alone on one of the gentle slopes of this valley; it belongs to an Arab, a merchant of St. Jean d'Acre.

Europeans risk no danger in the neighbourhood of Nazareth: a population, almost entirely christian, holds itself at their service. After two hours' march, we reached a succession of little valleys, gracefully interspersed between hills that are covered with beautiful forests of green oak. These forests separate the plain of Kaïpha from the country of Nazareth and the Desert of Mount Tabor. Mount Carmel, an elevated chain of hills which rise from the bed of the Jordan and terminate in a peak on the sea, begins to show itself on our left; its dark green outline detaching itself from the deep blue sky all undulated with vapours warm as those which issue from the entrance of a furnace. Its steep sides are strewed with luxuriant and hardy vegetation; and its entire surface is thickly clothed with shrubs, contrasted at dis-

tances by the majestic height of the oaks, whose heads tower above them. Masses of grey rock chiselled by nature into grotesque and colossal forms, pierce the verdure here and there, and reflect the brilliant rays of the sun.

Such is the prospect, which extended as far as the eye could reach, to our left; at our feet, the valleys we were traversing fell in gentle slopes, and began to open on the beautiful Plain of Kaïpha. We climbed the last hillocks which separated us from it, and only lost sight of it for one moment to recover it the next. These little ascents, situated between Palestine and maritime Syria, form one of those sites at once the most soothing and solemn we had contemplated. Here and there the forests of oak, confined exclusively to that species of vegetation, form extensive glades, covered with a carpet of verdure as rich as in our meadows of the West. Behind, the summit of Mount Tabor rises like a majestic altar, crowned with green garlands, in a sky of flame. Still farther, the blue tops of Mount Gilboa and the hills of Samaria, tremble in the vagueness of the horizon. Mount Carmel throws his dark curtain in great folds on one of the sides of the scene, and the eye in following him, reaches to the sea, which closes all, as the sky does in a lovely landscape. How many sites have I not chosen here, in my imagination, for constructing a dwelling, a kind of agricultural fortress, and for founding a colony with some chosen friends from Europe, and some hun-

dreds of the many fine young men without inheritance and without prospects with which our countries overflow. The beauties of the different spots; the lovely climate; the prodigious fertility of the soil; the variety of tropical productions one might there demand from the bounteous earth; the facility of procuring workmen at a low price; the neighbourhood of two immense plains, well watered and fruitful, though uncultivated; the proximity of the sea for the exportation of produce; the security so easily attainable against the Arabs of Jordan by raising slight fortifications in the passes of these hills; —all united to make me choose this part of Syria for the agricultural and civilizing undertaking I have often since contemplated.

Same date—in the evening.

We were overtaken by a storm in the middle of the day. I have witnessed few so terrible. The clouds rose perpendicularly, like towers above Mount Carmel, and soon covered all the length of the summit of this chain of hills. The mountain, just now so brilliant and serene, was plunged by degrees in rolling waves of darkness, split here and there by trains of fire. All the horizon sank in a few moments, and seemed to close around us; the thunder did not burst in claps, it threw out one single majestic rolling, continual and deafening, like the waves on the shore of the sea during a tempest. The lightning might be truly said to rush like torrents of fire from

the heavens, on the black flanks of Carmel. The oaks on the mountain, and on the hill on which we were journeying, bent like young plants. The winds, which rushed from the caverns and from between the hills, must have swept us from our horses if we had not speedily alighted and found a little shelter behind a fragment of rock in the then dry bed of a torrent. The withered leaves, upraised in masses by the storm, were carried above our heads like clouds, and the slender, broken branches of the trees, showered around us. I remembered the Bible, and the prodigies of Elijah, the exterminating prophet of the mountain: his grotto was not far from us.

The storm having abated in about half-an-hour, we drank the rain-water which we had collected in our woollen horse-cloths. Having rested a short time about half way between Nazareth and Kaïpha, we continued our route along the foot of Mount Carmel; the mountain on our left, and a vast plain, watered by a river, on our right; Mount Carmel, which we traced in this way during a march of about four hours, presented everywhere the same severe and solemn aspect. It is a gigantic wall, rising almost perpendicularly, and everywhere covered by a bed of shrubs and odoriferous herbs. The rock is seldom entirely naked. Some broken fragments of the mountain have rolled down into the plain: they seem like citadels placed there by nature to serve as a shelter for the villages of the Arab labourers.

We passed but one of these villages, and in

about two hours afterwards perceived the city of Kaïpha. The houses are low-built, without windows, and covered by flat roofs for keeping off the rain; above these, the Arabs construct a sort of second story, which has trunks of trees to support it, and is covered with verdure; this they inhabit in summer. These terraces were crowded with men and women who watched us passing, and uttered injurious exclamations — their aspect, generally, was ferocious — no one of them, however, dared to descend and come nearer to insult us.

At seven in the evening we approached the city of Kaïpha, whose domes, white walls, and minarets form—as in all the towns of the East—a gay and brilliant prospect at a distance.

Kaïpha rises at the foot of Carmel, on a shore of white sand close to the sea; this city forms one extremity of a bay, and St. Jean d'Acre the other; a gulph of two leagues in extent divides them. The beach is one of the most delightful on which the eye of a sailor could repose.

St. Jean d'Acre, with its fortifications indented by the balls of Ibrahim Pacha and of Napoleon; with the open dome of its beautiful mosque falling into ruins; with the craft that are continually entering and quitting its port,—attracts the eye to one of the most important points that war has rendered famous. At the extremity of the gulph, stretches a vast and cultivated plain, over which Mount Carmel throws its mighty shadow; then Kaïpha appears like a twin-sister of St. Jean

d'Acre, embracing the other side of the gulph, and advancing into the sea, with its little pier, before which a few Arabian vessels lie floating. At the back of Kaïpha is a forest of thriving olive trees; still further on, a road cut in the rock and leading to the summit of the Cape of Carmel; there, two vast edifices crown the mountain, one, the country house of Abdalla, Pacha of Acre; the other a convent of Carmelite Monks, recently erected with the produce of christian alms, and surmounted by a large tri-coloured flag, to announce to us the abode and protection of the French. A little lower than the convent, immense caverns are hollowed in the granite of the mountain. They are the famous Grottoes of the Prophets.

Such is the landscape which surrounded us on entering the dusty and narrow streets of Kaïpha. The astonished inhabitants beheld our long carravan with terror. We knew no one, we had no home, no hospitality to expect. By chance we met a young Piedmontese who had executed the functions of Vice-Consul at Kaïpha, since the taking and dilapidation of Acre. M. Bianco, the Sardinian Consul in Syria, had written without informing us, and requested him to welcome us if we should pass through Kaïpha. He accosted us, inquired our names, and conducted us to the door of the dilapidated house where he lived with his mother and two young sisters. We left our Arabs and horses encamped on the beach near the town, and entered the dwelling of M. Malagamba, which is the name of this young and friendly

Vice-Consul. He is the only European now remaining on this desolate field of battle, since the total ruin of Acre by the Egyptians. A little court; a wooden staircase leading to a terrace fresh covered with palm leaves; behind this terrace two empty chambers surrounded only by a divan, the sole indispensable article of furniture both for rich and poor throughout all the East; a few pots of flowers on the terrace; an aviary filled with pretty grey doves and fed by the sisters of M. Malagamba; some shelves round the walls on which are arranged with much order the cups, the pipes, the glasses for liqueur, the little silver vessels for perfumes, and some crucifixes of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and made at Bethlehem—such is the furniture of this modest dwelling, where a deserted family represents one of the powers of Europe for a stipend of one thousand piastres, about twelve pounds a year.

Madame Malagamba received us with the ceremonies usual in the country. She presented us with perfumes and scented waters; and we were hardly seated on the divan, wiping the drops from our foreheads, when her daughters, two celestial apparitions, came out of the next room, and presented us with sweetmeats and orange-flower water, on little trays of Chinese porcelain.—Such was the power of beauty on our souls, that, although dying of thirst and exhausted by a march of twelve hours, we should have rested in speechless contemplation before these two young girls, if the mother had not entreated us to accept

what her daughters offered us.—The East! the whole East was before me, such as I had dreamed it in my youthful days; my fancy filled with enchanting images of its poets and its narrators. One of these delightful girls was but a child, the graceful accompaniment of her sister, as one lovely image reflects another. After having offered us all the cares of a simple, interesting, and most poetic hospitality, the young girls took their place on each side of their mother on the divan opposite to us. This is the picture which I wish it were in the power of my words to paint—to preserve it in language as I see it in my thoughts; but while we have the power of feeling the force of beauty in all its delicacy, in all its shadings, in all its mysteries, we have but one vague and abstract mode of expressing what beauty is. Here is the triumph of the genius of painting; she, with a single touch, can preserve for future ages the ravishing expression of a female face, while the poet can only exclaim "She is beautiful!" his words are believed, but his words are not paintings. One young girl, then, was seated on the carpet, her feet folded under her, her elbow leaning on the knees of her mother, her head thrown a little backward, sometimes raising her blue eyes to express to her parent her artless astonishment at our words and appearance, sometimes fixing them on us with a graceful curiosity, then letting them fall and hiding them under her long dark silken lashes, while a new-raised blush coloured her cheeks, and an ill-supported smile played on

her lips. Our extraordinary costume was so new to her, and the singularity of our manners and habits caused her such a continually increasing surprise, that it was in vain her mother made signs, desiring to restrain her expression of it, from the fear of giving us offence. The simplicity and ingenuousness of her emotions manifested themselves in spite of her efforts, on that lovely visage of sixteen; and her whole soul was painted in each expression of her features, with so much grace, and such transparence, that her thoughts were seen beneath, even before she herself was conscious they existed. The light rays of sunshine which play upon the umbrageous shadows of a limpid stream are less changing and less transparent than her physiognomy :—our gaze could hardly be diverted from it, and we already felt a serene repose reflected from the aspect of that face, which none of us can ever forget.

Mademoiselle Malagamba has that style of beauty which exists only in the East; a form perfect as that of a Grecian statue; the soul revealed in a look, as in the natives of the South, and that sweet innocence of expression which is known only among a primitive people. When these three requisites of beauty are united in one female, and harmonize also with the first flowers of adolescence,—when the humid rays of sensibility mildly light up those eyes in which the soul's inmost thoughts can be read, because its innocence suspects no wrong; when delicacy of contour, virginal purity of outline, suppleness and

elegance of form reveal to the eye the voluptuous characteristics of a being who is born for pure and virtuous love, and so unites the soul with the senses, that one knows not whether one most loves or most admires—then is the image of beauty perfect, and one feels on beholding it, that entire delight of heart and mind, that harmony of enjoyment, which is not what the world calls love, but ranks with the love of intellect, the love of talent, the love of genius, of a work that has reached perfection. One mentally exclaims, "I am happy here!" and can hardly withdraw oneself from the spot where lately one felt nothing perhaps but indifference; so complete are the attractions of beauty and intellect.

Her oriental costume added much to the charms of this young maiden's person. Her long light hair, which bordered on the golden auburn, was plaited in numberless tresses, and fell over her uncovered shoulders. A confused mixture of pearls, of sequins, of gold threads, and of white and red flowers, were scattered through her hair, as if a handful of the entire contents of a casket had been showered on her head without choice or selection. But everything became her; nothing could disfigure her lovely head of fifteen; her bosom was uncovered, according to the custom of the Arabian women; a tunic of fine muslin, embroidered with silver flowers, was fastened by a Cashmere shawl round her waist; her arms were passed through the floating sleeves, open to the elbow, of a vest of green tissue, whose sloping

points hung gracefully below the hips ; wide pantaloons fulled with many plaits, completed this costume, and her slender ankles were encircled by two bracelets of chased silver ; one of these bracelets was ornamented with little round silver bells, whose musical sound accompanied each movement of her feet. No poet has ever painted such a lovely apparition. The Haïdee of Byron in Don Juan has something in it of Mademoiselle Malagamba ; but it falls short of that perfection of grace and innocence, of sweet confusion, of voluptuous langour and bright serenity which are mingled in her youthful features. I have engraven her in my remembrance, to paint her hereafter as the type of beauty and of love, in a poem in which I intend to embody my impressions.

If we had had a painter amongst us, this scene of our journey would have made a splendid subject for his pencil. Our Turkish costumes, rich and picturesque ; our different sorts of arms scattered on the floor around us ; our greyhounds crouching at our feet ; the three female figures seated on the Aleppo carpet opposite us ; their attitudes full of simplicity, of novelty, and of ease ; the expressions of their different physiognomies, while I related to them my travels, and compared the customs of Europe with the species of hospitality offered to us by them ; the scented casolettes that were burning in a corner of the room, and perfuming the evening air ; the antique forms of the vases in which they offered us the sherbet, or the aromatic liquids ;—all this,

too, in a dilapidated room open towards the sea, and where the branches of a palm tree growing in the court introduced themselves through the large openings representing windows! How I regret the impossibility of giving this *ensemble* to my friends as it exists in my own remembrance.

Madame Malagamba, the mother, is a Greek woman, born in the island of Cyprus; she was married there at fourteen years of age, to M. Malagamba, a rich Frank merchant, who was at that time Consul at Larnaca. A succession of misfortunes and reverses totally deprived him of fortune. He came to seek the humble appointment of consul's agent at Acre, and died there, leaving his wife and their four children in the most complete distress. His son, a young man remarkable for intelligence and probity, was employed by several consuls, and at length obtained the place of the Sardinian Consul's agent at Kaïpha. It was on the slender produce of this precarious occupation, that he supported his mother and sisters. We were told that the eldest of Madame Malagamba's daughters was as beautiful as the one we had so much admired, and that she had inspired such an ardent passion in a young *religieux* of the convent of Kaïpha, who had opportunities of seeing her from the terrace of his convent, that he absconded on board an English vessel, and embraced the protestant religion, with a view to make her his wife; he had tried various disguises, and used every possible means for carrying her off. It was thought at that moment

that he was hidden in some town on the coast of Syria, waiting to execute his project. But the Turkish authorities watched over the safety of this family; and if the monks, who exercise the most arbitrary and inflexible justice on the brethren of their order, should succeed in discovering the fugitive, he would expiate, in eternal captivity, the unhappy passion that this fatal beauty had lighted in his heart. This sister was not presented to us.

The night was drawing on, and we were at length obliged to tear ourselves away, and seek an asylum in the convent of Mount Carmel. M. Malagamba went forward to give the fathers intimation of the numerous guests they were to expect; we arose, and following the custom of the country, allowed Madame Malagamba and her daughters to kiss our hands. We then remounted our horses.

Mount Carmel begins to rise, at some minutes' walk from Kaïpha. We climbed it, by a tolerably good road, cut in the rock, on the very edge of the promontory; every step we ascended discovered to us a new prospect of the sea, of the hills of Palestine, and the borders of Idumea. About half way up, we met one of the fathers of Carmel, who had, for forty years, inhabited a small house which serves as a sort of hospital for the poor of Kaïpha, and who ascends and descends the mountain twice every day, to join his brethren at their prayers. The soft expression of serenity of soul, and gaiety of heart which

beamed in his features, struck us forcibly. These expressions of tranquil satisfaction are never met with but in men of simple lives and generous resolutions.—The scale of happiness is a descending scale, and exists much more frequently in humble stations of life, than in the more elevated ranks. —God bestows on the one, in the gift of internal felicity, what he grants to the other in name, in splendour, and in fortune. Of this I have had innumerable proofs; go into a drawing-room, and seek out the man whose countenance most bespeaks content and inward satisfaction—ask his name, he is poor, unknown, and neglected in the world.—Almighty Providence reveals itself every where.

At the door of the handsome monastery, of a dazzling whiteness, but recently constructed on the most pointed summit of Carmel, two fathers were awaiting us. They were the sole inhabitants of this immense and magnificent ceonobitical retreat. We were received by them as countrymen and friends; they placed at our disposal three cells, each furnished with a bed, a chair, and a table—articles extremely rare in the East. Our Arabs and horses took up their abode in the vast inside courts of the monastery. A supper was served us, composed of fresh fish and vegetables cultivated among the rocks of the mountain. After our recent fatigues we passed a most delicious *soirée*, seated on the broad balcony which overlooked the sea and the caverns of the prophets; a bright clear moon floated above the

waves, whose murmuring and coolness reached even to us. We promised to pass the morrow in this retreat, to repose ourselves and horses, and replenish our provisions. We were about to enter a new country, where we should find neither town, village, nor fresh-water springs; five days of journey in the desert lay stretched before us.

22nd October, 1832.

This was a day of repose passed in the Monastery of Mount Carmel, or in going over the different sites of the mountain, and of the Grottoes of Elijah and the prophets. The principal of these grottoes, evidently hewn by the hand of man in the solid rock, is a cave of prodigious height: there is no other view from it but that of the boundless ocean, and no other noise heard but that of its waves which break unceasingly against the ridge of the mountain. Tradition says, that this was the school where Elijah taught the science of the mysteries, and symbolic poetry. The place was admirably fitted, and the voice of the ancient prophet, master of a numerous generation of prophets, must have resounded majestically in the hollow bosom of the mountain which he had furrowed by his prodigies, and to which he has left his name!

The history of Elijah is one of the most wonderful of sacred antiquity; he is the giant of the holy bards. To read his life, and his terrible denunciations, it would seem as if the soul of

the man had been formed of the thunders of the Lord, and that the terrific element on which he was transported up to heaven had been his native one.—This was a fine epic or lyric figure to throw into the poem of the ancient mysteries of Judaic civilization. Altogether, the era of the prophets, considered historically, is one of the least intelligible eras of the life of this fugitive people. One perceives, however, and particularly in the epoch of Elijah, the key to the extraordinary organization of the community of the prophets; they were evidently a holy and lettered class; always opposed to kings; the consecrated tribunes of the people, exciting or appeasing them with their songs, their parables or their menaces, and forming factions in Israel, as the press and popular oratory does amongst us—struggling against each other, first with the weapon of their words and next with lapidation and the sword—exterminating others from off the face of the earth as Elijah exterminated hundreds, then falling themselves, in turn, and making place for other dominators of the people: never did poetry, properly so called, play so grand a part in the political drama, in the destinies of civilisation, reason, or passion. There was no oratory, like that of Greece and Rome; the orator is too much man! there were only hymns and lamentations—the poet is divine. What brilliant, what ardent imagination, must have been possessed by that people, to be so influenced by the song! and how surprising, that, independently of the high religi-

ous feeling contained in them, those songs were such a perfect and inimitable monument of grace and genius. Society itself was then the prize of the poets—their inspirations subjugated the people. They led them as they pleased, either to heroism or to crime; they caused the wicked kings to tremble; scattered ashes on their foreheads; lighted up the fire of patriotism in the hearts of their fellow-citizens, bidding them remember, in exile and in slavery, the hills of Sion, and the liberty of the children of God. I am astonished that, amongst all the dramas modern poetry has drawn from the history of the Jews, the wonderful drama of the prophets has not yet been imagined. It is a splendid subject in the history of the world.

Same date.

I am just returned from a solitary walk on the fragrant slopes of Carmel. I was seated under an arbutus, a little higher than the road which winds to the top of the mountain and terminates at the convent, beholding the sea, which separates me from so many things and so many beings whom I have known and loved, but which no distance can separate from my remembrance. I recalled my past life, I recollected the many similar hours I had passed on so many different shores, and with such different thoughts and feelings. I asked myself if it was really *I* who was seated there, on the solitary height of Mount Carmel, at a few

leagues distance from Arabia and the desert, and why I was there, and where I was going, and whither I should return, and what hand was leading me, and what I was seeking—whether wittingly or blindly—in these continual journeys over the surface of the earth. It was with difficulty that I recognised a single spark of myself in the contracted shadows of my short existence; but the impressions so animated, so lucid, so real, of all the beings I had loved and lost, were felt with the deepest anguish in my bosom, and too severely proved to me that identity which remained unbroken in my heart! I felt my eyes suffuse with tears as I looked back on the past, where, in the silence of so many graves, my happiness had been already five or six times entombed: then, as is natural to me when my feelings become too strong, and threaten by their force to crush my powers of resistance, I raised them with religious fervour up to God! to that all-powerful and infinite Being, who receives all, who absorbs all, who gives all. I prayed to him—I submitted myself to his holy will in all—I said to him, all is good, since Thou wouldst have it so; behold me here; continue, Lord, to guide me by thy ways, and not by mine; lead me where thou wilt and how thou wilt, if I shall only feel myself led on by thee; if thou wilt deign, from time to time, to reveal thyself to my darkness by one of those spiritual rays which shew us, like the lightning, the bright horizon of a moment in the midst of our night of obscurity; if I can but feel myself supported by that im-

mortal hope that thou hast left upon the earth, like the voice of those who are no more; if I shall but be restored to them—that they will recognise me, and that we shall love each other still in that ineffable unity! this will suffice to sustain me, and support me to the end, in the road which seems without an object;—but grant, O Lord, that the way be not too rugged for my already wounded feet.

I rose, in part relieved from my sensations, and began to gather some handfuls of the odoriferous herbs with which Mount Carmel is fragrant. The fathers of the convent make a sort of tea of them; they are more odoriferous than the balm, mint, and sage of our gardens. I was interrupted in my reflections and my occupation, by the steps of a couple of asses, whose shoes struck hard on the smooth rock of the road: two women, enveloped from head to foot in long white cloths, were seated on them. A young man held the bridle of the first of these animals, and two Arabs walked behind, their heads loaded with large baskets made of reed, and covered with napkins of embroidered muslin. It was M. Malagamba, his mother, and his sister, who had come up to the monastery to offer me some provisions for our journey, which they had prepared during the night. One of the baskets was filled with little loaves of bread, as yellow as gold, and of exquisite quality; they were a precious gift in a country where bread is almost unknown. The other was filled with fruits of every description, with some bottles of excellent wine of

Cyprus and of Lebanon, and with innumerable sweetmeats, the delight of the orientals. I accepted with gratitude the present of these amiable women. I sent the Arabs on to the convent with the baskets, and we seated ourselves to converse awhile on the misfortunes of Madame Malagamba.

The spot was charming; it was under two or three large olive trees, which overshadowed one of the little reservoirs that the brook of Elijah had worn in falling from rock to rock into a little ravine of Mount Carmel; the Arabs had spread the coverings of their asses on the grass which borders the spring; and the two females, who had thrown their long veils back over their shoulders, and were seated by the water side on the divan of the traveller, in their rich and brilliant costume, formed a group deserving of the eye of a painter. I had seated myself opposite them, on a shelf of the rock from whence the water fell. Tears, many tears, dimmed the eyes of Madame Malagamba, while thus recounting to me the scenes of her prosperity, her fall into misfortune, her present griefs, her flight from St. Jean d'Acre, and her maternal anxiety for the future welfare of her son and of her charming daughters. Mademoiselle Malagamba heard this recital with all the inattention of early youth. She amused herself in forming bouquets of the flowers about her; but when her mother's voice trembled, and tears fell from her eyes, she passed her arms round her mother's neck, and dried her tears with the handkerchief embroidered in silver which she held in her hand;

whilst, when the smile returned on her mother's face, she again became the thoughtless child, and assorted the different colours of her bouquet anew. I promised these poor women not to forget them, and their unlooked-for hospitality, on my return to Europe, and to solicit some advancement from my friends at Turin for the young Consul's agent at Kaïpha. Hope, though far distant and uncertain, filled the heart of Madame Malagamba, and the conversation took another turn. We spoke of the manners of the country, and of the monotonous life of the Arab women, which even European females are obliged to contract if they live in Arabia; but Mademoiselle Malagamba and her mother had never known any other mode of living, and were on the contrary utterly astonished at what I told them of Europe.

To live for one single man, and with one single thought, in the interior of their apartments; to pass the day on a divan, plaiting their hair, and disposing the numerous jewels they wear, with grace and elegance; to breathe the cool air of the mountains or the sea from off a terrace, or through the openings of the trellissed window; to walk awhile under the orange trees and pomegranates of a little garden; to ruminate on the banks of a reservoir, which the falling water animates with its murmur; to take care of the domestic affairs; to make the bread, the sherbet, and the sweetmeats with their own hands; to go once a week to the public bath, in company with all the young damsels of the town; and to sing some stanzas of

the Arabian poets, and accompany their voices with a guitar;—this comprises the whole life of the eastern women. Society does not exist for them; therefore they have none of those false feelings which self-love creates in society. When young and handsome they are wholly engrossed by love, and afterwards devote themselves entirely to their children and domestic cares. This state of civilization—is it equal to any other?

As we were thus discussing subjects by chance, my dragoman, a young man born in Arabia, and well versed in Arab literature, was seeking me about the convent, and found me near the fountain. He brought with him another young Arab, who had heard of my arrival at Kaïpha, and who was come from St. Jean d'Acre to form acquaintance with a poet of the West. This young man, born at Lebanon, and brought up at Aleppo, was already celebrated for his poetic talents. I had often heard him spoken of, and had had several of his compositions translated. He brought me some, of which I shall hereafter give translations. He seated himself with us by the fountain, and we conversed a good while, with the aid of my dragoman; but day began to decline—it was necessary for us to separate. "As we are here, two poets together," said I to him, "and as chance has united us from two such opposite points of the world—in a spot so charming—at such a lovely hour—and in the presence of such perfect beauty, we ought to perpetuate our meeting, and the impressions that these moments inspire, in some

lines of poetry, each in his own language. He smiled, and drew from his girdle the inkstand and the pen of reed, which is no more separated from the Arab author than is the sword from the soldier. We each withdrew some paces, to meditate on our verses. His were completed long before mine. I give them both. The character of each style will be recognized; but it is almost unnecessary for me to observe how much every language loses by being rendered into another.

Thus ran the verses of the Arab:—

"In the gardens of Kaïphà there is a flower
"that the sun-beams seek, through the trellis of
"the palm leaves:

"This flower has eyes more soft than those of
"the gazelle; eyes which resemble a drop of
"water from the ocean in a shell of pearl:

"This flower has a perfume so intoxicating,
"that the scheik, who flies before the blade of
"another tribe on a steed more rapid than the
"cataract, perceives it as he flies, and stops to
"inhale it.

"The wind of the simoom sweeps off all other
"perfumes from the clothing of the traveller, but
"it can never sweep off from the heart the odor
"of this flower.

"It is to be found on the border of the stream,
"which flows without a murmur at its feet.

"Young girl, tell me the name of thy father,
"and I will tell thee the name of this flower."

The following are what I myself composed; and

this was translated into Arabic immediately after by my dragoman.

Fair fountain, azure mirror, when beneath thy lovely shade,
The musing Lilla, languidly, on thy green bank is laid,
Thy depths give back the lovely face that leaneth at their side,
As stars at night reflected are, within some moveless tide.

Then trembling into rest, thy waves lie sleeping sweet and still;
While daylight and a deeper charm the tranquil silence fill;
No more are seen the sands and reeds upon thy depths below,
The eye no longer seeks for heaven save where thy waters flow.

Fontaine au bleu miroir, quand sur ton vert rivage,
La rêveuse Lilla dans l'ombre vient s'asseoir
Et sur tes flots penchée y jette son image,
Comme au golfe immobile une étoile du soir,

D'un mobile frisson tes flots dormans se plissent,
On n'en voit plus le fond de sable ou de roseaux,
Mais de charme et de jour tes ondes se remplissent
Et l'œil ne cherche plus son ciel que dans tes eaux!

Tu n'es plus qu'un reflet de ravissantes choses,
Yeux bleus comme ces fleurs qui bordent ton bassin,
Dents de nacre, riant entre des lèvres roses,
Globes qu'un souffle pur soulève avec le sein!

Thou only art the shadowing of many a lovely thing,
Eyes blue as are the bluest flowers that round thy basin spring;
The pearl-white teeth, the laughing lips, like roses in a wreath,
An ivory neck, that swells and falls with every panting breath:

Hair heavy with the fragrant flowers amid its tresses bound,
And carved coral setting off the white arms glowing round,
Pearls glittering underneath the wave, that like its golden sand,
To snatch them from their dewy bed, you need but stretch the hand.

I stretched my hands above the stream, fain to prolong the stay
Of the frail shadow which the wind so soon might bear away;
My lips were jealous of the depth whereon it had been cast,
I sought to drink the happy stream from whence that image past.

Cheveux nattés de fleurs et que leur poids fait pendre,
Colliers qui de ses bras relèvent le carmin,
Perles brillant sous l'onde et que l'on croit y prendre,
Comme son sable d'or, en y plongeant la main!

Ma main s'étend sur toi, source où cette ombre nage,
De peur que par le vent tout ne soit effacé,
Et mes lèvres voudraient, jalouses du rivage,
Boire ces flots heureux où l'image a passé!

But when the laughing Lilla towards her mother fled,
'Twas but a fount, obscure, whose depths laid stagnant, dull, and dead;
I dip my hand and taste the wave, it has a bitter taste,
The pitcher and the insect now the clear blue have effaced.

The power thou hast upon the wave, young maiden, is the same
As beauty has, and ever had, upon my soul of flame;
There's joy and day whene'er her eyes are shining in their light,
But when those radiant eyes are veiled,—alas! it then is night.

However, the lass for whom we had just composed these lines in French and Arabic, understood neither the one language nor the other, and very little Italian.

23rd October, 1832.

Refreshed and alert we quitted, at sunrise, the convent of Mount Carmel and its two good monks, and took our road by the steep paths which

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Mais quand Lilla, riant, se lève et suit sa mère,
Ce n'est plus qu'un peu d'eau dans un bassin obscur.
Je goûte en vain les flots du doigt; l'onde est amère,
Et la vase et l'insecte en ternissent l'azur!

Eh bien! ce que tu fais pour ces flots, jeune fille,
Sur mon ame à jamais la beauté le produit;
Il y fait joie et jour tant que son œil y brille;
Dès que son œil se voile, hélas! il y fait nuit!

descend from the promontory to the sea. Here we entered the desert; it extends from the Syrian Sea, the coast of which is in general flat, sandy, and cut into little gulphs, to the mountains which form the chain of Mount Carmel. These mountains diminish in height as they approach Galilee; they are black and bare, the rocks frequently piercing the slight envelope of shrubs and soil which partially covers them; their aspect is dark and desolate, relieved only by the brilliant light and ideal majesty of times past. The chain of ten leagues being occasionally broken, opens partial views of the adjacent valleys; at the extremity of one of these vistas we distinctly perceived the ruins of a strong castle, and a large Arab village lying under its walls; the rising smoke of the village winds along the heights of Carmel, and long files of camels, black goats, and red cows extended from it far into the plain we traversed; some Arabs on horseback, armed with lances, and covered only with a single vesture of white linen, which left their legs and arms bare, marched at the head and on the flanks of these caravans of flocks and herds, led by shepherds to the only spring we had met with during a four hours' march. The wells had been discovered and opened by the inhabitants of the towns situated on the sea-coast: the existing Arabs have abandoned these towns for centuries, nothing remains but the spring, and they perform a daily pilgrimage of an hour or two to fetch water, and water their flocks. We had all day marched upon fragments

of walls, the sand being continually broken by patches of mosaic, and the whole route bespread with ruins which attest the splendour and prodigious population of these shores in by-gone times.

From the break of day, we had seen in the horizon before us, on the sea coast, a huge column which reflected the sun's rays and seemed to rise from the waves with increasing dimensions as we advanced. On approaching this column, we found it to consist of a magnificent but confused mass of ruins, apparently of different epochs; we first distinguished an immense wall, resembling in its contour, its colour, and the shape of its stones, a segment of the Coliseum at Rome. This wall rises, alone, to a prodigious height, yet (leaning out of the perpendicular,) from a heap of ruins of Greek and Roman architecture; soon after appeared beyond it, in the similitude of a lace work of stone, through which the light was visible, the elegant remains of a Moorish monument, a church or mosque, or perhaps either alternately; and finally a series of ruins, still standing in fine preservation, of a variety of other ancient edifices.

The sand road which we took led us pretty near to these curious relics of former days, of the name and date of which we were totally ignorant. Within half a mile of them, the sea coast rises, and the sand is exchanged for rocks; these rocks, throughout a circuit of about a mile in circumference, have been so much worked by the hand of man, that the spot might be taken for a prime-

val city burrowed in the rock before mankind had acquired the art of raising stone from the earth to erect his habitations upon its surface. It is in fact either one of those subterranean towns of which the earliest histories afford indications, or a vast necropolis, or city of the dead, such as frequently undermined the earth and the rocks in the neighbourhood of great cities of the living; in my opinion, however, the form of the rocks and of the innumerable caverns excavated in their flanks, bespeak the habitations rather of the living than of the dead. The caverns are vast, the doors are erect; large and numerous staircases lead to them; windows are also pierced through the rock to give light to the habitations, and these doors and windows open upon streets delved into the bowels of the hill. Threading several of these deep and wide streets, we found furrows indicating the track of chariot wheels. A multitude of eagles and vultures and a cloud of starlings rose at our approach from the shadow of the excavated rocks; climbing flowers and shrubs, fig trees, and tufts of myrtle have taken root in the dust of these stone streets, and tapestry their long avenues. In some spots the ancient inhabitants had wholly cleft the rocks with their chisels, and pierced channels for the admission of sea water, admitting to the view a part of the gulph which lies at the back of the town. The character of the landscape is wholly new, at once severe and hard as the rock, smiling and luminous as the aerial reflections on the blue wave, and as the

forest of shrubs self-planted in the clefts of granite. Having passed through these wonderful labyrinths, we at length reached the foot of the great wall, and the Moorish monuments, which had so long been in sight; and there we halted a moment to deliberate. These ruins are in bad repute; bands of Arab thieves frequently conceal themselves there, and issue thence to pillage and massacre caravans. We had been warned at Kaïpha, either to avoid them or to pass them in order of battle, without permitting any of our men to stray from the body of the caravan. Our curiosity had triumphed and brought us thither: we could not resist our strong desire of visiting monuments concerning which history, ancient and modern, is silent; but we were ignorant whether we should find them deserted or inhabited.

On reaching the once fortified walls which still surround them, we discovered the breach by which we were to enter. At the same moment a group of mounted Arabs appearing on the area of sand which still separated us from the entrance, bore down upon us lance in hand; we were surprised, but prepared; we had in our hands our double-barrelled muskets loaded and primed, with pistols at our girdles; we made towards the Arabs, who stopped short; upon which, detaching myself from the caravan, and directing my whole company to remain under arms, I advanced with my two comrades and my dragoman; we held a parley, and the Scheik, with his principal officers, afterwards escorted us to the breach, giving orders to the

Arabs within to respect us and let us examine the ruins. I nevertheless judged it prudent to suffer only a portion of my people to enter with us, the rest remaining encamped within musket shot of the hill, ready to come to our assistance if we had been betrayed into an ambush. This precaution was not useless, for we found within the walls a population of from two to three hundred Bedouin Arabs, including women and children. There is but one place of exit from these ruins, and we might have been taken and slaughtered with ease, if these barbarians had not been held in respect by the force which remained without, and which they might imagine more considerable than it really was; for we had been careful not to show its extent—a part of the train having purposely halted in the rear on a hillock just within sight of the Arabs.

On entering, we found ourselves in a Dædalian maze of paths winding about the dilapidated masses of great wall, and other ancient edifices, which we successively discovered. These paths or streets had not been regularly cut, but had been traced at hazard amongst the ruins by the feet of the Arabs, camels, and goats. The families of the tribes themselves possessed no habitable buildings; they only sheltered themselves in the cavities formed by the fall of gigantic stones; some under cover of the shafts or capitals of pillars arrested in their descent by other ruins; some beneath a black goat-skin, formed into a roof by being stretched from one pillar to an-

other. Even the Scheik, who, with his wife and children, no doubt occupied the palace of the village, lived within the ruins of a Roman temple situated on a considerable elevation immediately above the path by which we entered the place, their house being formed by an immense block of sculptured stone, hanging almost perpendicularly, and supported by one of its angles against other blocks, heaped together, as they had arrested each other in their fall. This chaos of stones appeared to the eye as yet ever in the act of descent, and ready to overwhelm the wife and children of the Scheik, who shewed their heads above us out of this artificial cavern. The women were not veiled, and their only clothing was a chemise of blue cotton bound round the waist by a girdle of leather, but leaving the bosom and legs uncovered. These women appeared handsome, notwithstanding the rings which pierced their nostrils, and the strange tatooings which furrowed their cheeks and throat. The children were naked, seated or astride upon the blocks of carved stone, which formed the platform of these terrific habitations; and many black goats, with long hanging ears, having climbed up beside them, looked down upon us as we passed, bounding from block to block over the sunken path on which we rode. We also saw some camels lying here and there in the hollows formed by the interstices of the ruins, and raising their calm and pensive faces over the stumps and capitals of the fallen columns.

At every step the scene was new, and excited our lively attention. A painter would find the picturesque in a thousand wholly unknown forms, in the inconceivable confusion in which the habitations of the tribe are blended with the ruins of theatres, baths, churches, and mosques, which bestrew this spot of earth. The less man has laboured to create for himself an asylum amidst the chaos of this dilapidated city, and the more these habitations present the impromptu result of eccentric chance in the fall of former edifices, the more strikingly impressive is the poetry of the scene. Women milk their cows on the steps of an amphitheatre; flocks of sheep jump one after another through the architecturally ornamented window of the palace of an emir, or of a Gothic church of the epoch of the Crusades; cross-legged scheiks smoke their pipes under the sculptured arch of a Roman arcade, and camels are strapped to the Moorish pilasters of the portico of a harem. We dismounted, to make a closer inspection of the principal ruins. The Arabs made a great difficulty of permitting us to enter the area of the great temple, which stands at the farther end of the town on a rock by the sea-side. Every new turn, and every wall it was necessary to pass in order to effect our entrance, cost us a renewed contest; and we were even obliged to force our passage by dint of menaces. The women and children retired, venting imprecations against us; the Scheik receded for a moment, and the countenances and

gestures of the other Arabs gave evident signs of discontent; but the ill-disguised air of indecision and timidity which we also perceived in their menaces, encouraged us to insist, and we entered partly with permission, and partly by force, the interior of this last and most astonishing of these remains of antiquity.

I am unable to describe what it is; there is something of all periods in its construction, its form, and its ornaments. I am inclined to believe that it is an ancient temple, which the Crusaders had converted into a church at the period of their possessing the Syrian Cæsarea and its neighbouring coasts, and which was afterwards used by the Arabs as a mosque. Time, which sports with the labours and projects of mankind, is now converting it into dust, and the knee of the camel is folded where the knees of three or four successive religions have bent before their different deities. The foundations of the edifice are evidently of Grecian architecture at the era of its decline; from the spring of the arch the architecture takes the Moorish type. Windows, originally Corinthian, have been converted, with much art and taste, into Moorish windows adorned with light coupled pillars; what remains of the roof is bordered with Arabesque ornaments finished with exquisite delicacy. The edifice has eight fronts, and each of the recesses formed by this octagonal plan, no doubt once contained an altar, if one may judge by the niches in that portion of the walls where

these altars must have been placed. That the centre of the building was also occupied by the principal altar, may be inferred from the elevation of the platform in this particular part of the temple, and which seems to have been caused by the steps which surrounded the altar. The facings of this church have partly given way, and open to the eye glimpses of the sea and of the rocks on its coast; climbing plants hang in tufts of foliage and flowers from the height of the broken roofs; birds with red collars, and clouds of little blue swallows warbled in these aërial shrubberies, or fluttered along the cornices. Nature resumes her hymn, when that of man has ceased.

Quitting this unknown temple, we passed on foot through the different alleys of the village, finding at every step some remarkable ruin, and some unexpected scene resulting from this singular medley of savage existence with the magnificent evidences of deceased civilization. We saw a great number of Arab women and girls busied in the little courts of their huts in the different occupations of a pastoral life; some weaving stuffs of goat's hair, others grinding barley or cooking rice. They are generally very handsome, large, and strong; their skins sunburnt, but with the appearance of vigour and health. Their black hair was covered with silver coins, threaded in strings, and they wore earrings and necklaces of the same ornaments. They uttered exclamations of surprise as we passed, and generally followed as far as the next house. Not one of the Arabs offered us the

smallest present, and we did not think it adviseable to offer any ourselves. We left the enclosure with precaution. None of the tribe followed us, and we went forward to set up our tents a quarter of a league from the great wall at the bottom of a little gulph, also surrounded by ancient walls, and which was formerly the port of this unknown city. The heat was at thirty-two degrees ; we bathed in the sea under the shadow of an ancient mole, which the waves have not yet wholly carried away, while our servants set up our tents, gave the horses a little corn, and lighted a fire against an arch which once no doubt served as a gate to the port.

The Arabs call this place by a name which signifies Cleft-rock. The Crusaders, in their chronicles, call it Castel Peregrino, (Pilgrim's Castle) ; but I have not been able to ascertain the name of the intermediate town, Greek, Jewish, or Roman, the grand remains of which had attracted us hither. The next day we pursued our route along the sea-coast to Cæsarea, where we arrived towards noon, having in the morning crossed a river which the Arabs call Zirka, and which is Pliny's River of crocodiles.

Cæsarea,—the ancient and splendid capital of Herod—has not a single inhabitant; its walls, rebuilt by St. Louis during his crusade, are however perfect, and would still form excellent fortifications to a modern town. We crossed the deep moat which surrounds them, over a stone bridge, and entered the labyrinth of stones or half-open

caverns, of ruined edifices, of fragments of marble and porphyry with which the site of this ancient city is covered; we disinterred three jackals from the bosom of the ruins, where we observed them return a hollow sound to the trampling of our horses, in seeking for the fountain which had been described to us; we found it with difficulty at the eastern extremity of the ruins, and encamped beside it. Towards evening, a young Arab shepherd arrived there with an innumerable herd of black cattle, sheep, and goats; and he spent near two hours in constantly drawing water for them from the fountain, while these animals patiently waited their turn, and after having drank retired in good order, as if they had been guided by shepherds. This child, absolutely naked, and mounted on an ass, was the last of his cavalcade to leave the ruins of Cæsarea, and he told us that he came thus daily a distance of about two leagues to water the flocks of his tribe established in the mountains. He was the only human being we encountered in Cæsarea—in that city, where, according to Josephus, Herod had accumulated all the wonders of Grecian and Roman art, and where he had created an artificial port, capable of sheltering the whole navy of Syria.

Cæsarea is the city in which St. Paul, as a prisoner, made in his own defence, and that of dawning christianity, that fine harangue preserved in the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius, the Centurion, and Philip, the Evangelist, were both of Cæsarea; and it was from this

port that the Evangelists embarked to sow the gospel seed in Grece and Italy.

We spent the evening in examining the ruins, and in collecting fragments of sculpture, which, however, we were obliged to abandon for want of means of transport. A fine night was passed under cover of the aqueduct of Cæsarea.

Continued our route across a sandy desert, relieved in particular spots by clumps of shrubs, and even forests of green oaks, which afford shelter to the Arabs. M. de Parseval fell asleep on his horse: the caravan left him in the rear; at length we missed him, and heard two musket shots in the distance: we galloped back to his assistance, firing our own pistols to frighten the Arabs; happily he had not been attacked, and had only fired on some gazelles he had seen upon the plain. We approached the Arab village of El-Mukhalid towards evening, without having passed a single drop of water. We were attracted by an immense sycamore, which threw its branches, like a natural tent, over the side of a dry and sandy hill, and under which we took shelter. Our Arabs proceeded to the village, to inquire the way to the spring: it was pointed out to them, and we all hastened to it. We drank, bathed our heads and arms, and returned to our camp, where our cooks had lighted a fire at the foot of the tree, the trunk of which was already calcined by the successive fires of thousands of caravans: all our horses and tents were sheltered by its spreading boughs. The Scheik of El-Mukhalid came to me

with a present of melons: he seated himself under my tent, and asked news of Ibrahim Pacha, and some remedies for himself and his women. I gave him some drops of eau-de-Cologne, and invited him to sup with us; he agreed, and we had the greatest difficulty in dismissing him.

It was a fiery night. I could not rest under the tent, but rose and went to seat myself under an olive tree, beside the spring. The moon illumined the whole line of the Galilean mountains, which gracefully undulated in the horizon about two leagues from the spot where I sat, forming the most beautiful boundary of sight I had ever contemplated. The violet tints of the blossoms of the Persian lilac, when they cluster round its branches in the early spring, are not more delicate and variegated than were those which the first beams of the moon cast upon the mountains before me. As she rose in the heavens, however, the colors deepened and became more purple. The outlines of the landscape seemed changeful, as those of the swelling waves which are seen by a bright setting sun in the open sea. All these mountains have their names and their story enshrined in that first history which our infant eyes perused upon our mothers' knee. I knew that Judea was there, with its prodigies and ruins; that Jerusalem was seated behind one of those elevated points; that I was separated from it only by a few hours' march; that I approached one most desired end of my long journey. I rejoiced

in this thought as man always rejoices, when any object, however insignificant, to which any passion directs him, is brought within his reach. I passed an hour or two in impressing upon my memory these lines of perspective, this transparent rose-colored sky, this solitude and silence. The dampness of the night bedewed my cloak. I returned to my tent and fell asleep. But scarcely had my eyes been closed an hour, when a slight noise awoke me: I rose upon my elbow and looked round. A corner of the curtain of the tent was raised, to admit the night breeze; the moon lighted the whole interior, and I perceived an enormous jackal, gliding very cautiously in, with its fiery eyes fixed upon me. I snatched my gun; the movement frightened him; he turned round and galloped away. I fell asleep again, and a second time I was awakened: the jackal was now at my feet, introducing his nose into the folds of my cloak, and about to seize my fine greyhound, which slept upon the same mat with myself: the faithful animal has not been separated from me for a single day during the last eight years, and I would defend him at the peril of my life. Fortunately I had covered him with a flap of my cloak, and he slept so soundly that he had heard nothing, and felt nothing, and was far from imagining the danger he had been in: a moment later, and the jackal would have carried him off and destroyed him in his burrow. I cried out, and awoke my companions. I was already outside the tent, and

had fired, but the jackal was far off, and in the morning there were no traces of blood to bear witness to my vengeance.

We set forward again, while the first rays of the sun illuminated the hills of Judea, and followed their undulations, which led us beyond sight of the sea. The heat was oppressive. We performed the march in profound silence; and at eleven o'clock, parched with thirst and overwhelmed with fatigue, we reached a river, which winds slowly and concealed between two steep banks, bordered with tall reeds. Troops of wild buffaloes were lying among the reeds and in the river, just showing their heads above the water. There, in total inaction, they pass the sultry hours of the day. They looked at us without the smallest change of position, as we forded the stream, at the opposite bank of which we found an abandoned caravanserai. The Arabs now call this river *Nahr-el-Arsouf*. The ancient Apollonia should be placed near this spot, if, indeed, its situation must not be determined by another river, which we afterwards crossed, at the distance of an hour's march, and which is now called *Nahr-el-Petras*.

We stretched ourselves upon our mats in the cool and dark cellars which are the only remains of the ancient building; but scarcely were we seated round a dish of cold rice, which the cook had brought for our breakfast, when an enormous serpent, eight feet in length, and as thick as my arm, glided towards us through a hole in the old

wall by which we were sheltered. We fled precipitately towards the entrance of the cellar, but he arrived before us and disappeared, his tail vibrating like the cord of a bow, amongst the reeds on the margin of the river. His skin was of the most beautiful deep blue. We felt some repugnance to resuming our former station, but the heat was too powerful to contend with, and, under the resignation of necessity, we fell asleep, pillowed by our saddles, without farther concern about the interruption our repose might endure from similar visits.

At four o'clock we remounted. I perceived on a hill, at a short distance from the river, an Arab horseman, gun in hand, attended by a young slave on foot. The horseman seemed to be hunting, but stopped his horse every minute, and observed our line of march with an air of uncertainty and anxiety. Suddenly he urged his mare into a gallop, rode directly towards me, and addressing me in Italian, inquired if I was not the traveller at this moment making the tour of Arabia, and whose approaching arrival at Jaffa had been announced by the European consuls. I gave my name; and the cavalier in reply, jumping from his horse, insisted on kissing my hand. "I am," said he, "the son of M. Damiani, Vice-Consul of France at Jaffa. Having notice of your arrival by letters, brought from Saïde by an English vessel, I have been in this neighbourhood, for many days past, gazelle hunting, for the purpose of meeting you, and con-

ducting you to my father's house. Our name is Italian, our family originally European, but from time immemorial established in Arabia: we are Arabs, but are French in heart, and we should look upon it as a disgrace and an insult to our feelings, if you should accept hospitality from any other house than ours. Remember that we have been the first to touch you, and that in the East, whoever first touches a stranger, has a right to be his host. I give you this warning," he added, "because several other houses in Jaffa have had notice of your coming, by letters brought by the same ship, and will hasten to meet you, as soon as my slave shall have made your approach generally known in the town."

He had scarcely ended these words, when he gave a short order in Arabic to his young slave, who immediately mounted his master's mare, and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye behind one of the hills of sand which bounded the horizon. I gave one of my led horses to M. Damiani, and we slowly took the road to Jaffa, which was not yet in sight. About two hours afterwards, we saw at the other side of a river which we still had to cross, about thirty horsemen, in the richest costumes, with shining arms, and mounted on the most beautiful Arabian horses, which curvetted on the margin of the river, and were almost urged into it by their riders; the latter uttering joyful cries, and saluting us by firing their pistols: they were the sons, the relations, and the friends of the prin-

cipal inhabitants of Jaffa, who were come out to meet us. Each of them, approaching me, made me his separate compliment, to which I answered through my dragoman, or in Italian to those who understood it. They ranged themselves round us, and riding to and fro upon the sand, afforded us the spectacle of those exercises of the djerid, in which the Arab horseman exhibits all the vigour of his charger, and all the skill of his arm. We were now approaching Jaffa, and the town, seated on a hill which advances into the sea, began to rise before us. The first view of it, from the side of the desert, is enchanting. Its foundations, towards the west, are bathed by the sea, which perpetually lashes with its foaming waves the beach that encompasses the port.

On the north side, by which we arrived, it is surrounded by delicious gardens, which seem to rise by enchantment from the desert, to crown and shade its ramparts: the traveller advances under an elevated and odoriferous arcade, formed by a forest of palm trees, of pomegranate trees loaded with their red stars, maritime cedars with their lacy foliage, citron, orange, lemon, and fig trees, as large as the European walnut tree, and bending under their fruits and flowers; the air is impregnated with perfume raised and spread by the breeze of the sea; the ground is white with orange flowers, swept about by the wind, as are the autumnal leaves with us. At short intervals of distance, Turkish fountains in mosaic work

of various coloured marbles, to which brass cups are attached by chains, offer their limpid waters to the passenger, and are surrounded by a group of women, washing their feet, and drawing water in urns of antique form. The white minarets, the battlemented terraces, and the Moorish balconies of the town, rise from this bower of balmy shrubs, which detach it from the ocean of white sand, stretching from the immediate rear of the town, on the east, to the boundaries of Egypt. It was near one of these fountains that we were met by a third cavalcade, at the head of which, on a white mare, advanced M. Damiani the father, consular agent of many European nations, and one of the most important personages of Jaffa. He was dressed in an old sky blue caftan, lined with ermine, and confined by a sash of crimson silk; his bare legs protruded from wide pantaloons of dirty muslin, and on his head was stuck an immense three-cornered hat, which smoothed with age, and ingrained with dust, attested its numerous services during the Egyptian campaign. But the hospitable welcome and patriarchal cordiality of our old Vice-Consul, arrested on our lips the smile which his grotesque habiliments could not fail to excite, and left room in our hearts only for the gratitude we expressed for him. He was accompanied by several of his sons-in-law, and his grandchildren, all on horseback, as well as himself. One of his grandsons, a child of twelve or fourteen years

of age, wheeling round his grandfather on an Arabian mare, without a bridle, was the most admirable figure of youth I ever remember to have seen.

M. Damiani rode before us, and conducted us, through an immense population which crowded round our horses, to his house, where our new friends took leave of us, and consigned us to the care of our host.

M. Damiani's house is small, but beautifully situated on the summit of the hill on which the town is built, and commanding the three views of the sea, the coast of Gaza and Askalon towards Egypt, and the Syrian shores, on the north. The chambers are surrounded and surmounted by open terraces, where the sea breeze can be enjoyed, and whence is visible, at the distance of ten leagues, the smallest sail which traverses the Gulph of Damietta. These chambers have no windows, which would be superfluous in this climate, where the air has always the temperature of our finest spring days; but an ill contrived penthouse is the only rampart interposed to protect one from the sun. These habitations which man has prepared for himself, he shares with the birds of the air; for in the saloon of M. Damiani, on stages of wood which surround the apartment, hundreds of little swallows with red collars had taken their stations beside the porcelains of China, silver cups, and the shafts of pipes, which decorate the cornice. They fluttered the whole

day over our heads, and came at supper time to suspend themselves from the brass branches of the lamp which enlighted our repast.

The family was composed of M. Damiani, the father, whose countenance offers an expression not exactly definable between the patriarch and the Italian merchant, but in which the patriarch predominates; of Madame Damiani, his consort, a fine Arab woman, mother of twelve children, but preserving still in her figure and complexion, the brilliancy and freshness of Eastern beauty; of several young girls, almost all beautiful, and of three sons, of whom our acquaintance was the eldest; the other two we found equally attentive and friendly. The women did not come to the upper apartments. They appeared but once—when, in dresses of ceremony, and covered with their richest jewels, they sat down at table with us to a simple repast. But in quitting and re-entering the house, we saw them in a little inner court where they passed their time, occupied in preparing our entertainments. Neither did the young men, educated in the habits of respect which oriental manners require of the sons towards their father, even sit down with us at meal time. They stood behind their father, and took care that nothing should be wanting to the convenience of the guests.

We had scarcely entered the house, when we received visits from a great number of the inhabitants of the place, who came to congratulate

us and to offer their services. They took coffee, pipes were brought, and the evening passed away in conversation interesting to us, and which our curiosity had elicited. The Governor of Jaffa, to whom I sent my compliments by my interpreter, was amongst the first who paid me a visit. He was a young and handsome Arab, dressed in the richest costume, and his manners and language attested the nobleness of his heart and the elegance of his habits. I have seldom seen a finer male head. His black and carefully dressed beard fell in glossy waves over his breast, extending itself in the shape of a fan; his fingers, sparkling with enormous diamonds, played incessantly among its locks, passing and repassing to smooth and comb them. His look was proud, gentle and open—the general character of the Turkish countenance. It is evident that these men have nothing to conceal; they are frank because they are strong; they are strong because they rest not upon themselves and upon a vain conceit, but always upon their notion of God directing all things, on Providence, which they call fatalism. Place a Turk amongst ten Europeans, and you will instantly recognise him by the elevation of his countenance, its noble simplicity of expression, and the gravity of thought impressed upon his features by habit. The Governor had received letters from Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha, strongly recommending me to him. I have these letters.

I gave him another from Ibrahim, which I had brought with me. The following is its substance :—

" I am informed that our friend (here my " name is inserted,) is arrived from France with " his family and several travelling companions, " to visit the countries in obedience to my arms, " and to make himself acquainted with our laws " and customs. My intention is that yourself, " all my governors of towns or provinces, the " commanders of my fleet, and the generals and " officers commanding my armies, should shew " him every mark of friendship, and render him " all the services to which my affection for him " and his nation binds me; you will furnish him, " if he require it, with the houses, horses, or " provisions, of which either himself or his fol- " lowers may be in want. You will procure him " the means of visiting all parts of our dominions " which he may wish to see; you will give him " escorts as numerous as his safety, for which " you are answerable with your head, may de- " mand; and if he should ever experience diffi- " culty in penetrating into certain of our provinces, " through the hostility of the Arabs, you will " march your troops to secure his excur- " sions, etc."

The Governor touched his forehead with this letter after having read it, and returned it to me. He then asked me what he could do to render suitable obedience to the commands of his master, and inquired what places I wished to visit. I

named Jerusalem and Judea. At these words, he, his officers, the Messieurs Damiani and the fathers of the convent of the Holy Land at Jaffa, who were present, unanimously exclaimed that the thing was impossible; that the plague had broken out with alarming malignity at Jerusalem, at Bethlehem which is on the route thither, and that it was even at Ramla, the first town on the road; that the Pacha had ordered into quarantine every one returning from Palestine; that supposing, therefore, I should be rash enough to penetrate into Judea, and fortunate enough to escape the plague, I should probably not be able to return to Syria for several months; that moreover, all the convents which offer hospitality to the stranger in the Holy Land were then closed; that we should not be received in any; and in fine, that it was absolutely necessary to defer to some future opportunity, and some more favorable season, the journey which I meditated into the interior of Judea.

These tidings were a severe blow, but could not change my resolution. I answered the Governor that, although I was born in a different religion from his, I adored the sovereign will of Allah equally with himself: that the worship he tendered to the Deity was called fatalism, and mine Providence, but that these two different names expressed but one and the same thought: God is great! God is the Master! Allah kerim! that I had come so great a distance, across so many seas, so many mountains, and so many

plains, to visit the sources whence christianity flowed over the world, to see the Holy City of the Christians, and compare places with their histories; that I was too far advanced to recede, and to leave to the uncertainty of times and events, a project almost accomplished; that the life of a man was but as a drop of water in the sea, or a grain of sand in the desert, and did not deserve taking into the account; that what was written was written, and that if it was the will of Allah to preserve me from the plague in the midst of infection in Judea, he could as easily do so as protect me from the waves in the midst of the tempest, or from the balls of the Arabs on the banks of the Jordan; that consequently I persisted in my desire of penetrating into the interior, and even to Jerusalem itself, whatever peril I might singly be exposed to; but what I could decide for myself, I neither could nor would decide for others; that I therefore left it to all my friends, to all my servants, and to all the Arabs who accompanied me, to decide according to the dictates of their own inclinations, whether they would follow me or remain at Jaffa. The Governor then exclaimed against my submission to the will of Allah; told me that he would not permit me to expose myself alone to the dangers of the road and of the plague; that he should select from the troops in garrison at Jaffa, some courageous and well-disciplined soldiers, whom he should place entirely under my command, who should guard my caravan during the

march, and my tents through the night, to preserve us from contact with infected persons. He also immediately dispatched a messenger to his friend, the Governor of Jerusalem, to announce my journey to him, and to recommend me to his attention, and then withdrew. My friends and I now deliberated, and even the servants were called to the council to decide how every one should act. After some hesitation, it was unanimously determined to tempt fortune, and run the risk of the plague, rather than give up the journey to Jerusalem. Our departure was fixed for the day after the morrow. We slept upon the mats and the divans in M. Damiani's saloon, and were awakened by the warblings of the innumerable swallows which fluttered about in the apartment.

The day was spent in returning the visits we had received from the Governor, and the superior of the convent of the Holy Land at Jaffa—a venerable Spanish monk, who had inhabited Jaffa from the period of the French invasion, and who certified the truth of the poisoning of the sick in the hospitals there.

Jaffa, or Yaffa, the Joppa of scripture, is one of the most ancient and celebrated ports of the universe. Pliny speaks of it as of an antediluvian city. It was here, according to tradition, that Andromeda was exposed on a rock to the sea monster; it was here that Noah built the ark; here the cedars of Mount Lebanon were landed by order of Solomon for the building of the

temple; here the prophet Jonas embarked 862 years before Christ. St. Peter here resuscitated Tabitha.

The town was fortified by St. Louis during the crusades. In 1799, Bonaparte took it by assault, and massacred his Turkish prisoners. The town has a bad port, for light vessels only, and a very dangerous roadstead, as we experienced on our second sea voyage. Jaffa reckons from five to six thousand inhabitants—Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Catholics, and Maronites. Each of these communions has a church there. The Latin convent is magnificent. It was still under embellishment when we visited Jaffa, but we did not partake of the hospitality of its monks. Their large apartments were neither opened to us, nor to any of the foreigners we met at Jaffa. They remain vacant, while pilgrims seek shelter in some miserable Turkish caravanserai, or the onerous hospitality of some poor Jewish or Armenian inhabitant of the town.

Upon passing the walls of Jaffa, the traveller enters upon the Great Desert of Egypt. Having decided upon going to Cairo by this route, I dispatched a courier to El-Arish, to hire dromedaries for crossing the desert. The route from Jaffa to Cairo may thus be accomplished in twelve or fifteen days. But it presents great privations and great difficulties; which, however, were much lessened to me, by the orders of the Governor of Jaffa, and the civility of the principal inhabitants of the town in correspondence with those of Gaza and El-Arish.

The Governor sent us some cavalry and eight foot soldiers, chosen from among the bravest and most orderly men of the detachment of Egyptian troops which were left under his command. They encamped overnight at our door. By daybreak we were on horseback. We found, at the gate of the town, on the Ramla side, a crowd of horsemen of all nations which inhabit Jaffa. They ran the djerid round us, and accompanied us to a magnificent fountain, shaded by sycamores and palm trees, situated at the distance of an hour's march. There they fired their pistols in our honor, and put themselves again in the road homewards. It is impossible to describe the novelty and magnificence of the vegetation which opens on both sides of this road on quitting Jaffa. To the right and left is one variegated forest of all the fruit trees and all the flowering shrubs of the East. This forest, divided into compartments by hedges of myrtles, jessamines, and pomegranates, is watered by streamlets which escape from the beautiful Turkish fountains I have described. In each of these enclosures is an open pavilion, or a tent under which the family of the possessor comes to pass some weeks of the spring and autumn. Three stakes and a piece of cloth form a country house for these happy families. The women sleep upon mats or cushions under the tent; the men in the open air, under a canopy of citron and pomegranate trees. The palms and fig trees, of thirty-two species, which shade these enchanting gardens, furnish out their tables, with the assistance of the melon, and to these only

occasionally is added a lamb brought up by the children, and still sacrificed, as in the times of the Bible, or days of great solemnity. Jaffa is, of all places in the East, that in which a lover of Nature and of solitude would choose to pass the winter. The climate is a most indecisive transition between the devouring deserts of Egypt and the rains of the Syrian coasts in autumn. If I could choose my own residence, I would live at the foot of Mount Lebanon, at Saïde, Baireut, or Latakia, in the spring and autumn; on the heights of Lebanon during the heat of summer, refreshed by the winds from the sea, by the breeze which rises in the valley of cedars, and by the neighbourhood of the snows; and in the winter, in the gardens of Jaffa. The sky and the landscape of Jaffa are more grand, more solemn, and deeper coloured, than those of any spot I have traversed. There the eye reposes only upon a sea without limit, and blue as its sky; on the immense strands of the Egyptian desert, where the horizon is only interrupted at intervals by the profile of a camel advancing with the undulations of the waves; and on the green and yellow summits of innumerable woods of orange trees, which are crowded round the town. All the costumes of the inhabitants or the travellers who animate the roads are picturesque and strange. For instance, the Bedouins of Jericho or of Tiberiad, clothed in immense folds of white linen; Armenians in long robes of blue and white stripes; Jews from all parts of the world, and in the apparel of all nations, charac-

terized only by their long beards and by the nobleness and majesty of their features—a royal people, ill accustomed to their slavery, and in whose countenances one reads the remembrance and the certainty of great destinies, under an apparent humiliation of condition and abasement of present fortune; Egyptian soldiers clothed in red vests, and altogether resembling our French conscripts in the vivacity of their eye, and the rapidity of their march: it is manifest that the genius and activity of a great man have passed upon them, animating them for an unknown end; Turkish Agas proudly occupying the road, mounted on the horses of the desert, and followed by Arabs and black slaves; families of indigent Greek pilgrims, seated at the corners of the streets, sparingly eating from a wooden platter boiled rice or barley, which they apportion to last out till they reach the holy city; and poor Jewish women, half clothed, sinking under the enormous weight of a sack of rags, and driving asses before them, whose two paniers are filled with children of all ages.

We marched gaily forward, trying from time to time the swiftness of our horses against that of the Arab horses which Messrs. Damiani and the son of the Vice-Consul of Sardinia rode. Besides these, two young men, the sons of a rich Arab merchant of Ramla, at present established at Jaffa, chose to accompany us as far as Ramla: they had sent forward their slaves to prepare their father's house and the supper. We were also followed by another

personage, who had voluntarily joined our caravan, and who surprised us by the eccentric magnificence of his European costume. He was a small young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, of a jovial and grotesque but very intelligent countenance. He wore an immense turban of yellow muslin, a green coat, made in the fashion of our court dresses, with a straight collar and wide skirts, edged with broad gold lace at all the seams; pantaloons of white velvet, and top boots, ornamented with a pair of spurs and silver chains. A *kandgiar* served him for a hanger, and a pair of pistols, incrusted with silver chasings, were set in his sash, and beat against his breast.

An Italian by birth, he had been thrown into Egypt in his childhood by I know not what vagary of fortune, and after some years found himself at Jaffa or at Ramla, exercising his art in the mountains of Judea, at the expense of the Scheiks and Bedouins, who certainly did not make his fortune. His conversation amused us extremely, and I should have been glad to have taken him with me to Jerusalem and the mountains of the Dead Sea, with which he seemed to be perfectly acquainted; but having lived many years in the East, he had imbibed the invincible terror with which the Franks there always regard the plague, and none of my offers could tempt him. "When the plague is rife," said he, "I am no longer a physician; I know but one remedy: fly fast enough, fly far enough, and stay long enough, that the plague may be unable to reach you." He

seemed to look upon us all with pity, as victims predestinated to seek our deaths at Jerusalem; and of the great number we now reckoned, he expected to see very few on our return. "Some days ago," said he, "I was at Acre; a traveller, returning from Bethlehem, knocked at the gate of the convent of St. Francis; it was opened by the fathers; they were seven. The day after the morrow, the gates of the convent were walled up by order of the governor; the pilgrim and the seven monks had died within twenty-four hours."

Meanwhile we began to distinguish the tower and minarets of Ramla, which rose before us from the midst of a wood of olive trees, the trunks of which are as thick as those of our oldest oaks.

Ramla, the ancient Ramah of Ephraim, the Arimathea of the New Testament, contains about two thousand families. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, here founded a Latin convent, which still exists: the Armenians and Greeks also have convents here for the assistance of the pilgrims of their nations on their way to the Holy Land.

The ancient churches have been converted into mosques; one of them contains the tomb of the Mameluke Arjoud-Bey, who fled from Egypt on the arrival of the French, and died at Ramla. On entering the town we enquired if the plague had commenced its ravages there; two monks, just arrived from Jerusalem, had died during the day: the convent was in quarantine. Our new friends from Jaffa conducted us to their house, situated in the centre of the town. An Arab, formerly a

tinker, they said, but an amiable and excellent man, inhabited one half of the house, and exercised the functions of consular agent, for I know not what European nation; this gave him the right to place an European flag on the roof of his house: the best safeguard against the oppressions of the Turks and Arabs. An excellent supper was waiting for us: we had the pleasure of finding here chairs, tables, beds, and all the utensils of Europe, and we brought with us a provision of new bread, for which we were indebted to the attention of our hosts. The next morning we took leave of all our friends of Jaffa and Ramla, who accompanied us no farther, and we set forward, escorted only by our Egyptian horse and foot soldiers. I established the following order of march:—two horsemen, about fifty paces in advance of the caravan, to drive off the Arabs or any Jewish pilgrims we might meet, and keep them at a distance from our men and horses; on our flanks to the right and left, the foot soldiers: we ourselves marched in single files, without any arrangement of order, the baggage in the middle. A small detachment of our best cavalry formed the rear-guard, with orders not to suffer man or mule to drop behind them. On the appearance of any suspicious corps of Arabs, the caravan was to halt and form in order of battle, while the cavalry, the interpreters, and myself, should advance to reconnoitre. Proceeding in this manner we had nothing to fear from the Bedouins or the plague, and I am bound to say that this order of

march was observed by our Egyptian soldiers, by our Turkish cavalry, and by my own Arabs, with a scrupulous obedience and attention which would have done honour to the best disciplined corps in Europe. We preserved it during a journey of more than twenty-five days, and in the most embarrassing circumstances. I had never any cause to reprimand any person of the suite; and to these measures no doubt we were indebted for our safety.

Some time after sun-set we arrived at the extremity of the plain of Ramla, near a well dug in the rock, and from which flows a streamlet that waters a field of gourds. We were at the foot of the mountains of Judea: a little valley, a hundred paces in width, opened at our right, and we descended into it; here commences the domination of the Arab robbers of these mountains. As night approached, we considered it prudent to establish our camp in this valley, and erected our tents about two hundred paces from the well. We posted an advanced guard upon an eminence which commanded the road to Jerusalem, and while supper was preparing we went to shoot partridges on the hills within view of our tents: we killed some, and raised from the bosom of the rocks a multitude of eaglets by which they were inhabited. They rose, wheeling round and screaming over our heads, and returned upon us after we had fired upon them. All other animals are afraid of the explosion of fire-arms, the eagle alone appears to despise them, and to sport with the

danger—whether it be that he is ignorant of it, or that he braves it. From one of these hills, I admired the picturesque appearance of our camp, with our piquets of Arab cavalry on the hillocks, our horses fastened here and there about the tents, our Turkish soldiers seated on the ground cleaning the harness and the arms, and the flame of our fire seen across the tents, and sending up its blue smoke in a pillar inclined by the direction of the wind. How much I should like this wandering life, under such a sky, if one could take about with one all that we love or should regret to leave.

The whole earth belongs to these pastoral and errant tribes of Arabia and Mesopotamia. There is more poetry in one of their days than in the entire life of cities. In asking too much of civilized life, man nails himself to a particular spot, from which he cannot detach himself without losing these innumerable superfluities, which habit has converted into necessaries. Our houses are voluntary prisons. I wish life was an endless journey like this; and if I was not tied to Europe by my affections, I should travel on as long as it suited my strength and my fortune.

We were now on the boundary of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin. The well near which our tents were pitched is still called the Well of Job.

We set out again before day break, following, during two hours, a narrow valley, barren and rocky, celebrated for the depredations of the Arabs. Of all the neighbourhood, this spot is

the most exposed to their incursions; they may approach it by numerous little sinuous valleys concealed behind uninhabited hills; and lie there ambushed by the rocks and shrubs, ready to pounce upon a caravan at the first unguarded moment. The celebrated Abougosh, chief of the Arab tribes of these mountains, holds the key of the defiles which lead to Jerusalem; he opens or closes them at his pleasure, and ransoms travellers. His head-quarters were at some leagues from us at the village of Jeremy. We were in momentary expectation of the appearance of his cavalry, but we met no one except a young aga, related to the Governor of Jerusalem, mounted on a superb mare, and accompanied by seven or eight horsemen. He saluted us politely and drew up, with his suite, to allow us to pass, without touching either our horses or our clothes.

About an hour's march before reaching Jeremy, the valley straitens still more, and the trees interlace their twigs over the road: at this spot is an ancient fountain and the dilapidated remains of a kiosque. After climbing for an hour up a steep and rugged path hewn in the rock in the midst of a wood, we suddenly, on turning the hill, found the village and church of Jeremy at our feet. The church, now a mosque, appears to have been magnificently built in the time of the kingdom of Jerusalem, under the Lusignans. The village is composed of forty or fifty houses, sufficiently large, suspended on the brow of two eminences which embrace the valley. Some scattered fig trees and

a few vineyards announce a certain degree of cultivation: we saw flocks stretching round the houses, and some Arabs attired in splendid caftans smoking their pipes on the terrace of the principal mansion, a hundred paces from the road by which we were descending the hill. Fifteen or twenty horses saddled and bridled were fastened in the court of the house. As soon as the Arabs observed us, they came down from the terrace, mounted their horses, and, at a slow pace, advanced towards us. We met on an uncultivated open space in front of the village, shaded by five or six fine fig-trees.

This was the famous Abougosh and his family. He advanced towards me with his brother only: his suite remaining behind. I immediately halted mine, and approached him, with my interpreter. After the usual salutations, and the interminable compliments which precede all conversations with the Arabs, Abougosh asked me, if I was not the French Emir, whom his friend, Lady Stanhope, the Queen of Palmyra, had recommended to his protection, and in whose name she had sent him the superb vest of gold tissue, which he then wore, and which he shewed me with pride and gratitude. I was ignorant of this gift which Lady Stanhope had so obligingly made him in my name; but I answered, that I was indeed the foreigner whom this illustrious Lady had recommended to the generosity of her friends at Jeremy; that I was going to traverse all Palestine, where the dominion of Abougosh was recognised, and that I en-

treated him to give such orders, that Lady Stanhope might have nothing to reproach him with.

At these words he alighted from his horse, as did his brother; he called to him some of his suite, ordered them to bring mats, carpets, and cushions, which he made them spread under the shadow of a great fig-tree, on the spot where we were standing, and so warmly pressed us to alight, and take our seats upon this rustic divan, that it was impossible to refuse. As the plague was in Jeremy, Abougosh, who knew that all Europeans were in quarantine, took care not to touch our clothes, and established his divan, and that of his brother, opposite to us, at a certain distance: for ourselves, we accepted only mats of straw and rush, because they are reputed not to communicate infection. Coffee and sherbet were brought. We had a long general conversation; after which Abougosh begged me to send my attendants to a distance; he did the same himself, and then communicated some secret intelligence to me which I cannot insert here. After some minutes past in this confidential intercourse, he recalled his brother, and I my friends. "Is my name known in Europe?" he asked. "Yes," I answered, "by some you are represented as a robber, pillaging and massacring caravans, leading the Franks into slavery, and the ferocious enemy of the christians; while others assert that you are a valiant and generous Prince, repressing the depredations of the Arabs of the mountains, giving security to the roads and protection to the caravans, and the

friend of all Franks who deserve your friendship." "And you," said he, laughing, "what will you say of me?" "I shall say," replied I, "what I have seen; that you are as powerful and as hospitable as a Prince of the Franks; that you have been calumniated; and that you deserve the friendship of all Europeans, who like me, have experienced your kindness and the protection of your sabre." Abougosh appeared enchanted. His brother and himself made numerous inquiries respecting the customs of Europe, our clothes and our arms, which they greatly admired; as we separated he gave orders to one of his nephews to put himself at the head of our caravan with some horsemen, and not to leave me while I should remain, either at Jerusalem or in its environs. I thanked him and we parted.

Abougosh is the actual sovereign of about forty thousand Arabs of the mountains of Judea, from Ramla to Jerusalem, from Hebron to the mountains of Jericho. This sovereignty, which has descended in his family for some generations, has no other foundation than his own power. In Arabia, they do not discuss the origin or the legitimacy of power: it is acknowledged, it is submitted to so long as it exists.

A family is more ancient, more numerous, more rich, more brave than others; the chief of this family naturally obtains more influence over his tribe; the tribe itself is better governed, more skilfully and more valiantly commanded in war than other tribes, and without dispute, becomes

predominant. Thus have originated all those supremacies of chiefs and tribes which are recognised throughout Asia. Power is here formed and preserved as a part of the order of nature: it originates in family ties, and the fact of this ascendancy once established and acknowledged is no longer contested; obedience becomes a matter of religion and filial duty. Great events and heavy misfortunes must occur to overthrow a family; and this, as it were voluntary nobility, supports itself for centuries. One does not thoroughly understand the feudal system without having visited these eastern countries; here may be seen the means by which in the middle ages, all those families, all those local powers which reigned in the castles, the villages and the provinces, erected themselves. It is the first degree of civilization. In proportion as society advances to perfection, these lesser powers are absorbed by the greater. Municipalities arise to protect the rights of towns againt the diminishing ascendancy of feudal houses. Great kingdoms are established, and in their turn overwhelm the municipal privileges, which become useless; then follow the other innumerable phases of social institutions, with all the phenomena of which we are yet far from being acquainted.

Hither then have we arrived, very wide of Abougosh and his organized banditti. His nephew marched in advance of us on the road to Jerusalem; which at about a mile beyond Jeremy he quitted, to throw himself into a narrow rocky

path on the right, which furrows a mountain covered with myrtles and terebinthus. We followed him. The news from Jerusalem, which Abougosh had communicated, was of a nature absolutely to prevent our entrance. The plague was spreading every instant; from sixty to eighty persons died daily; all the hospitals, and all the convents were closed. We resolved to proceed in the first instance to the Desert of St. John the Baptist, about two leagues from Jerusalem, amongst the steepest mountains of Judea, to ask of the monks of the Latin convent there, an asylum for some days, leaving our future plans to be determined by circumstances. It was by the road to that desert that the nephew of Abougosh was now leading us. After having marched about two hours through frightful paths and under a burning sun, we found at the other side of the mountain a little spring, and some olive trees, under the shade of which we halted. The situation was sublime! We commanded the black and deep valley of Terebinthus, where David with his sling slew the Philistine giant. The position of the two armies is so accurately laid down in the circumscription of the valley and the declivity and arrangement of the ground, that it is impossible to mistake it. The dry torrent, on the borders of which David picked up his stones, traces its white lime along the middle of the narrow valley, and marks, as in the Bible history, the separation of the two camps. I had neither Bible nor travels at hand, and no one to give me the key to

the ancient names of valleys and mountains; but my infant imagination had formed so forcible and correct a delineation of the face of the country, and the physical aspect of the scenes of the Old and New Testament, from the descriptions of the sacred volumes and the engravings which are attached to them, that I at once recognized the valley of Terebinthus and Saul's field of battle. At the convent I only gained from the fathers a confirmation of the accuracy of my previous impressions. My travelling companions could not believe it. But the same thing had happened to me at Saphora in the midst of the hills of Galilee. I pointed out with my finger, and gave its true name to a hill on which stood a ruined castle, as the probable birth-place of the Virgin.

The day after that of which I am now writing, in passing the foot of a sterile mountain surmounted by some remains of an aqueduct, I recognised the habitation of the Maccabees, at Modin, and the tombs of the last great citizens of the Jewish People; I was right without being aware of it. The imagination of man is more correct than is believed; she does not always build upon dreams, but proceeds upon instinctive assimilations of facts with images, which give results more sure and more evident than science or logic. Except the valleys of Lebanon, the ruins of Balbek, the shores of the Bosphorus at Constantinople, and the first view of Damascus from the heights of Anti-Lebanon, I have seldom met with a place or an object the first sight of

which did not present itself to my mind rather as a remembrance than as a new idea! Have we lived twice or a thousand times? Is our memory a tarnished glass which the breath of God can revive? Or, otherwise, has our imagination the faculty of presentiment, and of a sight anterior to that of the natural eye? The questions are insolvable.

At two o'clock we descended the steep declivities of the valley of Terebinthus, we crossed the dry bed of the torrent, and mounted by steps hewn in the rock to the Arab village of St. John Baptist, which we saw before us. Arabs, with a ferocious physiognomy, looked down upon us from the terraces of their houses; the women and children crowded round us in the narrow streets of the village; the monks, terrified by the tumult, which they witnessed from their own roof, by the number of our horses and men, and by the plague which they supposed us to bring with us, refused to open the iron gates of the monastery. We returned upon our steps to encamp on a hill near the village, cursing the hard-heartedness of the monks, and I sent my dragoman to parley once more with them, and to carry them the reproaches they deserved. During this time the entire population descended from their roofs; the scheiks now surrounded us and mixed their savage cries with the neighings of our frightened horses; our whole caravan was thrown into horrible confusion.

We loaded our guns; the nephew of Abougosh mounted the roof of the house nearest to the con-

vent, and addressed himself alternately to the monks and to the people. At length we obtained, by capitulation, an entrance into the convent; a small iron door was opened for us, we past through it, stooping and singly; we unloaded our horses and brought them in with us. The nephew of Abougosh and his Arab cavalry remained without encamped at the gate. The monks, pale and alarmed, trembled to touch us; we gave them comfort by the assurance that we had had no communications with any persons since we left Jaffa, and that we should not enter Jerusalem so long as we continued to use the asylum we had borrowed from them. Once convinced, their irritated countenances soon resumed their serenity; they introduced us into the vast corridors of the monastery, and conducted each of us to a little cell provided with a bed and a table, and ornamented with some Spanish engravings on religious subjects. They encamped our soldiers, our Arabs, and our horses, in an uncultivated garden of the convent; corn and straw were thrown over the walls; some sheep and a calf, the present of Abougosh, were killed for us in the streets, and while my Arab cook and his fellow-servants prepared our meal in the kitchen of the convent, each of us retired to snatch a moment's repose in his cell, to refresh himself with the breeze from the mountains, or to contemplate the extraordinary prospects which surround the monastery.

The convent of St. John in the Desert is a dependant on the convent of the Holy Land, at

Jerusalem. Those monks whom age, infirmities, or a taste for complete retirement, have made voluntary hermits, are sent here. The house is large and fine, surrounded by gardens hewn out of the rock, by courts, and presses to make the excellent wine of Jerusalem. It contained more than a score of monks when we visited it. The chief of them were old Spaniards, who had past the greater part of their lives as curates, either at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, or some other town of Palestine. Some of them were novices but recently arrived from their convents in Spain. The eight or ten days that we passed among them, left on our minds the most pleasing impression of their character, their charity, and the purity of their lives. The father superior, in particular, is a most accomplished model of the christian virtues: simplicity, mildness, humility, unalterable patience, civility always courteous, zeal always opportune, indefatigable solicitude for the brothers and for strangers, without respect of rank or riches; faith at once active and contemplative; serenity of mind, of speech, and of countenance which no contradiction could ruffle. All these qualifications constitute him a rare example of the effect which the perfection of religious principle may produce upon the soul of man; the man no longer exists except in his visible figure; the soul is already transformed into something superhuman, angelical, and deified, which avoids while it commands admiration. We were all, masters and domestics, Christians and Arabs, equally

struck by the communicative holiness of this excellent monk; his soul seemed to diffuse itself on all the fathers and brothers of the convent, for in their different degrees we admired in all a portion of the virtues of the superior, and this house of charity and peace left an indelible impression upon our remembrance. My intelligence and reason have always entertained a strong repugnance to the monkish state at the period in which we are living; but the interior of the convent of St. John Baptist would be the medium of destroying that repugnance if it was not an exception to a general rule, and if that which is contrary to nature, and to family and social duties, could ever become a justifiable institution. The convents of the Holy Land are not, however, precisely in this case; they are useful to the world by the asylum they offer to the Eastern pilgrims; by the example of the christian virtues which they are capable of giving to a people otherwise ignorant of those virtues, and finally by the connexion which they alone maintain between certain parts of the east and the western nations.

The fathers awoke us towards evening to conduct us to the refectory, where their servants and ours had prepared our supper. This repast, like that of each day we spent in the convent, consisted of omelets, rice, and pieces of mutton roasted on a spit before the fire. They gave us, for the first time, excellent white wine from the vineyards in the neighbourhood; the only wine which is known in Judea. The fathers of St.

John Baptist of the Desert only know how to make it; they furnish it to all the convents in Palestine. I bought a small barrel which I transmitted to Europe. During the meal all the monks walked in the refectory, conversing alternately with us; the father superior took care that we should want nothing, he served us with his own hands, and went himself to the closets of the convent to fetch the liquors, the chocolate, and the little luxuries which remained from the last ship which had arrived from Spain. After supper we ascended with the monks to the terraces of the monastery: their habitual promenade during the prevalence of the plague; and they are often thus closely confined during several months of the year. "However," said they, "this seclusion is less painful to us than you may suppose, for it gives us the right to close our iron gates against the Arabs of the country, who incessantly annoy us with their visits and demands. When the quarantine is not in force, the convent is always full of these insatiable visiters: we prefer the plague to the necessity of receiving them." This I could understand from the knowledge I myself had of them.

The village of St. John of the Desert stands upon an insulated hill, surrounded on all sides by deep and sombre valleys, the extent of which is not perceptible. These valleys are bounded by grey rocks, which face the windows of the convent, and which have been undermined in all directions. These rocks are hollowed by nature into deep

caverns, which the hermits of the first centuries enlarged, to lead in them the lives of eagles or doves. Here and there, where the declivities are not quite precipitous, some plantations of vines may be seen climbing up the trunks of little fig-trees, and falling back upon the rock. This is the aspect of all these solitudes; a grey tint, spotted with yellow green, covers all the landscape; from the roof of the convent the eye plunges into bottomless abysses; some poor houses of Arab Mahometans and Christians are grouped on the rocks, under the shadow of the monastery. These Arabs are the most ferocious and perfidious of men; but they acknowledge the authority of Abougosh. The monks turn pale at the name of Abougosh. They could not understand by what power of inducement or authority this chief had given us the reception we described, and sent his own nephew for our guide; they suspected, in all this, some great diplomatic connexion, and earnestly entreated our protection, by mediating for them with the tyrant of their tyrants. We re-entered the house at nightfall, and passed the evening in the corridor of the convent, in pleasing conversation with the good Spanish fathers. They were strangers to every thing. No news from Europe crosses these inaccessible mountains. It was impossible to make them understand the nature of the new French revolution. "After all," said they, when we had concluded our accounts of it, "provided the King of France is a Catholic, and France continues to protect the convents of the Holy

Land, all is well." They showed us their church, a charming little building, erected on the spot where the precursor of Christ was born, and ornamented with an organ and with several tolerable pictures of the Spanish school.

The next day we could not resist our desire of, at least, casting, from a distance, a look upon Jerusalem.

We made our conditions with the fathers. It was agreed that we should leave a part of our people, our horses, and our baggage in the monastery; that we should take with us only the cavalry of Abougosh, the Egyptian soldiers, and the Arab servants, who were indispensible on account of the saddle-horses; that we should not enter the town, but should confine ourselves to making the tour of it, avoiding all contact with the inhabitants; that in case, by accident or otherwise, this contact should take place, we should not require to return to the convent, but that we should withdraw our effects and people, and should encamp in the environs of Jerusalem. These conditions were accepted without other pledge than our word and our veracity, and we parted.

END OF VOL. I.

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